VISIT…



A HISTORY OF HORRORS

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE HOUSE OF HAMMER



REVISED EDITION

DENIS MEIKLE

A History of Horrors



The Hammer directors, executives, and production heads, together with Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, outside the greenroom at Pinewood Studios on the occasion of the presentation of the Queen's Award to Industry, May 29, 1968.

A History of Horrors

The Rise and Fall of the House of Hammer

Denis Meikle
with Christopher T. Koetting, Research Associate

Revised Edition



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When the screen gives us severed heads and hands, eyeballs dropped in a wine glass and magnified, and brains dished up like spaghetti, I can only suggest a new certificate—"S.O." perhaps, for Sadists Only.

—Campbell Dixon, reviewing *The Curse of Frankenstein*, 1957


Bray
Studios

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Foreword

Peter Cushing, O.B.E.

Perhaps it was because Bray Studios started life as a large mansion standing in its own grounds that it always seemed to me like "going home for the hols" whenever I went to work there—just like "Tom Merry" and "Harry Wharton" in those splendid schoolboy yarns by Charles Hamilton in *The Gem* and *The Magnet*, which made such an impression upon me in my salad days.

In 1957, when I made my first picture for Hammer, there was no motorway as such; we took the more romantic-sounding Great West Road, via Hammersmith and Brentford, over the bridge at Kew, and then, soon, out into open country at Cranford, on to Colnbrook, Datchet, Windsor, and so to the studios at Bray, nestling beside the silver Thames. What a halcyon start to the day's work!

Then there were the familiar faces to greet us with mutual affection—like a family party, with lots of old friends all gathered together: dear Rosemary Burrows and Mrs. Molly Arbuthnot, who looked after the wardrobe department, at the same time dispensing endless and most welcome cups of tea. (Later, Rosemary married Eddie Powell, who "doubled" for my very dear friend Christopher Lee—two more names synonymous with Hammer's success story.) Although I didn't need a toupee thirty years ago, Monty Montsash was established as resident hairdresser and kept us all in good trim.

Then there was that delightfully shy man and exceptionally clever director, Terence Fisher! What a joy it was to work with him. He knew exactly which suggestions to accept from his actors and which to discard, and was invariably right in his selection. Being somewhat inarticulate, he had an endearing idiosyncrasy. "Peter," he would say, wagging his forefinger at me and then pausing for such an inordinately long time that I began to imagine he was trying to think of some polite way to tell me that my idea stank. When I could hardly bear the suspense any longer, he'd suddenly give voice to his verdict—"This is good!"—and then would immediately proceed to improve upon it!

Jack Asher was another magician, and it was rightly said of him that he "painted with light." His cinematography added to those productions a lushness that belied the thrifty budgets imposed upon them. That was Hammer's secret weapon, I reckon—getting experts in their particular fields for key positions, backed up by the best possible supporting personnel. Two more stalwarts of similar expertise were John Wilcox and Arthur Grant, and Len Harris's unique operating of the camera can still be enjoyed by all who watch old films on television.

Anthony Hinds was one of a pool of producers in constant demand. (He was on the board of directors of the company, as well as being an accomplished writer for the screen, using "John Elder" as his pseudonym.) Another Tony—Anthony Nelson Keys—worked in the same capacity on many of the productions in which I appeared, and we often had fascinating chats about his father, Nelson "Bunch" Keys, who was the toast of the town in his heyday as a comedian, appearing in many of the musicals so popular at the turn of the century and into the twenties.

Phil Leakey did wonders in the makeup department, and the stills taken by the excellent Tom Edwards have become collectors' pieces. As a bonus, to look after the inner man, there was the indefatigable and enchanting Mrs. Thompson. She and her staff all qualified for the *cordon bleu*, and had her restaurant been open to the general public, Egon Ronay would have given it the maximum number of stars!

The "Big Boss" of Hammer Productions was the late Sir James Carreras. Wisely, he seldom visited the studios, preferring to leave those he trusted to deliver the goods while he got on with promoting the products and raising the financing necessary to meet an ever-increasing demand. I met him only once at Bray (during nearly a decade), but enjoyed his hospitality and enthusiastic comments many times elsewhere. His son, Michael, often acted as producer and became the managing director in 1971. Michael's wife, Jo, is such a dear lady, and I shall always remember her kind thoughtfulness during a rather grueling period when filming *Dracula and the Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires* in Hong Kong and the days I subsequently spent with the family in their lovely house, deep in the heart of Gloucestershire's glorious countryside.

The adjective *horror* has a strong pull at the box office, but I prefer *fantasy*, because that is what those films are. To my way of thinking, "horror" conjures up events that actually happen, whereas most of the capers we got up to were mere figments of the fertile brains of imaginative writers who set out to take people's minds off everyday unpleasantnesses, if only for ninety minutes or so. *Captain Clegg*, *She*, *Sword of Sherwood Forest*, and *Cash on Demand* were pure adventure stories and proved to be just as popular as the films given an "X" certificate.

It is a lovely feeling for an actor to be associated with any success, and I count myself lucky to be one of the many who contributed to the output of the "fabulous factory" which has given—and still gives—such pleasure all over the world.

I now leave Denis Meikle to fill in many gaps and thus keep in perpetuity the memory and name of a filmic empire that came and saw and conquered.

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A special thanks must go to Richard Klemensen of *Little Shoppe of Horrors*, who almost single-handedly has kept the name of Hammer alive to fans around the world since 1972, whose practical contributions have been constant and considerable, and whose faith in the project has been unwavering throughout. For the rare illustrations, I must again thank many of those mentioned above, while other stills were provided by Doug Murray, Teddy Green, John Hamilton, and BFI Stills, Posters and Designs, and for information or the loan of materials from personal collections, Fred Humphreys, Harvey Clarke, Gary Smith, and Marcus Hearn.

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Introduction

"A HAMMER Film": three words that, from a single overnight success, took on a life of their own and came to symbolize an entire genre for a whole generation of cinemagoers: horror.

For some of those involved, Hammer's dedication to "terror and disgust" (as the dictionary defines horror) was never acknowledged as such. Peter Cushing: "I don't like the word *horror*; I think *fantasy* is a much better word." Christopher Lee: "I prefer to call them 'films of fantasy'—particularly the ones I have made." Director Terence Fisher: "I object to my films being called 'horror pictures.' I prefer my work to be known as macabre." But the public thought differently. They were not concerned with such fine distinctions. To them, Hammer made *horror* films, pure and simple. And so, for twenty-one years, horror was to be Hammer's stock-in-trade.

In that time, the company produced more than sixty features tailored for or sold to the horror-thriller market. Of these, the majority were set in a dislocated but quintessentially Victorian Gothic hinterland: hybrid period pieces that more or less evolved a distinctive generic style of their own. The first of them was *The Curse of Frankenstein*. That it marked a watershed—perhaps *the* watershed in the history of the horror film—is now beyond dispute, but the stylistic unity they all shared would come to be appreciated the world over and designated by the eponymous sobriquet of "Hammer Horror." In terms of a body of work being so identified with one company or individual that the two become entirely indivisible, only the thrillers of Alfred Hitchcock have been the recipients of a similar accolade.

Critics of the time hated everything that Hammer did and stood for. When it introduced blood into its films, they complained about the blood; when it introduced sex, they complained about the sex. And when—unpalatably—it mixed the two, then the end of civilization as we knew it was deemed to be at hand. It was the same reaction that greeted Matthew Gregory Lewis's Gothic splatter-piece *The Monk* some 160 years before.

Despite this, Hammer Films would grow to be one of the most successful British film companies of its day, be the first to receive the Queen's Award to Industry, become the subject of numerous retrospectives—including a 1971 "Tribute" at London's National Film Theatre—sire countless international fan clubs, and foster a devotional following around the globe. It would live to take its rightful place second only to Ealing in the ranks of the great postwar British independents, while its legacy continues to be felt in everything from the recent BBC Television revival of its sci-fi series *Doctor Who* to stop-motion studio Aardman Animation's affectionate 2005 feature-length homage, *Wallace and Gromit: The Curse of the Were-Rabbit*.

As for myself, I grew up with Hammer. Not in the way that I grew up with the Beatles, or "flower power," or Old Labour in its Wilsonian heyday—not in the way that such broader cultural upheavals affect one's character, or social or sexual development, or perceptions of the changing world—but in the way that Hammer's films were an almost integral part of my everyday sphere of existence, like the "funny papers" in the *Daily Express* that introduced James Bond to a wider readership, and the musical conservatism of the Light Programme, and the cultural stranglehold of the British Broadcasting Corporation in general. It was just there, as though it had always been there—and yet Hammer had been born, officially, in the same year as I: 1947. It took its first stumbling steps when I did, learned the way of things

when I did, reached puberty as I did, spread its wings and reached out to embrace the world in the mid-sixties as all we "baby-boomers" did—only to be disillusioned and disenfranchised a decade later, as I was.

I grew up with Hammer, and Hammer grew up with me—though Hammer was aware of that in less personal terms: I was merely one of the juvenile audience for its B-movie crime capers, from *Break in the Circle* to *A Man on the Beach*. I was the pubescent who had discovered Conan Doyle and G. K. Chesterton, and who turned to Hammer to see the former, at least, realized in Technicolor on the big screen. I was the adolescent thrill-seeker who sneaked surreptitiously into its "X"-rated examples of a new artistic freedom. I was the teenage pleasure-seeker who fed off its big-budget extravaganzas. And I was the wiser and sadder young adult who ultimately left it behind, when the relationship grew tired, and stale, and habitual—when Hammer itself had begun to think that simply "being there" was enough. I grew up with Hammer, and it with me. And a first love remains in the memory always, with affection, and a modicum of bitter-sweet nostalgia. Thus, in the end, this memento—this collective reminiscence—of gilded youth: my own, and that of the British horror film in bloom.

First, a word about the British Board of Film Censors (as it was called during Hammer's period of operations). Since this book was published in 1996, examining, for the first time, Hammer's relationship with the BBFC in some detail, much has been expanded upon elsewhere about the company's often fraught dealings with the Board. Indeed, it would be true to say that had it not been for the many and various interventions of Board secretaries (notably John Trevelyan, who joined in 1951 after a career in education), Hammer's product—perhaps even its entire history—might have turned out very differently. However, it is all too easy at this remove, and with lack of context, to view the demands made upon Hammer by the BBFC as archaic—arcane, even, when it came to the application of particular principles of censorship. But it should be remembered that at a time of unprecedented liberalization of the arts, the BBFC was acting, for the most part, to stave off what it perceived to be the potential for outrage in certain sectors of British society. Such outrage *was* manifested against other areas of the arts during the 1960s, and had the Board *not* acted in the way that it did—mediating between the outraged and the studios and deflecting the push for censure—legislation almost certainly would have been introduced to stem the excesses of horror film producers. The desire on the part of some to bring films into the remit of the Obscene Publications Act (1959) was real and permanently threatening; only the Board stood between the crude commercial interests of filmmakers and the prospect of legal control over the medium. (Such legislation *was* subsequently enacted against films on videocassette in 1984, more than two decades after Hammer's most significant confrontations with the British censor.)

This is not to say that the actions, or attitudes, of the BBFC in relation to Hammer were at all times altruistic—to the contrary, they often betrayed the same narrow-minded prejudices from which invariably it was at pains to *protect* the industry. And while it would profess to keep pace with changes in public opinion, it could be as guilty as any other reactionary element of society of actively *delaying* the progress of such change. It was, like Hammer itself, subject to the whims and tastes of its own employees—"examiners," in the Board's case—and the very act of creation of a censor board is always something of a self-fulfilling prophecy: notionally censorable material then has to be found or its very existence can be called into question.

For all that, and while the prohibitions placed on Hammer by the BBFC might seem curious (if not downright inexplicable) to those who have grown up with the "anything goes" attitude of the horror film producers of today, the fact remains that much of what Hammer sought to introduce into its films in the fifties and sixties, in terms of themes, plot points, and individual sequences and shots, was simply *unacceptable* in the climate of the times. It is fallacious to imagine that had it not been for the BBFC, Hammer's horrors might have taken on stronger form. The opposite is the case: they might have taken *no* form at all—instead, they might have been legislated out of existence, and the courts would have become the final arbiters of what was and was not fit for British screens. No one who lived through this turbulent time for the arts in general would have considered that the preferable alternative. As to the idea that America, in the same period, took a more liberal view of Hammer's output—the truth is that the films were cut every bit as drastically in the United States as they were in Britain; they were *different* cuts, is all.

Notwithstanding this more contentious aspect of Hammer's history, the company's lurid "Gothic" horrors eventually took precedence over all other types of production in which it engaged. In the process, the newly designated "Hammer Horror" film was to become an indelible part of Britain's cultural landscape.

The cinema of Hammer was one of castles and crypts, of blushing virgins and blood-lusting vampires, of fanatical scientists and rapacious aristocrats, of ascetic *savants*, and of vengeful spirits from beyond the grave. It was a

cinema rich in opulent décor and steeped in romantic extravagance, and it lay in direct line of descent from the literary tradition established by the more morbid fancies of Horace Walpole, Charles Dickens, and M. R. James. From Wilkie Collins's "The Woman in White" (1860) to Susan Hill's "The Woman in Black" (1986), the wheel turns full circle. Yet despite a total of 157 feature films and a Queen's Award to Industry to its credit, no full-length biography of the "House that Horror Built" existed before this one.

In its original form, this book aimed to correct that omission and, in so doing, to provide insight into a thematic collective which has proved to be both unique in British cinema and singularly influential on fantasy cinema throughout the world. Now in this greatly expanded revision, much information has been appended that was unavailable to me in 1996, some small errors of fact have been corrected, and the text as a whole has been liberally seasoned with further revealing details about the company's colorful history. All of this adds weight to the claim in the first edition that what follows is the *untold* story of the modern Prometheans who brought "Hammer Horror" into being.

By the mid-1950s, a new age was dawning. It was an era of hope, of rebuilding, of newfound prosperity. It was the era of rock 'n' roll. But it was also a time of anxieties and unspecified dreads. The countries of the world were decamping into ideological territories, aided by the emergent superpowers: the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The bogeyman of communism was hiding under every bed. The prospect of war still tantalized. And television was on hand to remind that, while life in general may have begun to look increasingly good, never before had man seemed so mortal as he did then, when over him hung the appalling specter of the hydrogen bomb.

The cinema reflected these national psychoses. By the middle of the decade, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* was vying with *X the Unknown* for box-office attention and, as in any art with a populist bent, communal paranoias were writ large and reactionary. Science was the villain of the piece, and radiation was the name of the nightmare. Its spawn were invariably colossal, mutant, and prone to doling out the most spectacular feats of destruction on the heads of humankind.

As always, efforts to dampen such fears centered on sublimating their expression. "Horror comics" had already been banned. The still-youthful "X" certificate was being granted with the same reluctance as the "H" it had replaced. The artistic imaginings that were now at work exploring and analyzing the postwar, post-atomic psyche stood accused of pandering to base instinct.

Against this backdrop, and in the face of a cinematic fad for ever-more-outlandish examples of the Armageddon that awaited the world around the next corner of discovery, a small British film company resurrected a half-forgotten myth and gaudily repackaged it for the sensation-seeking present.

The Gothic obsessions of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley were to provide a welcome relief from the all-too-real terrors of the nuclear age. The fruit of sibling rivalry at the Villa Diodati during an idyll in Geneva in 1816 was to be revived and revitalized for an audience desperate for a fantasy that did not look to predict only the following day's headlines.

On May 2, 1957, *The Curse of Frankenstein* opened to a largely vitriolic press and a worldwide commercial reception of unprecedented enthusiasm. After twenty-three years in and out of the business, Hammer Film Productions was finally on the map.

And with the wholly unexpected arrival of the modern horror film, a legend was also born: Hammer itself. What follows is the truth behind that legend.

CHAPTER ONE

From Exclusive to Xperiment, 1947–1955



Whispering Smith Hits London.

> *The film that must take all the credit for the whole Hammer series of horror films was really* The Quatermass Xperiment*, because we had this monster with a globular face—which frightened everybody!*
>
> —Michael Carreras

One morning, six hours after dawn, the first manned rocket in the history of the world takes off from the Tarooma range, Australia. The three observers see on their scanning screens a quickly receding Earth. The rocket is guided from the ground by remote control as they rise through the ozone layer, the stratosphere, the ionosphere—beyond the air. They are to reach a height of fifteen hundred miles beyond the Earth, and there learn . . . what is to be learned. For an *experiment* is an operation designed to discover some unknown truth. It is also a risk.

> When it is fourteen hundred miles up, all contact with the rocket is suddenly lost. . . .

With these words—to the accompaniment of "Mars, the Bringer of War" from Holst's *The Planets*—the first episode of a six-part television serial began transmission at 8:15 P.M. on Saturday, July 18, 1953, with a vista of Earth as viewed from the nose cone of a V-2 rocket far out in the deep black of space. They were a last-minute addition to the script, designed to better contextualize events for an audience entirely unprepared for what was about to confront them in the deceptively titled "The Quatermass Experiment."

The serial was to hint at what might be lurking in the darkness beyond the kindling flame of technological advance, and its effect on viewers was immediate and unparalleled. Among those held in thrall was a

twenty-nine-year-old film producer named Anthony Frank Hinds, whose latest low-budget outing—*The Flanagan Boy*, with Tony Wright—was just being readied for release. Hinds persuaded James Carreras, managing director of Exclusive Films and a senior partner in their production-arm subsidiary, Hammer, to tune in to future episodes, and while the serial was still on air, the young company negotiated the rights to turn it into a feature film. At the time, it was simply one more in a long line of similar deals, but within fifteen years, Tony Wright would be a sales rep and Hammer would be the recipient of a Queen's Award to Industry for earnings in excess of $4.5 million as a result of what Quatermass and Hinds had found in that dark: horror.

Horror as a genre had been all but dead since the end of the war. With a few notable exceptions—Robert Florey's *The Beast with Five Fingers*, Ealing's *Dead of Night* (both 1946)—Gothic cinema had become a thing of the past by 1951. With the new British "X" certificate limiting the audience even more, the literary monsters of yesteryear were gasping their last to the exorcising spoofery of Abbott and Costello and Old Mother Riley.[1]

With the advent of the fifties, the archetypes of horror may have retreated into the shadows, but their legacy was still to be felt amid the technological marvels of the new age and the new cinema of science fiction, which had been heralded in by the docudrama *Destination Moon*. For once the cinema-going public had seen one lunar crater, it had seen them all, and *things* were required to be found lurking under the moon rocks. As a result, Frankenstein's monster soon resurfaced in the guise of Martians in *Invaders from Mars* (1953), while the spoor of Dracula had already transmuted into the blood-sucking creature of *The Thing from Another World* (1951).

In response to this sea change, cinema's new archenemy, television, had also decided to embark on an exploration of the more uncharted regions of deep space. Against the background of public euphoria that was to mark the summer of 1953, the British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) had put Manx staff writer Thomas Nigel Kneale to work on an original science-fiction project intended to form the basis of the six thirty-minute installments of "The Quatermass Experiment."

The show had been commissioned by Michael Barry, head of drama at the BBC, and budgeted at a modest £3,500. It was produced and directed by Austrian Rudolph Cartier and starred Reginald Tate as Professor Quatermass and Duncan Lamont as his nemesis, infected astronaut Carroon. "1953 was an over-confident year," Kneale recalled in the introduction to the reissued version of his script in 1979. "Rationing was coming to an end. Everest had just been climbed, the Queen crowned, and our first Comet jets were being deceptively successful. A sour note seemed indicated. So—a space flight that blew horrifically back." (Kneale's script opportunely made mention both of Everest and the Comet airliners.) Thus it was in the antiquated BBC studios of Alexandra Palace that the real foundation stone of the Hammer House of Horror was to be laid.

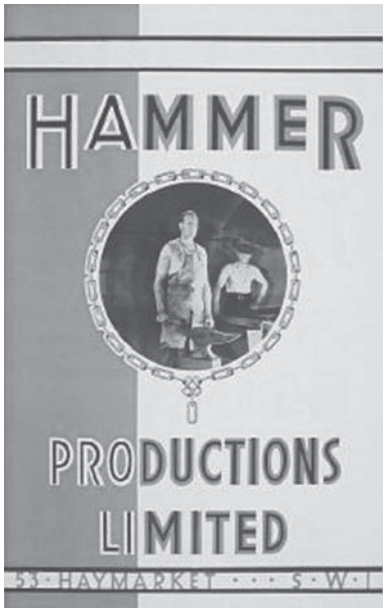
True, the company had been around in one form or another since the thirties. Its first incarnation had imported *Dracula* actor Bela Lugosi for *The Mystery of the Mary Celeste* (1936; U.S. title, *The Phantom Ship*), but Hammer as it is known today was not formed until 1949 (the company was incorporated as Hammer Film Productions on February 12). And it was while embarked on a series of second features using the services of Hollywood stars past their prime that Hammer successfully negotiated its deal with the BBC for the rights to the serial that caused such a stir during July and August.

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Hammer's history prior to this had been colorful and convoluted. The name itself was that of entrepreneur and music-hall comic William Hinds (the father of Anthony Hinds), who—aside from his array of retail business interests—had somehow found time to dabble in variety theater. Hinds was one half of a comedy duo called "Hammer and Smith" (after London's Hammersmith) and had come to be better known by his stage name of Will Hammer. Hinds/Hammer had interests in music publishing (Moon Music), show business promotion (with Jack Payne), and hotel and theater management in Surrey, East Anglia, and elsewhere (including Clacton's West Cliff Gardens Theatre), and the move into films was seen as a logical development of his theatrical concerns.

In November 1934, Hinds and four others—George Mozart,[2] George A. Gillings, producer Henry Fraser Passmore, and James Elder Wills—formed Hammer Productions Limited. They embarked on their first feature in 1935, which would trade unashamedly off Alexander Korda's *The Private Life of Henry the Eighth* and be called *The Public Life of Henry the Ninth*. After only two years in the business (with one notable film to their credit: the Paul Robeson vehicle *Song of Freedom*, in which Hinds had played the role of the Potman), further production was abandoned and the company was allowed to lapse.

As Hinds was forming Hammer Productions, a Spanish émigré named Enrique Carreras was looking for additional financing for *his* new venture, a film distribution company called Exclusive.



1930s Hammer trade ad.

Enrique Carreras had come to Britain with his wife and his brother Alfonso in 1907, at the age of nineteen. The couple was domiciled at Chiswick Lane, in the London borough of Hounslow, with Enrique stating his occupation at the time as a "commission merchant." On January 30, 1909, Dolores Carreras (née Montousse) had given birth to a son, whom his parents christened Jaime Enrique, and in 1913, after a spell in the family tobacco business, the brothers (along with J. F. Emery) bought the first of what would later become a seven-strong chain of cinemas, "Blue Halls," in such diverse locations as London, Putney, Brighton, and Manchester. By 1932, with attendances in decline due to the Depression that had been brought about by the Great War, Enrique had sold his interest in the Halls to develop a brand of toothpaste, but a promotional scheme in breach of the Lotteries Act had incurred a fine that had bankrupted the enterprise. The twin-screen flagship of the Blue Halls had been in Hammersmith, however, and he and William Hinds had met. Hinds was approached and, having already established a film production company, agreed to take a stake in the enterprise to add to his portfolio of more than thirty other directorships.

Exclusive Films was founded in December 1934, with a staff of four: Enrique Carreras, Jack Spratling, James Dawson, and a secretary, Mrs. Burnham. Because of Hinds's partnership interest, his sixteen-year-old son Anthony was employed as a booking clerk prior to his upcoming war service, and he was followed in 1943 by Enrique's grandson, Michael Henry Carreras. The significant absentee at this juncture was Enrique's *son*, despite his having served time in the Blue Halls as a manager-cum-"director," after he had trained as an assistant with Gaumont at the Astoria on Charing Cross Road (where he had arrived on his first day to find that the manager had absconded with the takings!).

The now-anglicized *James* Enrique Carreras had married in 1927, to Vera St. John Smart, the daughter of a seaman and neighbor of the Carrerases at their then-residence in Castelnau, Barnes. He was eighteen, and his bride three years older. The marriage had been urged on him due to Vera's "condition" by his father, who was still very much a Spanish "gentleman" of the old school; five months after the wedding, with James not yet nineteen, Vera Carreras gave birth to son Michael at the couple's new Putney home in Westleigh Avenue. James Carreras was a social animal and marriage had never been part of the plan. When his wife was admitted to a sanitarium for a spell after injuring herself in a fall, Michael was put into the care of his maternal grandparents before being packed off—at the tender age of five—to board at Frays College, a "prep" school in Uxbridge, Middlesex, where the novelist George Orwell (Eric Blair) would arrive the following year to tutor in French; by 1937, Michael was boarding at Reading grammar school. As a result, he was not really to know the shadowy figure whom he oddly associated only with "noise" until they came to work together in Exclusive, after the end of World War II.

James Carreras's interest in the boy never amounted to much, and his interest in the man would amount to much less. His interest in films was similarly nonexistent: he had turned his back on five years as a cinema "barker" when Enrique sold his stake in the Halls, but even after Exclusive was launched, he remained content to pursue his latest career as a car salesman for Bert Henley in Warren Street, off London's Tottenham Court Road.

At the outbreak of war, Exclusive was already ensconced in the heart of the film community, with logging, barring, and sales conducted from 93 Cinema House in Wardour Street, and accounts and publicity handled from 60–66 National House opposite.[3] The company prospered throughout the hostilities and, in 1945, the trio of Enrique, Spratling, and Dawson was joined by Anthony E. "Brian" Lawrence, who formerly had been with the Anglo-American Film Corporation and was now to assist circuit manager Spratling. Before entering into the business, Lawrence had studied for the priesthood. His devotional bent would find new succor with Exclusive, Hammer, and James Carreras, above all. There may have been only "a handful of clerks with a few accounts clerks across the street," according to Lawrence, but they were to have their work cut out for them,

as Exclusive's annual turnover would soon begin a steady rise from five figures to six.

After his demobilization from the army, James Carreras at last decided to join the family firm. "Doodlebug Jim" had had a good war. He had entered service, at the age of thirty, as private 1472308, attached to 273 Battery, A.A. Regiment of the Honourable Artillery Company, as a gunner. His progress through the ranks had been rapid, if not meteoric. By the end of 1940, he had made second lieutenant; by October 1942, he was a captain, and by December, a major. Eventually, he had been posted to command 450 (Mixed) Heavy A.A. Battery, a showpiece antiaircraft unit at Rye, on the Kent-Sussex border, that would entertain King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, as well as Soviet Marshal Rossoloff. This battery scored such a marked success against the V-1 rockets aimed at London during the Battle of the Flying Bomb (seventy-eight kills) that "Hair-trigger Jim"—as he was nicknamed by Gen. Sir Frederick Pile—had earned the rank of lieutenant colonel, R.A., by the end of September 1944.

While stationed at Rye, Carreras and his battery had been the stars of a Gaumont-British documentary on the bringing down of the bombs, as he already had become a familiar face to thousands of Londoners from having been put in charge of a "Salute the Soldier" parade at St. Paul's Cathedral earlier in the year. "We waited anxiously to know what would happen when the guns were fired," he told the *Evening News*. "The first two bombs which came across were destroyed and from then on the whole thing went ahead like wildfire." (Appropriately enough, *Wildfire* would be the name of the first American programmer that the former cinema barker was to distribute when he switched to proclaiming the wares of Exclusive.) On September 12, 1944, he had found time for a trip to Wardour Street with his father to publicize the film—a calling card for what he had now determined was to be his future in civilian life.

Jack Spratling—who occupied his time between films by selling "smokeless chimneys" and the occasional Rolls-Royce—was the first to depart under the new regime, and Enrique Carreras appointed Brian Lawrence



Brigadier Chichester-Cooke with Maj. James Carreras at Rye, Sussex, 1944.

and Morris Young to sell Exclusive's catalog of shorts and British and American reissues. "Surround yourself with good lieutenants and you can't go wrong," Colonel James would counsel the man who was to become his right arm in the years ahead. Lawrence never wanted to be anything other than a "good lieutenant," but he would certainly never be anything less.

Will Hinds continued to be a source of financing for budding independent producers whose films could be distributed through Exclusive. One such venture was Vernon Sewell's *The Jack of Diamonds* (1948). Consequently, the beginning of authentic postwar Hammer production is confused and erratic.

When Anthony Hinds was persuaded (by his father) to rejoin Exclusive, after serving with a Royal Air Force photographic unit in the Far East, his first project was along similar lines. "Two likely lads came along and said, would we like a film made," he recalls. The two were producer Hal Wilson and cameraman Brooks Carrington, who were affiliated with actor John Blythe. A coproduction deal was struck, and the film in question became *Crime Reporter*, which was followed in quick succession by another of the same—*River Patrol*. These were succeeded by a fictionalized account of the criminal exploits of one Henry Thurston, a notorious thief and jailbreaker, but this fared less well. On completion, it was judged morally questionable by the British Board of Film Censors and denied a certificate of exhibition. The film was then reedited to remove all references to Thurston (who had actually appeared in it), wrapped in a spurious American linking narrative, and released as *The Dark Road*. Of those who had participated, only a young Michael Ripper managed to survive the affair with dignity intact. Producer Henry Halsted and his Marylebone Studios (in reality, a disused church) had been co-opted to provide the goods on *The Dark Road* and, with his help, the company next embarked on *Death in High Heels* with Don Stannard, though still under only the nominal guise of "Hammer."

Anthony Hinds soon found himself with an unexpected producer credit of his own when he was called on to add some scenes to a radio-inspired featurette that had recently been abandoned due to lack of funds. This was *Who Killed Van Loon?*, and the film had been shut down before anyone thought to provide the answer to the title question. Hinds called back three of the principals and made up the remainder as he went. In the nature of such "quota quickies," no one noticed or cared.[4]

In August 1947, the government imposed a punitive 75 percent import tax on American films in an attempt to stem the flow of currency out of the country. This led to a retaliatory export ban, and with domestic production curtailed by fuel shortages due to the severe winter, cinemas soon became starved for product. It suddenly seemed opportune for Exclusive to initiate some genuine production of its own, and with the added incentive of an encouraging word from D. J. "Jack" Goodlatte (bookings supremo of Associated British Cinemas, purchasers of the Blue Halls), James Carreras began to cast around for subjects to fit the bill.

These were radio days, when the nation's cultural icons were heard but not seen, and the notion of giving form to popular characters from successful radio series was a logical move in the quest for screen stories. One such was "Dick Barton," who had captivated listeners with his first airing on the Light Programme between October 1946 and May 1947. The BBC was approached and *Dick Barton: Special Agent* was readied to go before the cameras at Marylebone in October 1947, with Don Stannard rallying to the now familiar strains of "The Devil's Gallop" in radio's Noel Johnson's stead. *Dick Barton: Special Agent* was a success.

When the tax was abandoned in March 1948 in favor of the Anglo-American Agreement, British supporting features were still in short supply and Carreras was encouraged to plan more of the same. The result was *Dick Barton at Bay*, but on this occasion, Halsted farmed out the actual producing to Mario Zampi and his technicians at Alliance (at the behest of Enrique Carreras). Just as *At Bay* was due to go onto the floor, Zampi disappeared—along with the budget!—and Exclusive was forced to take over this second Barton adventure itself. "It was unplayable," said Anthony Hinds of the outcome. (*At Bay* was finally released as the *third* episode of the eventual trilogy, even though it had been shot as the sequel to *Special Agent* in March 1948.) The experience at Marylebone convinced Carreras that control should remain firmly in the hands of Exclusive in the future, so Hinds was allocated the task of finding a crew, and several of those who had worked for Zampi were persuaded to join the new outfit, including a young third assistant director named Jimmy Sangster.

"More of the same" was to become a hallmark of the Carreras strategy, and *Dick Barton and the Silent Plague* (released as *Dick Barton Strikes Back*) was announced to the waiting world for immediate production on location in Blackpool. In the interim, the distribution side of Exclusive had continued to grow apace, so the move into feature films meant that a separate company would be required to act as a safeguard against the risks involved. The decision was made to reregister Hammer as the name of Exclusive's production arm. This time,

the directors would be Enrique and James Carreras (who between them were to hold a 48 percent stake) and William and Anthony Hinds (who would take up an equivalent 48 percent, with 40 of that going to the senior Hinds). James Dawson was to be the company secretary, and Hammer's sales manager would be the twenty-eight-year-old Brian Lawrence.

> *Tonight, at sunset, we destroy a whole city. People going about their work, or pleasure, will hear a faint sound in the air. At first, they'll take no special notice . . . until, as it begins to grow higher, they'll begin to wonder. Then higher, higher,* higher, *until—silence! And for them, all is over.*
>
> —Fourcada, *Dick Barton Strikes Back*

In the hands of Alfred Goulding, the first Dick Barton film had been more of a revue sketch celebrating the success of the radio series than a feature in its own right; the juvenile lead (Jack Shaw) reads a comic strip about the agent, even as Barton himself tackles an unlikely band of Nazi stereotypes intent on contaminating the country's water supply. Most of the action is confined to a studio barroom, with some token location shooting at Chichester harbor, and the highlight of the piece has Barton trapped inside a suit of armor while the villain's henchman taunts him with a vial of cholera bacterium.

The franchise got properly into its stride with the second installment in the series, as well as taking on a new director: Godfrey Grayson. *Dick Barton at Bay* was darker (literally—most of it was shot at night), grimmer, and featured an archcriminal in the Von Stroheim mold named Serge Volkoff and played by Hungarian émigré Meinhart Maur. Fisticuffs remained the order of the day when it came to defeating enemies of the state, and Volkoff meets his end by tumbling headfirst off the Beachy Head lighthouse. By far the most professional of the three was *Dick Barton Strikes Back*. This time the plan was mass extermination of the British population by the ironic means of radio waves, transmitted from the top of the Blackpool Tower. Canadian Sebastian Cabot made a more authentic villain as Fourcada, although he shared Volkoff's penchant for wishing Barton "au revoir" at times of greatest peril for the agent. "Of course, you're quite mad," Barton retorts imperiously, when his nemesis divulges the details of his devious scheme to him in time-honored fashion. The real villain of the piece plunges to his death down an elevator shaft, while Fourcada ends up as a tasty snack for an aquarium full of tropical snakes.[5]

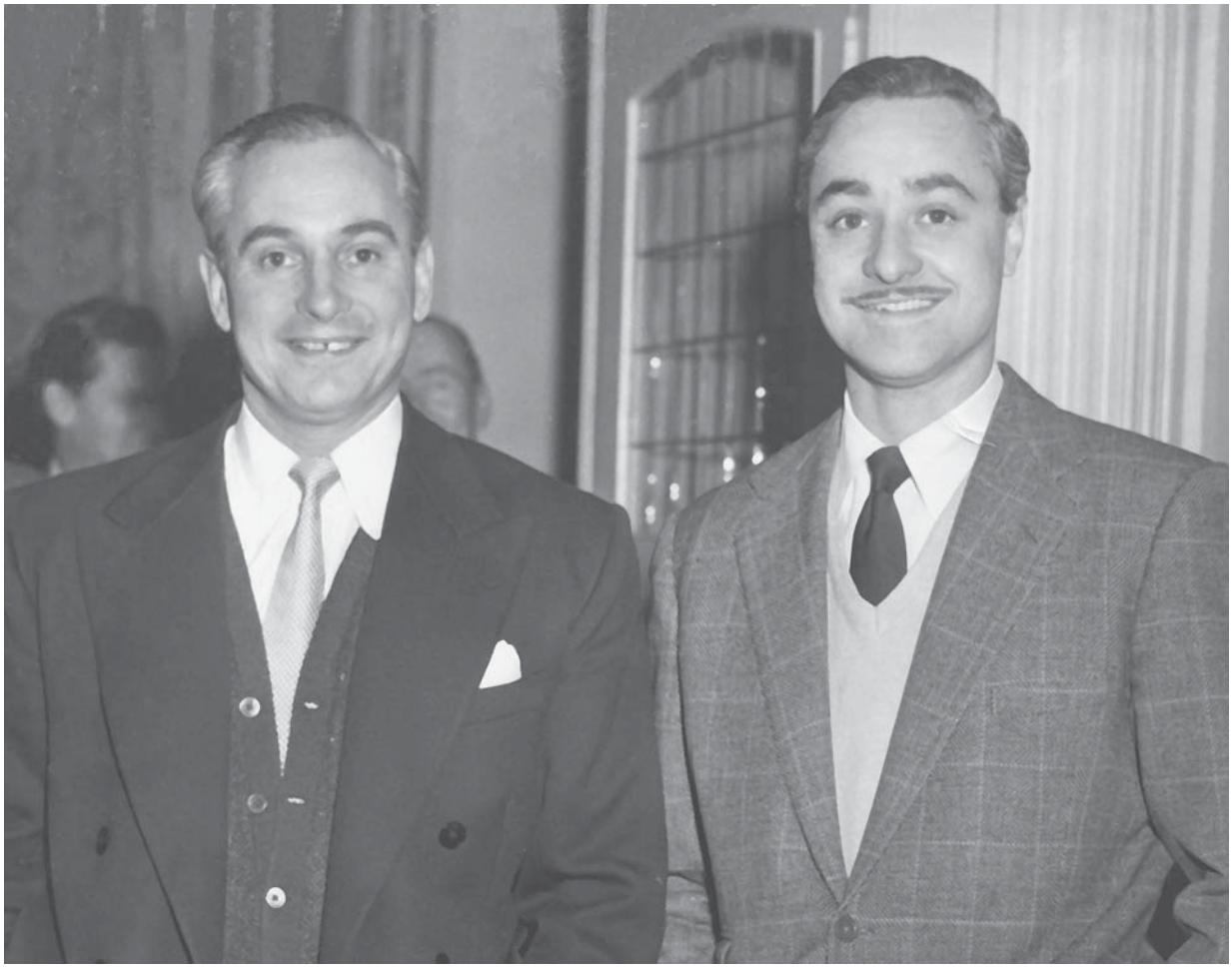
That "special agent" Dick Barton paved the way for Ian Fleming's James Bond there can be no doubt—he even flings his hat onto a hat stand in the inaugural film!—but his days of derring-do against threats to the Empire were to be strictly numbered. Star Don Stannard was killed in a car crash at Cookham on July 9, 1949 (from which his wife Thelma and actor Sebastian Cabot escaped unhurt), nine days before the release of *Dick Barton Strikes Back*. A fourth Barton escapade—*Dick Barton in Africa*—was abandoned as a result, and the show ended its run on radio in March 1951.

While shooting exteriors for *Dick Barton Strikes Back* at Blackpool's famous tower, electrician Jack Curtis had mooted the idea of renting a country house as a base of operations. Hinds had been greatly attracted to the prospect of a studio of his own, and by the end of 1948, the unit found itself installed in "Dial Close," Winter Hill, at Cookham Dean in Berkshire. The youngest Carreras, Michael, fresh from his stint in the Grenadier Guards, had now become part of the team again and was assigned to Hinds to help oversee future production. "It was wonderful," Michael Carreras recalls. "We had a butler and a maid. Tony and I used to be sitting there having our toast and butter in the morning and the unit would come down by bus from Hammersmith. They were wonderful days."

They were also formative days. As the winter evenings grew long, lasting friendships were struck. Michael remembers that time with particular affection. "The first true Hammer film was 1948—November, at the house in Cookham: *Dr. Morelle*. That's where it started. It wasn't Hammer, it was Exclusive, but that's where it started. That's where Tony, I, Jimmy Sangster reported for work."

In point of fact, *Dr. Morelle* was the first film to be accredited solely to Hammer on screen (in association with Edward G. Whiting), implying that this was the production of a *company* in its own right (especially as it was made with NFFC money)[6] as opposed to one that was partly financed by Will Hinds or Exclusive. The film serves as a symbolic beginning in any event.

Dr. Morelle: The Case of the Missing Heiress was another radio-inspired melodrama, and the story is dark and mysterious, with a grotesque villain (the wheelchair-bound Kimber, played by Philip Leaver) and a corpse disposed of in an incinerator. Dr. Morelle was a hyp-



James and Michael Carreras, circa 1952.

notist-sleuth in the haughty, conceited, and inherently misogynous mold of Sherlock Holmes or Bulldog Drummond—a typical product of class, empire, and the public school system—and had been created by Ernest Dudley for the radio show *Monday Night at 8*. But he was never likely to make it past the mid-fifties, and Hammer's next hero was much more down to earth.

The first film to be produced after the formation of Hammer Films proper was *The Adventures of P.C. 49*, made in February 1949, but the *advent* of production in the house studios is commonly held to be the starting point. It was an innovational move, and by the spring of 1949, it had caught the attention of the trades. "Since the experiment began a few months ago at Cookham," ran one report,

> shooting schedules have been tightened and production costs trimmed. Producer Anthony Hinds plans to put the first screen versions of *Meet the Rev.* and *Man in Black* on the floor at Cookham when *Celia* is complete in about a week's time. He is still a trifle undecided whether or not to introduce bigger artistes names to the credits alongside his all-star technical crew. At the present rate of production, allowing five weeks' shooting for each film and two weeks' rest and planning breather between pictures, he could maintain an output of about eight pictures each year—at least until 1951, when the present production programme for Cookham Dean expires.

The "all-star technical crew" was headed by director Godfrey Grayson, his two equally talented brothers (writer Ambrose and composer Rupert), and screenwriter A. R. Rawlinson (who had coscripted Alfred Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much* in 1934). Camera operator Peter Bryan and director Francis Searle had also been appended to the growing list of Hammer luminaries, and any "indecision" about the use of star names was about to resolve itself with the company's next step forward.

Further production at Cookham was to be thwarted by residents' objections and the company's failure to acquire a land-development license for the property,



Left: Dial Close, Cookham Dean, Berkshire. *Right:* Gilston Park Country Club, Grays, Essex.

and Hammer Film Productions was forced to move from Dial Close in May 1949, even before the outcome of the planning appeal was known (in September 1950). *Meet the Rev.* (released as *Meet Simon Cherry*), *Man in Black*, and five others would actually be shot at Oakley Court, a Gothic "folly" (dating from 1859) on the banks of the Thames near the village of Bray, downstream from Windsor. The house was owned by Ernest Olivier, and Hammer rented it for a mere fifty guineas a week. From there, the thirty-strong unit would venture to the fifty-acre Gilston Park Country Club near Harlow in Essex for a further two features, before transferring back to Oakley Court and, at the close of 1950, rapidly decamping to a more favorable arrangement next door at Down Place—a ramshackle manor house that had provided them with facilities during the shooting of *The Lady Craved Excitement* in March of that year.

In a few short years, Exclusive Films had grown from a purveyor of esoteric shorts such as *A Night in Old Seville* to a major-league distributor. Its success was due in part to the aggressive marketing techniques that James Carreras would later apply to Hammer; the company offered theater owners fifty-fifty participation on exhibition material, but provided *free* posters, showcards, and foyer displays. Despite the incursion of the Hammer name and the recent branching out to feature production, Exclusive would remain the mainstay of the Hinds-Carreras business empire for a long time to come.

The operation had moved to the fifth floor of Nascreno House at 113 Wardour Street (which would later become Hammer House with Will Hinds's acquisition of the whole building), and Exclusive had expanded from a motley crew of commission agents to a well-oiled machine with thirteen branch offices and a total staff (at its peak) of well over a hundred. In another decade, it would be entirely forgotten—swamped by the success of the affiliate it had sired to feed itself. But for the moment, it continued from strength to strength, fostering annual conferences at which Brian Lawrence would outline strategy and Will Hinds would deliver witty, if predictable, addresses to the troops, to rally them to even greater achievement. The outcome was to be year after year of record-breaking success during the early fifties under the auspices of Lawrence and sales supervisor Harry Bernow, an idiosyncratic Russian Jew "as round as he was tall," as his manager would joke.

By now, Enrique Carreras was "a little out of his depth," in Lawrence's view, and effective control of the fast-expanding concern had already passed to his son. With the sudden death of Enrique on October 15, 1950, James Carreras became the major shareholder in Exclusive and officially its managing director, with William Hinds remaining as chairman.

Hinds operated out of frugal offices at 261 Goldhawk Road, in Fulham, an address known jokingly as "Bleak House" to his associates in the less austere surroundings of Wardour Street. With his existing chairmanship of the Goldhawk Building Society, his "summer shows," and sundry other interests, Hinds already had enough to

occupy his time, and Exclusive was never high on his list of priorities, in any event (Hinds entertained a profound distaste of the film business). As a result, *his* son had also risen rapidly in the ranks of the company.

Anthony Hinds's office was at an even more distant remove. But Down Place, at Water Oakley, Windsor, was a location that would soon begin to figure prominently in the plans of James Carreras—the new head of Hammer.

Suddenly we saw the reflection of the doodle on the radar screen enlarge and disappear, and we knew that another flying bomb had been hit and disintegrated in mid-air. This went on, hour after hour, from nine in the morning until ten at night, when the final score came through for that day—101 launched, 98 destroyed.

—Extract from a broadcast by
Colonel Carreras, August 16, 1944

When Hammer first settled into Down Place, Col. "Jimmy" Carreras was forty-one years old. Carreras was a man who excelled at everything he did or tried to do. (He had been awarded the M.B.E.[7] in 1944, at the age of thirty-five.) He loved sports, and whether it was cricket, rugby, or golf, he played superbly, with single-minded determination. "A man of tremendous energy, enormous enthusiasm, and great fun to be with," was actor Christopher Lee's opinion. He was also brash, self-motivated, and competitive to a fault. But he had an easy manner ("could charm the birds from the trees," Michael Carreras considered) and was as much at home with commoners as with kings. More particularly, he was a salesman without peer. During his time at Henley's, he had sold bandleader Joe Loss a Buick without an engine, just to prove a point! With his drive, his charisma, and his overriding ambition to reach the very top, Carreras would have been an asset to any company. "The most brilliant promoter and entrepreneur I've ever come across," Lee adds. In another life, he could have been a captain of industry, but fate had decreed him Hammer, and James Carreras had every intention of taking it to the heights.

As an indication of what was to come, Carreras had already secured a useful source of domestic funding for Hammer by fostering ties with James Lawrie, head of the newly enfranchised National Film Finance Company. *Dr. Morelle* was the first film to be wholly financed by NFFC money (at a modest £14,169), and Carreras was to ensure that this and future loans would be swiftly repaid, in order to promote a similarly benevolent response the next time around. ("We were the only people who didn't quite understand that you never had to pay them back," he was subsequently to quip at a press conference.)

Carreras was equally shrewd with the production costs. Key personnel, such as leading players and directors, were offered profit participation (usually around 5 percent) by way of deferring part of their salaries, and Hammer staff were required to work cheap. Both Michael Carreras and Anthony Hinds took an annual wage, regardless of what the budget sheet may have shown as payment for their individual contributions to a particular film. All such "charges" went into the general coffers. If James Carreras had a fault as a businessman, it was an inadequate rewarding of worth. If he had a fault as a salesman, it was an inability to think for the longer term. Hammer lived on the fee that each of its films could generate. It made them to a price, and rarely was it party to a slice of the action.[8] "He wasn't the best dealmaker," Michael admits, despite what was to become an unrivaled ability to open any door. This is a sentiment shared by Hinds: "James Carreras was never interested in the making of the films, only the making of money; unfortunately, he wasn't that good at it, and none of us came out of it rich."

But what would come to be recognized as James Carreras's unique brand of salesmanship was now being honed to perfection in the cut-and-thrust of postwar expedience. To encourage interest in a Hammer project, the Carreras technique was to offer a title, a poster, and a promise. To maintain interest, he would show potential distributors a presentation reel of highlights from the film while it was still in production. Through a procession of ever-more-astute maneuvers (such as packaging titles when demand was at its peak, so that those with pulling power could be sold only as part of a multiple purchase with features of more limited box-office appeal), Carreras would keep Hammer in continuous production almost single-handedly throughout the years of reconstruction that were to mark the beginning of the fifties, and well beyond.

Night seems closer to us—it never comes too soon for me. . . . Quite soon, you'll understand what I mean.

—Doctor Fell, *Room to Let*

A total of ten features were actually produced between the summers of 1949 and 1950, with Godfrey Grayson



Top: Vera St. John Carreras, Constance Smith, Enrique Carreras, and Mrs. D. J. (Violet) Goodlatte on the set of *Room to Let. Bottom:* Anthony and William Hinds, circa 1952.

and Francis Searle directing the bulk of them. Searle, in particular, was a good actors' director, and these early films were often smoothly made and solidly absorbing. Many of them were dramas of adulterous or unrequited love—*The Rossiter Case*, *To Have and to Hold*—but a notable exception was *Room to Let*, based on a Margery Allingham radio play that had trod much the same path as Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's *The Lodger* in its tale of a houseguest who turns out to be Jack the Ripper. Neither an uneasy script by John Gilling nor melodramatic direction by Grayson quite manage to subdue an effective idea that even embraces the odd reflexive line—"Curious that I should be the *lodger*," muses Doctor Fell—and an unsettling harpsichord aids the air of menace. But the real triumph of this very first example of Hammer Horror is the enigmatic beauty of Connie Smith, quite striking in her only outing for the company.

Room to Let had been built around the malign persona of the "Man in Black," Valentine Dyall. He was an actor of chilling presence in the whisker-twisting tradition of Tod Slaughter and could easily have played either Frankenstein or Dracula, had the opportunity arisen. But the film itself was more of an aberration than a portent of things to come. If such signs were in the air, they were winging their way in from the west rather than the east.

There were now some 4,700 cinemas in the United Kingdom, but of the thirty operational studios, only thirteen were presently in production, and an eligible workforce of eight thousand technicians was soon to be reduced to a little more than five thousand. The Eady Plan proposed a levy on ticket sales to help to subsidize British film production but, in the view of James Carreras, the industry had already "fallen on its face," and he was intent on doing something about it in his own way.

To take advantage of the continuing transatlantic standoff over quotas, Carreras decided to abandon Hammer's flirtation with homespun radio dramas and pursue a more vigorous hands-across-the-sea policy of coproduction with an American partner, the idea being that such an arrangement might provide the company with a foothold in the U.S. market for supporting features. First on the scene was Alexander Paal. Paal was a Hungarian émigré with contacts at United Artists through a previous association with Alexander Korda and Steven Pallos. The result was *Cloudburst* with Robert Preston. However, Paal was soon followed by Sol Lesser and RKO, and on May 11, 1951, the first of many informal press luncheons was held at the Savoy Hotel to launch *Whispering Smith Hits London* as the spearhead of what was planned to be a nine-film affiliation with Hammer.[9]

The deal with Lesser was ultimately to prove abortive,[10] but Robert L. Lippert, a producer of twelve-day quickies, was on the lookout for an additional line of supply for the shadow company he operated on behalf of Twentieth Century–Fox. Lippert was first and foremost an exhibitor, with more than sixty theaters to his name. But since 1948, and the Cinecolor western *Wildfire*, he had also been Exclusive's main supplier of American product through his own Screen Guild Pictures. (Exclusive had built its reputation as a provider of low-budget action spectacles, many of which were culled from the Lippert stable: *Savage Drums*, *FBI Girl*, *The Dalton Gang*, *Unknown World*, *Tales of Robin Hood*, *The Return of Jesse James*.)

With the blessing of Fox president Spyros Skouras, Lippert contracted to coproduce with Hammer. Indigenous American stars were required to make the deal feasible, but Fox was one of a number of companies with



Valentine Dyall and Constance Smith in *Room to Let.*

funds in Britain that had been frozen as a result of the Anglo-American Agreement of 1948. By using these funds, Lippert undertook to provide two stars and the script for each film, in return for distribution rights in the United States.

Hammer was the first domestic producer to secure such a guarantee. In the wake of it, it would commence a whole series of formula thrillers styled along Hollywood lines and starring the likes of Paul Henreid, George Brent, Dan Duryea, Alex Nicol, Lloyd Bridges, and others who had not yet found a niche for themselves on American television. The first of these was *The Last Page*, which went onto the floor on July 9, 1951. It was to be followed by sixteen more over the next four years.

The deal with Lippert was intended to complement a coproduction arrangement that had already been arrived at between Carreras and James Brennan, a wealthy Manchester exhibitor who had also long been associated with Exclusive. Both were in addition to a continuation of Hammer's own program.

With the possibility of production tripling, the benefits of shooting in country houses were less apparent. Tony Hinds was alert to the shortcomings: "The camera is restricted and new angles are difficult to find with immobile scenery." The prospect of two new strings to the corporate bow forced Hammer to consider an offer to base itself at the Riverside Studios in Hammersmith. Hinds had his doubts, but a return to a more conventional studio-based operation seemed to be in the cards, and three permanent groupings of craftsmen and technicians (totaling 140 in all) were envisaged, to allow for simultaneous production at Manchester with Brennan, Riverside with Lippert, and Bray—until the expiration of the lease on Down Place at the end of 1951.

The deal with Brennan went only as far as the ironically titled *Never Look Back*, the house at Bray went begging for takers to occupy its empty corridors, and, as a third Lippert film went onto the floor at Riverside, the ever-belligerent technicians' union—the ACT[11]—called a strike. With equal belligerence, Carreras threatened to



Left: Oakley Court, Windsor, Berkshire, circa 1992. *Right:* The rear of Down Place (Bray Studios), circa 1992.

suspend indefinitely all his 1952 production unless the dispute was resolved. *Stolen Face* overran its schedule in the course of the job action, but good sense prevailed and grudging cooperation returned. Hammer had been given reason to reflect on its decision to leave Down Place, however. "It just wasn't economical," said Hinds. Carreras promptly made an offer to purchase the property outright, and in return for permanent tenancy of part of the west wing, the Davies family (who owned the house) accepted. This Thames-side mansion was to become Bray Studios, and it would be the headquarters of Hammer Films for the next sixteen years.

With Hammer in a home of its own at last, production could begin in earnest—more or less. "The nicest thing about arriving at Bray in the morning—my memories of Bray in the early morning are always of it freezing, absolutely freezing!—was that you got out of the car and walked into the kitchen. And if there was nobody there to give you bacon-and-eggs, you fried your bacon-and-eggs yourself! . . . It was that kind of atmosphere," recalled Aida Young, who had just arrived at Hammer as a young second assistant director on *Mantrap* for producers Michael Carreras and Alex Paal.

The restructuring of Down Place into a functioning film studio meant equipping it with dressing rooms, wardrobe, makeup, and a restaurant. It was further extended to incorporate sound, camera, and prop departments, and the other necessary technical adjuncts—all in addition to the various administrative offices, two small soundstages, and an exterior lot of some thirty-five acres. It was a tight squeeze, and despite their designations, few of these areas would be left untouched by an art department forever on the lookout for suitable locations that could be adapted into sets. Expansion on this scale would not be repeated until 1957, when the success of *The Curse of Frankenstein* would see most of the above dispersed from the main building in favor of enlarging the stages. But Bray was to remain a country house in essence, and the ambience of gentrification would linger on.

By the end of 1952, the liaison with Lippert was underpinning Exclusive's business strategy with a solid foundation of Anglo-American cooperation. According to Michael Carreras, it had opened up the United States as a potential market in "one fell swoop," but it was also investing the small company with some significant talent on the side. The works of Max Catto, Leo Marks, James Hadley Chase, Elleston Trevor, Jon Manchip White, and even actor George Sanders were now reaching the screen via Hammer's films, and Terence Fisher was rapidly becoming the company's house director.[12] The American stars who were feeling the pinch of the B-picture might have complained about working for "short salaries," but they were afforded generous expenses, and the tripartite nature of the Hammer operation came into its own to make the most of the situation: James Carreras did the deals, Tony Hinds did the bulk of the producing, and Michael Carreras did everything else—casting, story editing, and public relations, including "pubbing and clubbing" the stars. Paulette Goddard may have had to put up with only one new outfit for *A Stranger Came Home* (1954), but she made a Hammer film, nonetheless—as did Zachary Scott, Cesar Romero, Forrest Tucker, and all the others who joined the wagon train from Hollywood to Bray.



Exclusive Sales Conference of 1952. *(L–R)* Michael Carreras, James Carreras, William Hinds, James Dawson, Brian Lawrence.

The American influence on Hammer was pronounced. While many of the Lippert coproductions remained staunchly reflective of middle-echelon British society as it struggled to come to terms with austerity and its aftermath, most were also relentlessly *noir* in tone. Restlessness and a dark psychology brooded behind their veneer of normality, as though the taint of some faraway jungle had been allowed to seep within the perimeters of civilized life. The country had not yet stabilized, and the characters who populated these films prowled on the fringes of a new order that had yet to find a proper level of consensus. The villains of *Lady in the Fog* (1952), *Blood Orange* (1953), *Murder by Proxy* (1953), and the rest were mostly variants of the "wide boy" type who had become familiar from years of black marketeering at home and abroad: opportunistic and self-seeking, and case-hardened by war to dish out casual violence if the occasion demanded it. The hero was usually a freebooter (Zachary Scott in *Wings of Danger*, 1951), an "adventurer" (Lloyd Bridges in *Third Party Risk*, 1954), or a soul in limbo awaiting a new identity. The spirit of criminal enterprise, reborn in the recent conflict and nurtured by peacetime shortage, predominated. Motivation was predatory, and method was crude and forthright. Villain and hero alike lived on their wits, searching in night and fog for a sense of purpose to fill the vacuum that had been left to them after the long years of life on the edge (like Dane Clark in *The Gambler and the Lady*, 1952). Theirs was a world of seedy drinking dens, gambling clubs, and bleak back alleyways, and their objectives invariably were money or sex, or both. Good guys and bad were essentially interchangeable, and some, like Alex Nicol in *The House across the Lake* (1953), blurred almost into invisibility what little distinction remained.

The cynical worldly-wisdom of its slick, gum-chewing American guests brought about a growth in maturity at Bray. Some of that growth was akin to a rude slap in the "kisser," but most of it was benign and evolutionary in nature. There was still little formal structure to the company. Hammer was a loose association of talents where affinities were struck and people gravitated to the roles that best suited them. But as the Lippert films got into

their stride, all of that began to change, and a more businesslike approach took its place. In January 1953, a new policy was enacted whereby two teams, each consisting of a director, production manager, first assistant director, and editing staff, were formulated to work in rote. One was to be headed by Tony Hinds and the other by Michael Carreras. Hammer was beginning to take shape.

The deal with Lippert had now proceeded on its uninterrupted way for almost two years, and the experience had been an invaluable one for all concerned. It had enabled Hinds to perfect the art of low-budget production—"You worked long hours for very little money," said Aida Young—and Michael Carreras to finally marry his love of jazz to a Hammer film (*Face the Music*, in which Alex Nicol's trumpet solos were performed by Kenny Baker). By June 1953, with Bray's third stage nearing completion, it was announced that arrangements had been made with Lippert for certain of Hammer's future productions to be shot in color, to meet the growing threat from television, and that the first of these would probably be Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Weir of Hermiston*. (This was a nominal response to Disney's 1950 *Treasure Island* and the upcoming *The Master of Ballantrae*. Robert Louis Stevenson was *in*.)

The remarkable change in the fortunes of Exclusive had turned James Carreras into something of a celebrity in his own right, and he was now intent on making similar strides in the world of show business, particularly through its charity conduit—the Variety Club of Great Britain. In 1954, Carreras attained the post of chief barker, and he would become president of Variety Club International seven years later (the first to serve two terms). His newfound philanthropic bent would also come to embrace the London Federation of Boys' Clubs (as president), the Friends of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award (as chairman), and the Royal Naval Film Corporation, through which he would provide free films to the navy, ultimately persuading others in the industry to follow suit. He was to hold eight more board and council seats, chairman positions, and trusteeships, but his interest in charitable works was strictly limited to the facility they offered for making friends and influencing people. Whether it meant arranging strawberry teas on the sun-drenched lawns of Oakley Court for the benefit of visiting bigwigs from the Bank of America or creating the position of "personal assistant" for Terry O'Neill (son-in-law of C. J. Latta, one of the "founding twelve" of the Variety Club and managing director of AB Pathé),[13] Carreras would become supremely adept at using his largesse on Hammer's behalf with the increasing number of contacts that such magnanimity was to attract.



The Lippert years: *(L–R from top) The Saint's Return* (Louis Hayward, Naomi Chance), *Women without Men* (Thora Hird, left), *Face the Music* (Michael Carreras, Kenny Baker, and Alex Nicol offset), *Stolen Face* (Mary Mackenzie), *Third Party Risk* (James Carreras and Lloyd Bridges after a trade screening), Robert L. Lippert.

With James Carreras immersed in "the getting-to-know-you syndrome," as Michael would put it, "especially where money might be available," and Hammer and Exclusive expanding their respective operations by the day, an adjustment in corporate thinking was again in the cards. "Quite early on, Jim Carreras wanted Michael and I to pack up producing and become executive producers and work in London with him," Hinds said. "I didn't fancy it at all—I never liked the Wardour Street bit, and I wouldn't do it." But someone had to, and Michael was obliged to take the duty on his own shoulders after Hinds declined. "Tony didn't want to be an executive producer any more than I did," Michael recalls. "He wasn't the slightest bit interested in the paperwork." As a result, the role of line producer would now be Hinds's alone.

The incursion onto Hammer's stages of American associate producers such as Julian Lesser had not been to Hinds's liking, however. "I liked the setup before we got the Americans in," he said. "I didn't like not having things absolutely under my control." He had responded by upping and leaving on a six-month sabbatical, ostensibly to embark on more formal training in the lower echelons of the industry. "I'd never been in another studio, ever—never even stood on the floor and watched." Hinds had been offered the post of third assistant to Leslie Norman on Ealing's *West of Zanzibar*, "Jimmy Carreras thought I was mad to try and find out how other films were made." He went, regardless, but never became third assistant. Hinds was a director of Hammer Films and partner of the combative James Carreras, and the technicians' union refused to grant him a work permit.

Michael Carreras used the occasion to spread his cinematic wings a little farther afield. While Terence Fisher was at Brands Hatch in Kent, directing Richard Conte in a humdrum motor-racing thriller called *Mask of Dust* for associate producer Mickey Delamar, Michael took a unit to Bodiam Castle in Sussex for *The Men of Sherwood Forest* and to the fishing village of Polperro in Cornwall for *Break in the Circle*. In a significant departure from form, both films were in color (though not for Lippert). "I was constantly trying to make each one a little more interesting," he explains. But the reins of production were not to stretch this far for long. By the end of 1954, the day of the "intrusive" coproduction arrangement was coming to a close, and when Hammer began to consider its next move, Anthony Hinds was once more back at Bray and in control.

Under Hinds, Bray was now to welcome a multiplicity of talents through its refurbished Regency portals, and in a few years, it would be playing host to the ensemble of actors and technicians who together would turn Hammer into a household name. For the moment, though, such a



Break in the Circle (Eric Pohlmann, Forrest Tucker).

grouping was only in embryo, and several of those who were about to play key roles in that process were still plying their craft elsewhere. A more pressing concern beckoned as the unit looked toward 1955: CinemaScope.

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Hammer-Exclusive had produced some twenty-eight features between 1951 and the end of 1954, only two of them in color and none in Scope. Each was no more individual or inspiring than the previous, though all were slick, efficient, and entertaining, in the manner of their more mass-produced contemporaries from the other side of the pond: most were simply screen fodder for a generation of Britons who took for granted their trips to the local "picture palace" two or three times a week and for whom the new wonder of television was a leisure activity to which the majority still aspired. This situation was already beginning to change apace but, for now, Hammer remained a conveyor-belt supplier of lightweight program-fillers, made to plug a regulation gap in the double-feature packages that British cinemagoers had been educated for decades to expect of their Odeon, Gaumont, Astoria, Grand, or Essoldo, often on a twice-weekly basis and sometimes with a further program change on a Sunday, for one day only.

When Tony Hinds first began to contemplate *Quatermass*, it was a time of *Picture Post*, *Reveille*, and the *Eagle*, when the most popular authors were Mickey Spillane and James Hadley Chase and the most popular film stars were Alan Ladd, Richard Todd, Bob Hope, and Jane Russell. Radio comedy was king, and the kings of radio comedy were Ted Ray, Kenneth Horne, the ventriloquial Archie Andrews, and the Goons. Wilfred Pickles and his Mabel were jovially entreating the listening public to "have a go," and *film noir* in British terms meant *Fabian of the Yard* or the prurient criminological reconstructions of Edgar Lustgarten.[14]



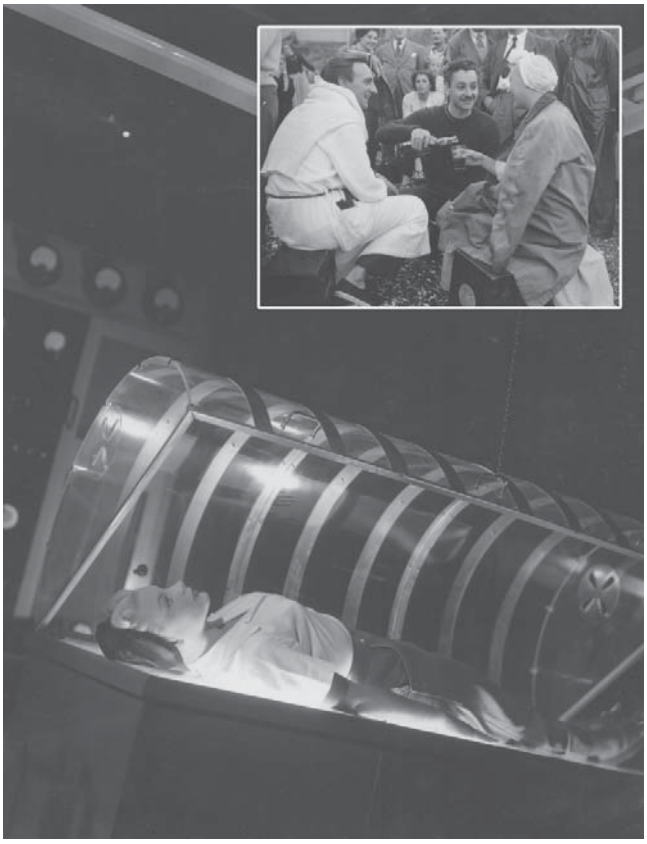
Exclusive's 20th Anniversary Sales Conference of 1954. Among those at the table are Anthony Hinds, William Hinds, and James and Michael Carreras.

Hammer was not entirely a stranger to science fiction, having dipped three toes in its virgin waters with *Stolen Face* (1951), *Four Sided Triangle* (1952), and the more overt space operatics of Charles Eric Maine's *Spaceways* (1952). The first was a plastic-surgery thriller of the change-the-face-but-the-personality-remains-the-same variety (a plot that would resurface under the guise of *Frankenstein Created Woman* in 1967). The third was a murder mystery made marginally less routine through the device that the body in question is thought to have been stowed away on a spaceship. By far the most interesting of the trio was *Triangle*—a mad-lab confection from a 1949 novel by William F. Temple, starring Barbara Payton, who had achieved a certain notoriety through a triangle of her own. It had been only the fourth film for Michael Carreras as producer, but with its story of a scientist who clones the woman he loves, its *Metropolis*-inspired laboratory, and its fiery climax, it was uncannily precognitive of the Gothic alchemy to come. "The direction is uneven," said one reviewer, "but the science scenes are tense enough for anyone." In addition to these, Exclusive handled the British release of Lippert's 1950 groundbreaker *Rocketship X-M*, among its many less-notable offerings from other producers such as *Robot Monster* (1953) and *King Dinosaur* (1955).

The signs for a positive box-office reception for *Quatermass* were good. The year 1954 had witnessed the arrival of *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, *Godzilla*, *Them!*, and the British *Devil Girl from Mars*. The trend looked set to continue into the following summer with *This Island Earth*, *Tarantula*, and *It Came from Beneath the Sea*; "Dan Dare" was still a popular feature on Radio Luxembourg; and Charles Chilton's "Journey into Space" (which had embarked on the Light Programme on September 21, 1953, in the wake of "Quatermass") was continuing into series after series, so a film version of Nigel Kneale's science-fiction opus seemed a reasonable short-term bet, in view of its potential to cash in on a boom which was still pulling in the crowds, especially in America. As a bonus, the company's long-standing



Alan Wheatley, Eva Bartok, director Terence Fisher, and a young Jimmy Sangster on the set of *Spaceways*.



Mad-lab mayhem: *Four Sided Triangle* (Barbara Payton). *Inset:* Stephen Murray, Michael Carreras, and Barbara Payton on location in Weymouth.

connections with the BBC through its many adaptations from radio had already ensured the project a smooth transition to the screen. On a budget of no more than £42,000, *The Quatermass Experiment* was now to become Hammer's forty-third feature (according to the official count, which began with *Dr. Morelle*).

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> *It's the Quatermass experiment. I'm afraid you'll have to take it right to top level, sir—I need troops and the civil defense.*
>
> —Inspector Lomax, *The Quatermass Xperiment*

The director's chair for *Quatermass* was offered to Val Guest, who already had helmed four films for Hammer: *Life with the Lyons* (1953), *The Men of Sherwood Forest* (1954), *The Lyons in Paris* (aka *The Lyons Abroad*, 1955), and *Break in the Circle* (1954). The breezy Londoner was unimpressed with the idea at first, his only experience of science fiction having been to cowrite and direct a comic fantasy called *Bees in Paradise* for Gainsborough in 1944, but he was eventually persuaded to join the project by his actress wife Yolande Donlan. The script was offered to American Richard Landau, who had written the last three of Hammer's Lippert coproductions. It was to be a fortuitous pairing, since the combined talents of Guest and Landau were to bring a frenetic pace and stark American neo-realism to *Quatermass* that would see the film sit comfortably alongside the very best of the current crop of sci-fi extravaganzas.

The all-important role of Professor Quatermass went to American noir heavy Brian Donlevy.[15] Born in Portadown, County Armagh, the tough Irish-American son of a whisky distiller had been in films since 1924, and in his thirty years on the screen had been hero and villain in both comedy and drama. He had played opposite some of Hollywood's biggest stars, including Edward G. Robinson in *Barbary Coast* (1935), Gary Cooper in *Beau Geste* (1939, for which Donlevy received an Oscar nomination), and Clark Gable in *Command Decision* (1949). By the fifties, his image as a fast-talking gangster had typed him in noir thrillers and B-feature fare of the all-action variety. "He was a great guy," Guest said of Donlevy. "He used to like his drink, however, so by after lunch he would come to me and say, 'Give me a breakdown of the story so far. Where have I been just before this scene?' We used to feed him black coffee all morning but then we discovered he was lacing it. But he was a very professional actor and very easy to work with." An able and proficient second-leaguer, Donlevy's particular brand of slit-eyed deviousness made him a curious choice. But like so many actors who had broken their teeth on the slick pulp thrillers of the forties, he carried an easy authority and came endowed with a screen presence that belied his stature. This would be used to great effect to give the belligerent scientist the air of a man who could walk through doors without opening them—a trait ideally suited to the faster pacing of the film.

Character actor Jack Warner, who was to play Inspector Lomax, was under contract to J. Arthur Rank and had just made *Forbidden Cargo* (1954) for them. He had played similar roles in *Dear Murderer* (1947) and *Valley of Eagles* (1951),[16] but at the time, he was better known to British audiences as the voice of Joe Huggett, amiable patriarch of the long-running radio sit-com family "the Huggetts," who conversely had been sired from an initial outing on the big screen. Warner was fast becoming identified with sympathetic authority figures, and he was therefore admirably positioned to carry the adversarial weight of the common man against unknown forces from outer space.

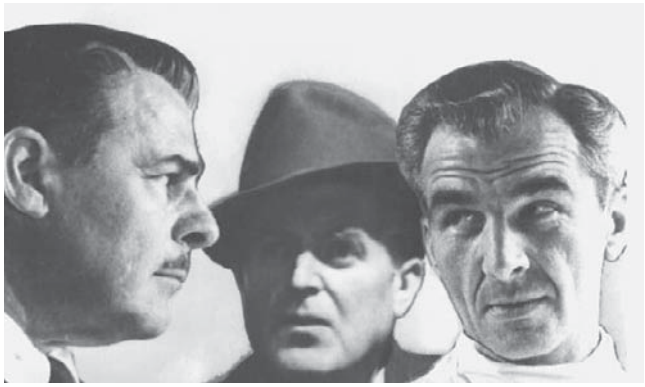
Others in the lineup, like David King-Wood, Thora Hird, and Harold Lang, had worked for Guest before,

but the director did not have the same input into who was cast in the role of Judith Carroon: "Margia Dean was part of the Lippert distribution deal because, I think, she was Lippert's girlfriend," he explained. According to Michael Carreras, Dean was actually the girlfriend of Fox president Spyros Skouras, for whom Lippert operated his "shadow" company: "Skouras had a girlfriend who was an actress and he wanted her in pictures, but he didn't want her in pictures in America because of the tittle-tattle or whatever, so he set it up through Lippert. Skouras was the one who said we should have an American partner, so it all came right from the top."

Finally, there was Richard Wordsworth (then a relative unknown), who would be Guest's choice for the monster. His excellent mime ability was to bring a pathos to the part of Carroon that would be worthy of Boris Karloff himself, and it is arguable that he could have gone on to play the creature in *The Curse of Frankenstein*—perhaps even Dracula.[17] Needless to say, he did not (due in part to his expressed antipathy toward repeating such a role), and thus he assured Christopher Lee of *his* place in film history.

Prior commitments had already taken up most of the production schedule for 1954, so *Quatermass* had to wait until the very end of the year before being prepared to go in front of the cameras. It just made it. By then, a backlog of unreleased films had built up—and not only at Exclusive.

The deal with Lippert had reached its natural end, but cinema attendance was now significantly on the decline, thanks mainly to television and despite the short-lived gimmick of 3-D. This had led to the first closures among independent theaters, which further limited the domestic market for the second features that hitherto had been the stock-in-trade of both Hammer *and* Exclusive.[18] All indicators were pointing to the fact that a radical rethink was required, if the company was to go on repeating the record turnovers of preceding years. Radical, the Hinds-Carreras partnership was not. Theirs had been a no-risk strategy. They had followed established patterns and traded on proven success. Their strength was in sales and promotion, and their business had been founded on the simple principles of supply and demand. But suddenly, that demand was abating.



Publicity montage for *The Quatermass Xperiment* (Brian Donlevy, Jack Warner, David King-Wood).

Despite the typically upbeat announcement of a plethora of new productions for 1955, Hammer would make only one more feature over the next twelve months: *Women without Men*—and that, simply because it was too late to stop it. Theater owners desperate to combat the creeping menace of television were becoming unanimous in their demand for something different to offer their reducing numbers of paying customers. "Something different" was increasingly coming to mean color and Scope. But switching to what effectively was first-feature production overnight was a gamble that James Carreras was not prepared to take. Shooting in color was one thing, but shooting in color and Scope was a high-risk strategy that flew in the face of his natural business conservatism.

Many of Hammer's earlier black-and-white features were now being sold off to an intermediary in readiness for a new life on the very medium that was threatening to engulf the industry.[19] Bray Studios—with an advocated *nine* workable stages, according to the latest specification—was currently the subject of speculation about its own imminent sale to one of the new ITV franchisees. Carreras confirmed that there had indeed been an offer and that the Hammer board would be meeting to consider the situation. "We *never* had any policy," Tony Hinds recalls. "We had directors' meetings at which Jim Carreras would announce what was happening and that would be that. There was never any discussion." Michael Carreras is even more forthright about his father's style of management: "He did all the talking, and we did the nodding."

Face the Music had been the first Hammer film to respond to the advent of the new technology by being made available in both the standard (Academy) ratio of 1 to 1.37 and 1 to 1.85 for wide-screen showing, and other productions had followed suit. But by November 1954, Warner Bros. was signaling the end of this dual-format compromise by restricting the release of *A Star Is Born* to the CinemaScope version only. Since many more theaters were being forced to install wide-screen equipment, they were naturally desirous of using it. Despite the touch-and-go nature of events, the usual exhibitor presentation reel for *Quatermass* augured unusually well, and as the combined staffs of Hammer and Exclusive

made their way to the Grand Hall of the Criterion Hotel in Piccadilly to attend a December 3 ball in celebration of Exclusive's twentieth birthday, it was a time to take stock, retool, and wait and see.

On the other side of the air, there's a new wilderness.

—Reporter James Fullalove,
"The Quatermass Experiment"

The original 1953 serial of "Quatermass" had been transmitted live, as was the sequel two years later (before the introduction of videotape in 1956), and it had been one of television's early popular successes.[20] Written by Nigel Kneale and produced and directed by Rudolph Cartier, "The Quatermass Experiment" had caught the public's imagination like nothing before it and little since. Word spread fast, and on each Saturday of its six-week airing, it "had the nation grinding to a halt," in Michael Carreras's words, as pubs emptied and streets cleared. The reason lay in the sheer believability of a serial thriller that, in the days before *Sputnik* and in the comforting domestic environs of living rooms throughout the land, had sent a manned rocket ship to breach the cloud cover and leave Earth's safe embrace for the dark unknowns of space, only to become infected with a cosmic virus that was to absorb two of its crew and turn the third into a voracious mutation capable of ingesting entire populations. Of course, Hollywood had done it all before, but never with such matter-of-fact realism—never with such *immediacy*. To a nation already agog with postwar spectacle—the Festival of Britain, the crowning of a new queen, the conquest of Everest as the jewel in that crown—"The Quatermass Experiment" had been not only a technological triumph in televisual terms but also a nightmare vision of just where that technology might be taking everyone.

Kneale's serial struck a chord—even the name of its benign scientist was to become synonymous with horror—and its very unrepeatability invested it with the sort of legendary quality that normally was reserved for the most enduring of folk myths. When Hammer came to exploit its version of the story for a public eager to recapture the vicarious terrors of that portentous summer of two years before, it decided to emphasize the horror element by dropping the "E" from "Experiment" in advertising campaigns (and the title card of the film itself on its initial release) and amplifying the "X," to underline the fact that *Xperiment* was only the twelfth such film to qualify for an "X" since the inception of that certificate.[21]

The film would turn out to be hugely popular and unknowingly prophetic. When the Quatermass rocket made its nosedive into a Berkshire field in the opening sequence like an immense steel dart finding the bull's-eye, it brought more than the threat of contagion from space. With it, Hammer Horror also arrived on the scene—and that would have an altogether bigger impact.

A SPACE-PROBE LAUNCHED BY PROFESSOR BERNARD QUATERMASS CRASH-LANDS BACK ON EARTH AFTER A 1,500-MILE VOYAGE INTO THE UNKNOWN, WITH TWO OF ITS CREW MISSING AND THE THIRD IN THE GRIP OF A STRANGE DISEASE. WITH THE HELP OF INSPECTOR LOMAX, QUATERMASS DISCOVERS THAT THE TWO—GREEN AND REICHENHEIM—WERE ABSORBED BY A LIFE-FORM THAT IS USING THE SURVIVOR, CARROON, AS ITS CARRIER ON EARTH. HIS ARM NOW DEFORMED THROUGH FUSION WITH A CACTUS PLANT IN HIS HOSPITAL BEDROOM, CARROON ESCAPES AND GOES FORAGING FOR FOOD. HE IS TRANSMUTING INTO A MONSTER THAT IS ABLE TO REPRODUCE ITSELF AT CYCLICAL INTERVALS. THE SEARCH CULMINATES DURING A TELEVISION OUTSIDE BROADCAST, WHEN THE RESULT OF THE PROFESSOR'S "EXPERIMENT" IS SPOTTED IN THE EAVES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY. THE ENTIRE GENERATING POWER OF LONDON IS DIVERTED TO FRY THE MONSTER BEFORE IT HAS TIME TO SPORE AND ENDANGER ALL LIFE ON THE PLANET. WITH THE THREAT DEFEATED, QUATERMASS DETERMINES TO PRESS ON WITH THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE.

Screenwriter Richard Landau had condensed Kneale's 200-page television draft into a 150-page breakdown. Kneale's script had modeled its opening on 1951's *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, with the leading characters tracking the rocket as it came in to land, but Landau's opening took its inspiration from 1953's *The War of the Worlds* and focused on the scenes of panic and confusion in a small English village as the unknown craft crashes to Earth amid much talk of "monsters" and "flying saucers from Mars." Most of this montage was intended to take place behind the main titles, to create a mood of tension and unease.

Kneale originally had intended his rocket to crash on Wimbledon Common, but economies at the BBC had put it down on top of a house in a studio set; it was Landau who revived the earlier notion, but he placed the action at "Oakley Green." He also updated and improved the sequence where the protagonists discover what happened in the rocket. On television, this was conveyed



The Quatermass Xperiment (Brian Donlevy). *Inset:* Isabel Dean and Reginald Tate (as Quatermass) in the BBC serial version.

by a voice recording and a flashback, which Landau replaced by the screening of movie film taken with an onboard camera. Landau made several major changes in accordance with his brief. He deleted characters such as *Gazette* reporter James Fullalove and "Americanized" some of the remaining characters' names (most of which subsequently were reverted to their original, or British, alternatives). Quatermass (now "Doctor Quatermass") was made a less cerebral and more visceral figure, on a par with the "action-man" physicist whom Gene Barry had portrayed in *The War of the Worlds*.

In terms of the story, Landau retained most of the important action, jettisoning only minor and unnecessary sequences and a great deal of byplay with BBC personnel, such as announcers and newsreaders, that the original had included to utilize facilities at hand. Lost to Landau's draft were Kneale's early hints that Carroon is actually an *amalgam* of all three astronauts (he speaks German like Reichenheim and exhibits a knowledge of chemistry like Green), as well as his small-screen send-up of contemporaneous American sci-fi films (Carroon takes refuge in a cinema screening of a fictional 3-D feature, *Planet of the Dragons*).

Director Val Guest reduced Landau's draft by a further thirty pages. He tightened the dialogue of his reinstated "professor" to suit Donlevy's forceful style and clipped method of delivery, eliminated much of the speculation about the fate of the missing astronauts, and quickened the pace of the opening by cutting straight from a pair of young lovers in a field who first spot the descending rocket to the rescue operations mounted by the local fire brigade. Landau had revised Kneale's "Cold War" kidnapping of Carroon to have it take place in a hospital, rather than during the serial's return visit to the rocket's crash site, but Guest condensed this into a straightforward sequence in which Carroon's wife employs a private detective to free her ailing husband from the clutches of Quatermass and his team of probing technocrats. Most significant was the alteration to the climax. Landau had ditched the serial's ending, where the monster had been

literally talked into destroying itself, dispatching it instead by means of a massive electrical jolt. In the process, he had given Quatermass a mawkish fade-out speech ("the fate of Man is never to run from his destiny, or the unknown . . ."); Guest reduced this to an unapologetic final line: "I'm going to start again."

The Quatermass Xperiment was shot over five weeks, from the last week in October through the end of November 1954. Considering the industry's predicament at the time of its production, it opens on an appropriately ominous note. The credits roll against an overcast sky, to the accompaniment of the first of James Bernard's many doom-laden scores for Hammer. From this point on, Guest goes straight for the jugular. The film abandons Kneale's exposition and begins by crashing its spaceship straight into Oakley Green.

The hull of the rocket was built on a field next to the Bray back lot, adjacent to Water Oakley Farm. "The rocket ship in the opening sequence, we built in the grounds at Bray Studios," said Guest. "It looked enormous but it wasn't really; we only built the bottom part of it, the rest was matted on afterwards. I used wide-angle lenses on it most of the time to give it a feeling of vastness." The fire engines roared through the village of Bray itself, right past Bray Garage. The London pharmacy that Carroon ransacks for the "food" he needs to speed the change from man to monster was really Woods of Windsor, a pharmacy on Queen Charlotte Street. The scene where Carroon is traced by a trail of slime leading to the top of a thirty-foot wall was also filmed in Windsor—at Goswell Hill, off Peascod Street. (Both Windsor locations had featured in several other Hammer films of the fifties.) The script's Regent's Park (London) Zoo was the more cooperative Chessington Zoo in Surrey. And the docklands scene (with a young Jane Asher), for which Landau had suggested a stretch of the River Thames near Traitor's Gate, was shot at the East India Docks.

The script called for some silent location shooting to be carried out in and around London as the search for the monster intensifies and the army is mobilized. "This is to be scripted more fully after further discussion: shots to comprise of giant police dragnet spreading throughout the city for Carroon," Guest had appended. Big Ben, Trafalgar Square, and Battersea Power Station featured in stock shots, but cameraman Len Harris provided additional footage, which gave a breadth to the narrative that would soon be noticeable by its absence, as later horrors became even more studio bound. "I was the only one to work on all three Quatermass films," he said. "I did a lot of second-unit on *The Quatermass Xperiment*—I went out with Val Guest and Tony Hinds and shot a lot of stuff of lights going out and police cars going around the streets. A lot of the night shots were done on Ilford HPS, which was very fast."

When it came to the shots of the lights going out as the generating power for the whole of London is diverted to "fry" the monster, things did not go according to plan. "I was with Tony Hinds round Western Avenue and we'd arranged for the lights to go out at a certain time," Harris recalled. "I was lying in the gutter, and I looked into the camera and I couldn't see anything . . . in between my looking up and saying, 'That's the shot'—and looking down into the camera again—they'd put the damn lights out!"

Kneale had set the climax to his 1953 serial in Westminster Abbey: "I set it in the Abbey because, apart from any symbolic overtones, it was the place that remained vividly in the audience's mind from the Coronation a few weeks earlier, and the simplest scenery would act as a reminder." As it turned out, the "simplest scenery" was all that Hammer was able to muster, with much use of glass painting to disguise the innate poverty of the set. "I wrote to Westminster Abbey for permission to film there," Hinds recalled. "I ought to have kept the letter: it was quite a definite 'no!' So we built little sections in the studio." Guest again: "We built the Abbey in what was called the large stage at Bray, but it was actually quite a small one. We only built the bottom part of the set and matted the rest on later. We built the exterior of the Abbey entrance on the Bray lot and I used as wide a lens as possible to shoot it. There were no shots of the real Abbey in the film at all."

Last but not least was the monster—an octopoid mass of glutinous membrane, twenty feet across, nesting in the Abbey's rafters. "There were quite a few attempts to construct the monster that appeared in the climax, and eventually it ended up being made mostly out of pieces of tripe, as well as rubber solution," Guest explained. "That was all the work of Les Bowie, the special effects man. It was all shot in the special effects department." At the time, that "department" was Bowie himself, a motley collection of bits and pieces, and a great deal of ingenuity. According to Bowie, the creature's electrocution was achieved by putting "some sparks and fireworks in the thing, and we made it react because we were using little wires and strings." Hinds, too, was in on the action. "We had no money in the budget for special effects. We built a little model of the roof with this scaffolding there—the Abbey was supposed to be being redecorated, and this monster was in the scaffolding. And we got some tripe, which we wound round this thing on an elastic band, and when we undid it and ran the camera

backwards—or rather printed the film backwards—it coiled its tentacles."

The film's final scene was equally spare, according to Harris. "When Quatermass walked away at the end of the film, all we had built on the lot at Bray was a strip of concrete pathway. The rest of it was painted in!"

While the general thrust of the plot remains the same, few individual sequences from the TV serial crossed to the screen intact. The tale's main *frisson*, the episode of the cactus, is given a more viable dramatic charge in the screenplay, as are other horror elements, such as the death of a chemist, who had lived to tell the tale on television. The film's corpses are suitably shocking—so much so, in fact, that shots of them were excised from many British reissue prints by the more squeamish local watch committees.

The serial was something of a science-fiction hybrid. The initial optimism of Kneale's professor had given way to doubt and uncertainty in the course of the story (in the time-honored tradition of "mad" scientists) and in a climactic display of recant and penitence, Quatermass had offered to sacrifice himself to the monster in return for the salvation of a world that *he* had placed in jeopardy to begin with. And despite its origin as an organic protoplasm floating in the cosmic vacuum, the serial's monster was ultimately regarded as evil—a vampiric essence that had fed on the astronauts' fear ("You will overcome this evil. Without you, it cannot exist upon the Earth."); it was the last trace of their humanity, inhabiting its consciousness still, that was called upon to vanquish the "beast."

These mythic undertones of the cosmic struggle between good and evil were jettisoned from the film with some dispatch by Landau's screenplay. While Kneale may have deplored the change of characterization wrought on his scientist, there is no question that Donlevy's Quatermass is more surefooted when it comes to dealing with a catastrophic accident. Landau's shift of emphasis was in tune with other science-fiction films of the fifties, which, despite their predilection for exploring the possibilities of apocalypse at every turn, were invariably at pains to emphasize that nothing was beyond the improvisations of post-atomic man.



The Quatermass Xperiment (Brian Donlevy, Richard Wordsworth).

If American science fiction had sounded an occasional note of caution, Kneale's "Quatermass" had trumpeted an unequivocal warning. But while the television serial had been designed for a British audience, the film was targeted for an American one, and its script gives short shrift to any soul-searching: Donlevy's professor knows what he's about, and despite a hiccup or two, the world was to be persuaded to realize that. In the teleplay, the Celtic dreamer in Kneale had taken issue with the headlong rush to oblivion that he felt was inherent in the threat of superpower technology; the film redresses the balance in favor of the technocrats.

Viewed from this distance, the plot of *The Quatermass Xperiment* throws up some curious anomalies in the way this new technocracy was perceived. Quatermass is a scientific buccaneer who owes no allegiance to government and appears to be quite capable of launching a space probe without so much as a by-your-leave from local authorities. This produces the idiosyncrasy that a civilian police force is brought in to investigate what is self-evidently a scientific accident—and one which has taken place outside of the Earth's atmosphere—as if it were a simple case of murder.[22] It is a notion that harks back thematically to *Spaceways* (which was also partly scripted by Landau), and it was allowed to remain in the film to provide the mandatory conflict-of-opposites through which its writer could ultimately restate his faith in the scientific hierarchy, despite that hierarchy having to resort to a bout of total mobilization every now and again in order to correct the occasional "glitch" in the system.

> *Every experiment is a risk, and there will always be those who accept the risk, the challenge to meet and conquer that which might lie ahead.*
>
> —from Richard Landau's draft of *The Quatermass Experiment*

The Quatermass Xperiment had its West End opening at the London Pavilion on August 26, 1955. Reviews in the press were surprisingly favorable, and with the *News*

Chronicle's Paul Dehn graciously providing the sales pitch—"This is the best and nastiest horror film that I have seen since the war"—it proceeded to clock up an astonishing £3,500 a week, to become the biggest hit in town. The critics were undecided whether to refer to the film by the serial's original title or by Hammer's more exploitative *Xperiment,* but there was broad consensus about the quality of the product. "Vigorous, convincing performances . . . brilliant technical effects do a great deal to sustain the illusion. Throughout, director Guest has preserved a high state of tension and suspense and his cast and technical staff, as well as the screenwriters, are responsible jointly for one of the best essays in science fiction to date," was the verdict of *Today's Cinema*. "A workmanlike creepie," said *Kinematograph Weekly*. "Based upon a creepy-crawly TV success, the X-certificated Quatermass *Xperiment* tells what happens when a surviving spaceman returns to London and swells into a mammoth jellyfish," explained the *Daily Sketch*, adding, somewhat disparagingly, "It is a weird little exhibit . . . a poor man's *Frankenstein*." The critic of the *Sketch* may have been less impressed with Hammer's new creation than his Fleet Street colleagues, but he was not alone in noting a connection to the most famous monster-maker of them all.

Michael Carreras had been privy to the same notion: "I remember sitting in the viewing theatre looking at rough cuts of *The Quatermass Xperiment* and there was this great glob of something hanging about on the scaffolding. And they had put in the best music they could, and put the best effects on it, but it meant nothing as far as I was concerned . . . absolutely nothing at all. And we sat, and we talked . . . and then the idea of putting an eye into it came up . . . and the semblance of the last human cry . . . and the whole thing changed. And I remember at that meeting only a few sentences later, I heard somebody say: 'You mean like the monster in *Frankenstein* . . . ?' I'd never heard the name Frankenstein mentioned before then, but there was certainly a spark at that meeting." It was a spark that would ignite into a flame.

Hammer's publicity folder for the film had characterized its producer as "serious-minded, rather inclined to the soberness and gravity of people and things." If it was meant as a joke, then it was to be entirely appropriate, for *things* were exactly what Tony Hinds would be inclined toward from here on in.

CHAPTER TWO

The Rebirth of Frankenstein, 1956–1957



The Curse of Frankenstein.

We had a head floating in a jar showing the skin peeling off. It had to be cut.

—James Carreras on *The Curse of Frankenstein*

Hammer's Christmas 1954 communiqué to the trades had promised a total of seven color features and eight CinemaScope shorts, but the hard-times year of 1955 saw the company produce not much more than the latter, on a borrowed lens, while the industry in general waited for the coup de grâce that many felt certain would inevitably be delivered by the September 22 inauguration of commercial television. The once-mighty Ealing Studios, bastion of British film production, had already given up the ghost (its new owner would be the BBC), so Bray had been busily turning its facilities and personnel to other things.

In place of the promised features, the studios had been leased out to anyone brave enough to venture into production, though there were few of them. The technicians' union ACTT had done its bit by backing *Stolen Assignment*, which had made use of Bray (and Terence Fisher) before *The Errol Flynn Theatre* stepped in to save the day by occupying its limited stages for a six-month stint. Camera operator Len Harris had found himself dispatched to do piecework for television (such as shooting variety acts at the Adelphi Theatre for *Jack Hylton Presents*), while others on the permanent staff of sixty-eight had been subcontracted to the likes of the Danzigers.[1]

As Hammer waited for a sign, Michael Carreras was able to indulge his passion for big bands and big stages by filming *Cyril Stapleton and the Show Band*, the first of six musical shorts in Scope, at the Horticultural Halls in Victoria (the remainder were filmed at Elstree). But color and Scope were also to be used for a pair of shorts of a less frivolous nature, as both of Hammer's house producers were forced to mark time. Following the pattern set



Bandleader Cyril Stapleton with Michael Carreras, lining up a shot in CinemaScope for *Cyril Stapleton and the Showband.*

by *The Men of Sherwood Forest*, Michael opted for the lighthearted escapism of *Dick Turpin: Highwayman*, but Tony Hinds chose to try out the format on a thriller subject—*A Man on the Beach*. A surplus of film stock allowed the eight announced shorts to be expanded to ten, and a quick trip to Denmark produced *Copenhagen*, as well as providing some location footage (and the backdrop) for *The Right Person*. In the uncertain climate, even the success of *The Quatermass Xperiment* would not be enough to convince James Carreras to put all Hammer's eggs into one basket, and this scattergun approach was to remain the order of the day until something much more tangible than Les Bowie's glass-painted spaceship appeared on the horizon.

The release of *Xperiment* was timed to cash in on prepublicity for the BBC's sequel to the original serial: "Quatermass II" (the first episode of which was broadcast on October 22). With the character once more fresh in the public mind, returns from the new Exclusive release were nothing short of spectacular. When it came due for a circuit booking in November through Associated British Cinemas (ABC), its nominal West End support—*The Eric Winstone Band Show*—was waived in favor of the obligatory second feature, which, because of the limited number of "X" certificate films in distribution, turned out to be Jules Dassin's acclaimed *Rififi*, a French "caper" movie that had received rave notices due to a nail-biting robbery sequence. The publicity material issued to theater managers suggested that they should headline their newspaper ads with slogans such as "Engulfs you in a limbo of terror!" and "Colossus of sprawling terror!"[2] The combination of the two films saw Hammer's fortunes firmly on the up again by Christmas.

With the science fiction boom in full swing at the end of 1955, Bob Lippert had gotten Columbia interested in distributing *The Quatermass Xperiment* in the States. Judging the film to be in competition with its own *It Came from Beneath the Sea* (which was turning into the biggest sci-fi hit of the year), however, the studio ultimately deferred its decision. Lippert retitled



Bray Studios, during the shooting of *Dick Turpin: Highwayman* (with Down Place in the background).



Hammerheads: Anthony Hinds, Michael Carreras, and James Carreras.

the film *Shock!*, but still there were no takers. He finally settled on *The Creeping Unknown* as the moniker most likely to appeal to American teen audiences, and early in 1956, *The Creeping Unknown* was taken up by United Artists; according to *Variety*'s report of March 28, Lippert was paid a flat fee of $125,000 for the rights. United Artists lopped four minutes off the running time of the film and opened it in June with *The Black Sleep*, a tired Gothic potboiler that traded on the aging talents of Basil Rathbone, Bela Lugosi, and Lon Chaney Jr. The billing was so successful that United Artists not only wanted a sequel but offered to partially fund it as well *and* double Hammer's modest budget for *Xperiment* in the process!

For Hammer and Bray, a slow death had narrowly been avoided. The next step was speedily to exploit what had become a *solo* success for the company that had only been formed as an outgrowth of Exclusive in the first instance. For Hammer's aging parent, *The Quatermass Xperiment* was to mark the beginning of the end. Exclusive had found itself in the shadow of something much more exciting and potentially more profitable, and nothing at 113 Wardour Street was ever going to be quite the same again.

At Bray, schedules were reshuffled to make way for another stab in the direction of a feature that even the *New Statesman* had been moved to concede was "a better film than either *The War of the Worlds* or *Them!*" Having wiped the slate clean of every project that had been announced for 1955–1956,[3] Hinds readied his next full-blown science-fiction opus with the formula exactly as before, even to the extent of using the highly marketable "X" factor for a second time around. The result was to be *X the Unknown*.

> *Let's not conjure up visions of nameless horrors creeping about in the night.*
>
> —Dr. Royston, *X the Unknown*

Visions of horrors were exactly what Hammer was now intent on conjuring up but, bankrupt of original source material for an encore to *Quatermass*, Hinds turned to the apprentice screenwriting talents of one of his own.

Jimmy Sangster had been working his way up through the ranks at Hammer and been alternating assistant director duties with those of production manager. He had always nurtured a desire to be more creatively involved (though he himself would put a different perspective on it: "I figured writing had to be a nice easy way of making a living if you could do it"), and he had already submitted one treatment with the encouragement of Tony Hinds. But the cutback in production during 1955 had afforded the twenty-seven-year-old his first real crack at what would soon prove to be his forte. For the usual reasons of economy, Sangster had been allowed to adapt the Victor Canning short story "A Man on the Beach" for American director Joseph Losey, who was now working in Britain as a result of the persecution of left-wing sympathizers in the United States by Senator Joe McCarthy and his House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC).

To cash in on *Xperiment*, what Hammer needed was a variation on Nigel Kneale's theme of an extraterrestrial invader. Unhappy with Brian Donlevy's performance as Quatermass in the film version, however, Kneale had refused Hammer permission to reuse the name of his professor and, with time at a premium, Hinds asked Sangster if *he* could come up with something. The young production manager took it literally and, with the ingenuity that subsequently was to become his trademark, he created the screen's first *ultra*terrestrial threat, in the form of living magma that disgorges itself from the Earth's molten core. Sangster mixed the requisite ingredients with an aplomb that largely belied his novitiate status, and his script for *X the Unknown* engineered a surprisingly effective addition to the monster-on-the-loose cycle begun by *The Thing from Another World* (1951) and would serve as the prototype for *The Blob* (1958). A grateful Hammer rewarded his initiative with a princely £750 for providing story and screenplay, which was sufficient to enable him to whisk his wife and child from Seymour Place in Marylebone to the greener pastures of a brand-new house at Ascot.

On this occasion, the obligatory American presence would be furnished by Dean Jagger, a Hollywood veteran whose career dated back to 1929 but who had appeared in the company of Spencer Tracy and Robert Ryan as recently as 1954 in *Bad Day at Black Rock*, and with Ida Lupino and Steve Cochran in the Exclusive release *Private Hell 36*. In support would be a trusty band of contract stalwarts and some newer faces from television. Edward Chapman's career went back to *Things to Come* (1936)—he was soon to foil for Norman Wisdom—and John Harvey was a long-time friend of producer Hinds. On the other side of the coin, William Lucas was making a name for himself on the small screen, and ex-child actor Anthony Newley was about to do the same in the Top Twenty (his two days of work on the film would earn him £100). Ironically, it was to be the presence of the *other* American in the lineup which would hint that Hammer's transatlantic dealings were not to be as smooth in the future as they had been in the past.



X the Unknown (William Lucas, Dean Jagger).

AN ARMY EXERCISE ON A DESOLATE SCOTTISH MOOR TRIGGERS AN EXPLOSION THAT RESULTS IN THE OPENING OF A LARGE FISSURE. ATOMIC SCIENTIST DR. ROYSTON IS CALLED TO INVESTIGATE AND DISCOVERS THE SOLDIERS SUFFERING FROM RADIATION BURNS. AFTER THE DEATH OF A LOCAL BOY AND THE THEFT OF MATERIALS FROM A HOSPITAL RADIOGRAPHY UNIT, ROYSTON CONCLUDES THAT THE FISSURE HAS RELEASED A FORM OF ENERGY FROM THE EARTH'S MOLTEN CORE THAT FEEDS ON RADIUM, THAT THIS "X" WILL REQUIRE EVER-LARGER DOSES TO SURVIVE, AND THAT ITS NEXT TARGET WILL BE THE RESEARCH STATION. A SEARCH CONFIRMS THE CREATURE'S EXISTENCE, AND ROYSTON TRIES TO EVACUATE THE PLANT'S COBALT VIAL. BEFORE THIS CAN BE ACHIEVED, THE THING ATTACKS THE PLANT, CONSUMES THE COBALT, AND RETURNS TO THE FISSURE. ROYSTON HAS BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH NEUTRALIZING RADIOACTIVITY BY MEANS OF SONIC WAVES, AND HE IS NOW PERSUADED TO TEST HIS PROTOTYPE AGAINST THE MONSTER. THE UNKNOWN IS LURED FROM ITS LAIR AND DESTROYED. BUT FOR HOW LONG?

X the Unknown commenced filming in January 1956, with the exiled Joseph Losey set to direct (under the pseudonym of Joseph Walton). But warning voices threatened. It was quickly made plain to Hammer that any film which involved someone on the HUAC "blacklist" would have the rug pulled out from under it in terms of its potential distribution in the United States. Losey obligingly contracted pneumonia, and within the week, he had been unceremoniously replaced by hard-nosed Ealing producer-director Leslie Norman.

The filming itself was a distinctly unpleasant experience for all concerned. The location unit was based at Beaconsfield Studios, and much of the action involved night exteriors in a nearby gravel pit. Tony Hinds, who had been thrown off his stride by the debacle over Losey, found himself working with a director with whom he had little rapport. Norman was known as a "difficult gentleman." Despite being faced with a crew up to its galoshes in freezing mud, he insisted on "miles and miles" of camera track, much of which promptly disappeared into the slurry, never to be seen again. Hinds was soon

inclined to disappear himself. More than once, Michael Carreras was called away from his office to try to ease the ill-tempered transition of *X* to the screen, a task in which he was aided and abetted by associate producer Mickey Delamar (uncredited) and assistant director Chris Sutton. "That was a miserable picture," Carreras said later. It was a sentiment echoed by Jimmy Sangster, who had not yet given up his day job as a production manager.

The January shoot can be witnessed in a pronounced change of mood from its predecessor: *X the Unknown* swaps the high-key neon of the big city for the cold and foreboding winter light of Scottish moors (Buckinghamshire, in reality). It is infused with an entirely different ambience from the more familiar "tomorrow's world" look of the majority of mainstream American science-fiction films it unashamedly attempts to emulate. Like the irradiated slime that provides the script with its quota of thrills, there is a genuine flavor of the Gothic bubbling just below the surface in *X the Unknown*. Just as Nigel Kneale had done before him, Sangster allowed this echo to undercut the tale's superficial air of pseudoscience, to resonate and disturb on a deeper, more primal level. A succession of sequences almost sees the film's notional science-fiction tag dispensed with altogether and replaced by the more traditional motifs of the eternal struggle between good and evil: the thing emerges from a bottomless pit; it is encountered near an eerie tower ruin at dead of night; it menaces a church. Sangster's monster may be made of mutated toxic mud, but it is an old-fashioned demon at heart—albeit wrought in atomic hellfire.

In a departure from the more reticent approach of its contemporary competitors, the film's "bowel-loosening" horror effects (as one reviewer referred to them) are fully dwelt upon. The "melting" head of the unfortunate radiographer is unexpected and (still) shocking, in accordance with the precedent set by *Quatermass* and sanctioned, grudgingly, by the British Board of Film Censors. In fact, it remains the single most horrific shot that Hammer ever committed to film.



Bubbling under: The lair of the monster in *X the Unknown* (Dean Jagger). Inset: Phil Leakey's test makeup of radiation blisters.

X the Unknown introduced an element that had been absent from Kneale's more sober entry into the science-horror stakes. The vein of sardonic humor that would run through many of Sangster's later screenplays for Hammer is clearly in embryo here. "Is there anything in the fact that the only one killed was a National Serviceman?" a reporter inquires of the army brass in charge of the search-and-destroy operation. "It's changed direction!" an airman screams in alarm on seeing what he takes to be an alteration in the monster's trajectory; "Turn the map the other way up," his mate replies, deadpan. But the *femme* presence is strictly token. Even allowing for its subject matter, *X the Unknown* is unreservedly misogynous in outlook (a characteristic that would remain in Sangster's subsequent work), and the film's lack of a love interest may have helped to account for what would ultimately be a poorer box office compared to that of *Xperiment*.

In the meantime, James Carreras remained convinced that the road to international success ran through the United States, and even before the completion of *Women without Men*—the last of the Lippert/Fox coproductions—he had actively been seeking a new American partner who would be similarly placed to promote the company's wares on the other side of the Atlantic. By early 1956, through the auspices of Variety Club International, he found one in Eliot Hyman and Associated Artists, whose address alone (345 Madison Avenue in Manhattan) testified to his ability to wield power behind the scenes, particularly at Warner Bros. In point of fact, Hyman had much more influence at the court of King Jack than Robert Lippert had ever held with Spyros Skouras.

The Quatermass Xperiment had gone out via United Artists on its Stateside release (and taken a title change in the process, to *The Creeping Unknown*, to accommodate American unfamiliarity with the television serial). *X*, on the other hand, had originally been destined for Sol Lesser and RKO, but a title dispute would see the distribution rights pass from RKO to Warner Bros. (in time to cobill the film with *The Curse of Frankenstein*). While the second Quatermass would follow on the heels of the first and also be handled by United Artists, this was a temporary agreement, at best. Carreras was looking for something a good deal more solid than a transatlantic version of *La Ronde*.

To their credit, the hierarchy at Hammer had now begun to realize that part of the success of *Xperiment* had lain in the essential humanity of that film's monster, and they began to cast around for subjects of similar appeal. As *X the Unknown* went into postproduction under the aegis of Tony Hinds, Hyman was approached by Milton Subotsky and Max J. Rosenberg—who were later to found Hammer's rival, Amicus Films—with a view to having him finance a remake of Mary Shelley's horror classic *Frankenstein*. To Hyman's way of thinking, however, the two New Yorkers had little experience of the business (their main claim to fame to date had been a children's television series called *Junior Science*), and he begged off. But he offered to propose the idea to an associate in Britain whose company had begun to specialize in much the same area—Col. James Carreras. Carreras, in turn, sounded out Jack Goodlatte, who, recalling the *Daily Sketch* review of *Xperiment* that had referred to the film as "a poor man's *Frankenstein*," indicated that such a subject was likely to find favor in his eyes. The opportunity was seized, and Subotsky and Rosenberg were instructed by Hyman to submit an outline. Carreras agreed to enter into a fifty-fifty partnership with Hyman on the venture, and by March 1956, James and Michael Carreras had begun negotiations based on a working draft of the screenplay. With the project sanctioned as part of the program, Hammer announced in the trades its intention to remake *Frankenstein*.

Response was swift. The company was informed in no uncertain terms that it faced litigation from Universal Studios, makers of the first Frankenstein film series, if any part of this "new" *Frankenstein* infringed on copyrights held by Universal, including Jack Pierce's makeup for Boris Karloff.

By the end of May, with *Frankenstein* undergoing some hasty revision in light of the threat from Universal, shooting was about to commence on *Quatermass 2*. United Artists having had its corporate arm twisted by James Carreras to foot almost three-quarters of the bill, Tony Hinds was allotted a leisurely six-week schedule this time, and a considerably upgraded budget of £92,000, to mount Hammer's version of the second Quatermass serial in the more expansive surroundings of Borehamwood.

> *God knows how many infected people they've got in high places.*
>
> —Professor Quatermass, *Quatermass 2*

On the production side of *Quatermass 2*, the team was much as before, an exception being the addition of Anthony Nelson Keys, who was later to figure prominently



Quatermass 2 (William Franklyn, Brian Donlevy).

in the company's affairs by becoming general manager of Bray Studios in 1959. With the budget now doubled from the previous film, more care could be taken over production values. Three weeks of exteriors were ordered, with locations to include Hemel Hempstead New Town, the South Downs, and the Shell Haven oil refinery on the Thames Estuary at Stanford-Le-Hope, in Essex. Since hundred-foot monsters were required to lumber at the climax, the effects crew was enlarged appropriately.

Over and above the luxury of increased fiscal freedom, a quieter revolution was about to turn the art department on its head: *Quatermass 2* would be art director Bernard Robinson's first film for Hammer. Robinson was a man of unique talent. A twenty-year industry veteran, his previous assignment had been *Reach for the Sky* (the biopic of fighter pilot Douglas Bader). With the popularity of the stiff-upper-lip war film or social drama that had always formed part of the staple diet of Ealing and others now coming to an end, along with the studios that made them, Robinson had been encouraged by Keys to lower his sights and move to where the work was. On June 22, he set up office at Bray, and throughout the next decade, he would become as responsible as any single individual could be for the intangible quality that would go to make a Hammer film.

Robinson's personal contribution to *Quatermass 2* was minimal; he had to pick up a film already on the boards and run with it. But he would maintain a strong sense of identity with the previous production, which had been designed by James Elder Wills. In any event, the sets were carbon copies of those in the BBC production, as were the "zombie" costumes, which literally were borrowed.

HIS FUNDING TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED, PROFESSOR QUATERMASS TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO METEORLIKE OBJECTS FALLING IN THE VICINITY OF WINNERDEN FLATS. INVESTIGATION REVEALS THE EXISTENCE OF A VAST CONSTRUCTION AT THE SITE THAT REPLICATES QUATERMASS'S OWN "MOON PROJECT"—AN ARTIFICIAL ENVIRONMENT DESIGNED TO ENABLE MAN TO EXIST IN AN ALIEN ATMOSPHERE. QUA-

TERMASS DISCOVERS THAT THE METEORS COME FROM AN ASTEROID ORBITING ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE EARTH, AND THAT THEY CONTAIN PARASITES CAPABLE OF CONTROLLING THEIR HUMAN HOSTS. IT SOON BECOMES APPARENT THAT THE ALIEN CONTROL EXTENDS TO THE GOVERNMENT ITSELF AND THAT THIS "SYNTHETIC FOOD PLANT" HAS BEEN BUILT TO HOUSE THESE INVADERS. QUATERMASS AND INSPECTOR LOMAX ALERT THE WORKERS TO THE DANGER AND TOGETHER THEY GAIN ENTRY INTO THE PLANT, WHERE THEY TAKE OVER THE PRESSURE CONTROL AND FLOOD THE ALIEN CONTAINERS WITH LETHAL OXYGEN. THE QUATERMASS 2 ROCKET SHIP IS LAUNCHED TOWARD THE ASTEROID. ITS REACTOR SUBSTITUTING FOR AN ATOMIC WARHEAD, IT HITS ITS TARGET JUST AS THE COLLECTIVE ORGANISMS, IN THEIR POISONED RAGE, BEGIN TO DESTROY THE PLANT.

The admen had a field day—"A creeping terror of destruction! A nightmare of horror and fear!"—and before the titles, *Quatermass 2* unfolds onto the screen at a fever pitch of excitement never quite attained in the previous adventure. The relentless pace that Val Guest brings to the film is helped considerably by James Bernard's strident scoring, which orchestrates elements introduced in *The Quatermass Xperiment* into a symphony of sustained hysteria. Bernard had been singularly favored in reviews of the original film, and Hammer was never slow to capitalize on success.

From this opening sequence—in essence, not much more than a traffic accident with its ensuing garbled exchange between Quatermass and a young couple in another car—to the bravura finale of humankind at the mercy of a marauding toxic intelligence, *Quatermass 2* provided an abundance of the kind of thrills that the audience had now come to expect, if a touch more cerebrally than before. The monsters themselves are splendidly staged, though the equivalent of the first film's "cactus" scene—the death of "Broadhead" in a cocoon of poison sludge—was handled with more subtlety at the BBC's television studios in Lime Grove.

This time, Nigel Kneale had scripted from his own teleplay (having left the BBC and obtained his ticket from the Screenwriter's Guild), but Guest had further condensed the result into a tight eighty-five minutes by dovetailing some of its exposition into the cunningly crafted pre-credits sequence and completely abandoning the serial's anticlimactic ending, in which Quatermass himself flew the Q-2 rocket to the offending asteroid and destroyed the invader. (In the film, the rocket is turned into a nuclear bomb to perform the task by proxy.)

Kneale was less than happy with the end result, not least because Brian Donlevy had been asked to reprise the role of its scientist hero. As he was later to note in the introduction to the published version of his television script for "Quatermass and the Pit":[4] "The first two serials . . . had reappeared in shortened cinema-film shape. The American actor Brian Donlevy, once an excellent comic heavy but quite gone to pieces, bawled his way through them in what was meant to be the role of poor Quatermass." Despite such objections, there is no doubting the robustness of Donlevy's portrayal or the power of the film. It more than matches the serial's strong subversive undertow and heightens its all-pervasive mood of paranoia.

Secret!—You put a label like that on anything and law and order goes out the window, is that it?

—Professor Quatermass, *Quatermass 2*

Kneale had adapted George Orwell's *1984* for the BBC prior to writing "Quatermass II" in 1955. The play had caused an outcry (partly because it had been transmitted on a Sunday) and the less successful film version had followed a year later, hot on the heels of an adaptation of Orwell's *Animal Farm* by the animation team of Halas and Batchelor. While the totalitarianism addressed in these works was generally viewed as being of the Iron Curtain variety, their author had been more concerned with delivering a warning about a future that might know no such frontiers. This point was not lost on Kneale, and Orwell's futuristic parable on the Secret State found a new and more topical form in "Quatermass II."

Nuclear power plants such as Doonreay on the coast of Caithness and Windscale (now Sellafield) in Cumbria had begun to appear on the horizon—structures the like of which had never been seen before. These constructs were viewed as the harbingers of a monstrous new technology. Contained within them were the atomic elements that in coalition could destroy the Earth.[5] They were the Gothic castles of the modern age, and it was fear of them that had given Kneale his inspiration for a striking assault on the icons of the new establishment.

In the film, the "synthetic food plant" is depicted with an unnerving sense of the unearthly by photographer Gerald Gibbs, and it is only on entering this otherworldly domain that the nightmare really begins. The climactic battle that results as the workers rampage through this very heart of the techno-state has parallels throughout film history (most notably in *Metropolis* in 1926), but never was the ideological message so pronounced. In pursuing its polemic without compromise,



New-age Gothic: The domes of *Quatermass 2* (Brian Donlevy). *Inset:* The result of inspecting one (Tom Chatto).

the Kneale-Guest script overturns the accepted conventions of the genre. Science is no longer responsible. Its secrets have been plundered by the bureaucrats and turned into tools with which to suppress the masses. The science-fiction film was coming of age. Coincident with *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (which was made at much the same time, but without the impetus that an impending Suez Crisis would provide to hone the point with more precision), *Quatermass 2* posits a conspiracy theory that would have far-reaching implications. The formula was to resurface with little diminution of its impact in John Carpenter's *They Live!* (1988), a thinly veiled attack on "Reaganomics" and the politics of capitalism.

The radical theme of *Quatermass 2* still resonates today, when propaganda and newspeak are as contemporaneous a currency as they were in 1956, but the film also managed to engineer a significant role-reversal in the process. Embodied in its protagonist's lone struggle to avert the encroaching darkness of fascism (which the story encompasses by using all the trappings of the Big Brother state—loss of identity, mind control, paramilitary policing) is the resurgent notion of the scientist as *hero*.

Ironically, Nigel Kneale's more studied and imaginative essays into the realms of science fiction were unwittingly ringing the death knell on the giant monster cycle. In *Quatermass 2*, the "infection" from space is merely a catalytic sideshow; the politicians are the villains of the piece. The monsters and the metaphors were no longer needed now, and within a year of the film's release, the cycle would be dying on its radioactive feet. As Kneale was to make unequivocal in the third and best of his Quatermass adventures ("Quatermass and the Pit," 1959), the message was clear: the threat that man had been inspired to fear was revealed to be . . . *himself*.

LOMAX: What worries me is how am I going to make a final report about all this?

QUATERMASS: What worries me *is, how final can it be?*

—Quatermass 2



Bubbling over: The monsters in *Quatermass 2*. *Inset:* A horrified Brian Donlevy looks on.

Pretty final, was the real answer to that question, at least until another decade had passed. Reflected in the eventual box office would be the fact that the central theme of alien possession in *Quatermass 2* had progressively been done to death by a whole series of American sci-fi thrillers—from *Invaders from Mars* (1953) and *It Conquered the World* (1956) through to the apotheosis of the breed, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956)—prior to the film's release in June 1957. A doubling of the budget was not to produce a corresponding increase in business. Returns would be good, but not that good and, in common with *X the Unknown*, not nearly as good as those of the original film.

After the relative financial bonanza of Hammer's first excursion into the field, the comparatively lackluster performance of the follow-ups would begin to sow the seed of doubt, and *Quatermass 2* was to confirm to the company that the science-fiction cycle was rapidly drawing to its close. But before that could happen, subjects that featured obsessive scientists were still much in favor, and having supped once of success, Hammer's executives were intent on repeating the experience. With *Quatermass 2* in postproduction and *X the Unknown* ready for release (as the lower half of another double bill, with Clouzot's *Les Diaboliques* [*The Fiends*]), all eyes turned back to Subotsky's *Frankenstein* script.

When Anthony Hinds was introduced to what was now to be his next project, Milton Subotsky was still hard at work on the elimination of anything in his script that even sniffed of Universal copyright. Hinds found the Subotsky script "unusable" and casually pointed out to James Carreras that since the novel had been published in 1818, it was in the public domain and open to anyone to adapt. Consequently, Hammer had no need of outside writers. In reality, Hinds was simply not interested in any sort of *remake*. "Firstly, the script was just a complete steal—secondly, I couldn't do it in the budget—thirdly, I

really didn't *want* to do it," he said later. The best efforts of both parties had achieved little to alleviate ongoing concern about the threat of litigation, and since most of the bright ideas at Hammer were springing from the enthusiasm of fledgling screenwriter Jimmy Sangster, Hinds suggested it might be judicious to terminate the arrangement with Subotsky and let him and Sangster be entrusted with the task of bringing *Frankenstein* to the screen from scratch.[6] "I wanted Jimmy because he was a friend. And because I knew he'd do what I told him!"

To everyone's relief, Sangster produced a draft of the story in three weeks. It turned the structure of the novel upside-down and made Frankenstein himself the main focus of attention. As an *aide-mémoire*, he and Hinds had gone back to Shelley and found characters whom they could satisfactorily substitute for some of those in present employ: Krempe, Felix, Justine. Krempe would stand in conveniently for Universal's and Subotsky's use of the more preeminent Doctor Waldman, though Sangster did inadvertently retain at least one of Universal's original ideas in the concept of a *Baron* Frankenstein; in the novel, he is never more than a medical student. But a nod to all this backpedaling still managed to filter through into the synopsis of the film, which would note that Frankenstein's creature was "the result of experiments he had conducted from notes and formulas left by his father, the old baron, *who had been the creator of a former monster*."

The film—now provisionally entitled *Frankenstein and the Monster*—had already been cast on the basis of the original script. It was duly revised to accommodate the changes Sangster had wrought. But the pirating of the work as an entirely British venture had begun to worry Eliot Hyman, who—on the strength of a successful June 1956 stateside opening for *The Creeping Unknown*—had now arranged for the remainder of the production budget to come from the mighty Warner Bros. There was still concern over the specter of Universal's attorneys-at-law. Hyman expressed severe reservations about the Britishness of the film and was keen that at least the baron should have the requisite American profile, a notion to which Hammer was not unsympathetic. The suggested use of Boris Karloff had been abandoned in the wake of the copyright threat, but while the talking continued, two more innovations were introduced, *sans* Sangster, which would take Hammer's *Frankenstein* as far away from the 1931 version as it was possible to get. It would be filmed in period, and Hinds was to be persuaded that it should also be shot in color, if only so it could be released that way in America.

To make absolutely sure that they were now in the clear, Hammer registered the film with the British Film Producers Association as *The Curse of Frankenstein* (having been advised that such a form of words would better represent an original item) and followed this up by taking out an indemnity to protect their American interest. Hyman was happy, except for one thing: a sudden reticence on the part of Carreras to discuss any details about the cast, beyond the inexplicable remark in a memo of September 3, which stated they would naturally be first class and "have *no trace whatsoever* of a British accent."

To bring what had become *The Curse of Frankenstein* to the screen, Hammer needed a director conversant with the twin requirements of color and Gothic romanticism. Its two previous features in color—*The Men of Sherwood Forest* and *Break in the Circle*—had both been directed by Val Guest, but Guest had been lined up to direct *The Abominable Snowman* from another Nigel Kneale script. Joseph Losey had shot *A Man on the Beach* in color, but he was now out of the question. Michael Carreras had helmed a number of shorts in both color and Scope for the company during the hiatus of 1955, but he had his mind on other things: the reshaping of the future of Hammer production. Of the available regulars, that left Terence Fisher.

Fisher had directed numerous features for Hammer, going back to the Lippert days, including all its earlier entries into the science-fiction arena prior to *Quatermass*. More importantly, he had served part of his apprenticeship at Gainsborough, whose productions were noted for their lush period detail and heavy romantic flavor, which was exactly what Tony Hinds now had in mind for *Curse*. "I asked for Terry because I thought he would get this 'Victorian melodrama' flavor," said Hinds. With the departure of Godfrey Grayson and Francis Searle in the wake of the company's "Americanization" in 1951, Fisher had become Hammer's most prolific house director. There was the added benefit that he had worked with both Michael Carreras and Tony Hinds as producers, so both men were well aware of his capabilities and method. Since his brief flirtation with fantasy, Fisher had been angling for something grittier to get his teeth into, and with the cancellation of all features originally scheduled for 1955 prior to the unprecedented success of *The Quatermass Xperiment*, the company nominally owed him a film (either *Stand and Deliver* or *Friar Tuck*, according to a memo from Michael Carreras). Hinds pressed his case, and the fifty-two-year-old Fisher was given the job.

The Curse of Frankenstein was new ground for all who were party to it. Notwithstanding a modest budget of some £65,000 and a typically short shooting schedule of less than five weeks, a lot had begun to ride on Ham-

mer's decision to go the road of a horror freed from any pretense of a contemporary scientific "rationale." With that in mind more than the threat of court action from across the water, Fisher was offered the opportunity of viewing the Karloff version of the story, to familiarize himself with the territory. Fisher, who had neither seen the original nor read the novel on which it was based, declined. It was a decision which was to bring a freshness of approach to the piece that, when coupled with Sangster's adaptive ingenuity, was comprehensively to sever the umbilical cord to the past and produce a work destined to become as influential in the shaping of the horror films of the future as Karloff's *Frankenstein* had been before it.

More than a hundred years ago, in a mountain village in Switzerland, lived a man whose strange experiments with the dead have since become legend.

The legend is still told with horror the world over. . . . It is the legend of . . .

THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

—screen caption, *The Curse of Frankenstein*

Under the increasingly heady influence of rock 'n' roll, American cinema had now become putty in the hands of stars such as James Dean, Marlon Brando, and Montgomery Clift—the more especially since the twenty-four-year-old Dean had seen fit to die at the wheel of his Porsche Spider toward the end of the previous year. Youth culture was on the march, and a new freedom of artistic expression was following along behind. John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* had already caused a storm of controversy at the Royal Court Theatre; the concept of "Free Cinema" was germinating in the minds of Lindsay Anderson, Karel Reisz, and Tony Richardson; and only three days before Hammer's *Frankenstein* would go onto the floor at Bray, *Love Me Tender* was to open in New York and teenagers throughout the world would find voice in the drawl of a young rockabilly singer from Tupelo, Mississippi, named Elvis Presley.[7]

All of this was shaping the Hammer Gothic to come. With Hinds's notion of "making Frankenstein a *shit*" very much in mind, Sangster had envisaged his baron to be in his early twenties—a coldly intellectual, arrogant dandy, disdainful of his contemporaries and driven by the twin furies of pride and ambition. The character, as written, had few redeeming features. He was a nineteenth-century rebel *with* a cause, self-centered and egotistical—Jimmy Porter out of Oscar Wilde. As if to mitigate the harsh, one-dimensional approach, the script exhibited a marked propensity for sending the material up every now and again. Fisher chose to ignore this aspect and opted instead to play it totally straight. (The tongue-in-cheek lines remain, but they are delivered deadpan and consequently pass as literal.) With the tone set and production scheduled for the end of 1956 after a somewhat shaky start, only one part of the puzzle remained—the role of the baron himself.

As preparations were being finalized for the film to commence shooting on November 19, Hammer was contacted by John Redway, the agent for an actor who had soared to prominence in December 1954 with his portrayal of Winston Smith in Kneale's television adaptation of *1984*. Redway's client had played the lead in thirty-one subsequent TV plays and two serials within the space of two years; had recently won Best Television Actor of the Year awards from two daily newspapers (the *Chronicle* and the *Mail*), as well as the Guild of Producers and Directors; had since played opposite Alan Ladd in *The Black Knight* and, more importantly, Deborah Kerr in *The End of the Affair*; but was now going through a "quiet patch." Redway had been asked to inform Hammer that his client had seen the trade announcements and expressed interest in the role of the baron, and to inquire if they would be interested in *him*.

The actor in question was Peter Wilton Cushing, and Hammer was delighted, especially since James Carreras had actively been courting him for some time in relation to other projects, so far without success.

By now, Eliot Hyman had begun to sense the maverick nature of this small British independent with whom he had allied himself—although he had not been prepared for the kind of cavalier responses he was receiving to the rapid-fire memos that were still winging their way by telex to 113 Wardour Street, in an attempt to clarify the situation. Hyman's queries with regard to the nature of the cast were stalled or deflected by tactics such as the suggestion that a *fourfold* increase in the leading actor's salary would now have to be contemplated, if an American played the role. Meanwhile, Carreras organized a meeting with Cushing, which included a screening of the completed but as-yet-unreleased *X the Unknown* to give him an idea of the sort of production qualities that Hammer could bring to a fantasy subject. Cushing, the absolute epitome of the English gentleman and most inoffensive of men, declared himself more than happy with the company and its product.

The deal was done; the last piece of the jigsaw puzzle that was to become *The Curse of Frankenstein* was now in place. Despite the twenty-year age gap between Cushing



Left: Peter Cushing as the baron in *The Curse of Frankenstein. Right:* Christopher Lee as the creature.

and the original Shelley (and Sangster) conception of the character, Hammer had found its baron.

AS BARON FRANKENSTEIN LANGUISHES IN PRISON AWAITING EXECUTION, HE RELATES THE EVENTS THAT LED TO HIS DOWNFALL. THE SCENE FLASHES BACK TO FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS TUTOR, PAUL KREMPE, DISCOVERING THE SECRET OF LIFE THROUGH EXPERIMENTING ON ANIMALS. FRANKENSTEIN DESIRES TO BREATHE LIFE INTO SOMETHING THAT HAS NEVER LIVED: A MAN BUILT OF PARTS FROM DEAD BODIES. IN THE MEANWHILE, HIS COUSIN ELIZABETH HAS ARRIVED AT THE CASTLE TO PREPARE FOR A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE TO THE BARON. TO FURNISH HIS CREATURE WITH A BRAIN, FRANKENSTEIN KILLS A FELLOW SCIENTIST. KREMPE DISCOVERS THE TRUTH AND THREATENS TO EXPOSE FRANKENSTEIN'S GUILT. THE CREATURE IS BROUGHT TO LIFE, BUT IT ESCAPES AND KILLS A BLIND MAN AND HIS GRANDSON IN THE WOODS. FRANKENSTEIN AND KREMPE TRACK IT DOWN, AND KREMPE SHOOTS IT. FRANKENSTEIN SUBSEQUENTLY REANIMATES THE CREATURE AND USES IT TO MURDER A MAID. ON THE EVE OF HIS WEDDING, IT ESCAPES AGAIN AND ATTACKS ELIZABETH ON THE CASTLE ROOF. THE BARON HURLS AN OIL LAMP AT THE CREATURE, WHO FALLS THROUGH A SKYLIGHT AND IS DESTROYED IN A VAT OF ACID. KREMPE ARRIVES AT THE JAIL, AND FRANKENSTEIN PLEADS WITH HIM TO CONFIRM THAT IT WAS THE CREATURE WHO KILLED THE MAID AND NOT HE. KREMPE REFUSES, AND FRANKENSTEIN IS LED AWAY TO THE GUILLOTINE.

Peter Cushing's portrayal of Victor Frankenstein was innovative. It is both authoritative and assured, easily overcoming some of the inconsistencies thrown up by the characterization of the script. Through technical skill and sheer force of personality, Cushing manages to submerge the calculated callousness of the man beneath a glaze of guile and persuasive charm and make him both attractive and compelling, in spite of himself. By the time he reached the screen, Hammer's baron was a veritable serpent in a silk dressing gown.

The character of Frankenstein was to soften with succeeding films,[8] giving rise to the common view that he is merely obsessional, blind to the sensibilities of others in pursuit of great and worthy goals—a man ahead of his time, restricted by prejudice and hampered by fear and superstition. There is, frankly, no trace of this in *The Curse of Frankenstein*. The baron is a devious schemer



History is made at night: Scene 1, take 1, of *The Curse of Frankenstein.* "Two careers were launched that night—Peter Cushing's and Terence Fisher's," was the opinion of camera operator Len Harris. Jock Easton is on the gibbet, while Cushing looks on. *Inset:* Prop head and hands.

who will tell any lie, contrive any situation, put anyone's life or livelihood at risk in order to get his own way. He contemplates and commits murder with unpalatable ease. He exercises his *droit de seigneur* with the chambermaid as to the manor born. He conspires to deceive his innocent cousin Elizabeth for the thinly veiled purpose of some future, unspecified, experimentation on her also (when asked by Elizabeth if she could ever be of help to him in his work, Frankenstein replies sardonically, "Who knows, my dear? Perhaps you will . . . one day"). He spends his nights in necrophilia, and his days plotting and indulging in illicit sex.

This Faustian Oppenheimer is scarcely redeemed by the high-minded ideals he espouses to justify the immorality of his methods. He is a danger to society much more than a benefactor of it. Yet Cushing's pronounced ability to convey mortal fear (not to say cringing terror)—used so convincingly in the BBC's "1984"—is deployed here in counterweight. As the baron faces execution in the film's final frames, the actor manages to extract a measure of sympathy for the character that is disproportionate to what might otherwise be expected of this arrogant psychotic, for whom the value of human life is equated only against its usefulness in provisioning him with the spare parts required of his surgery. In Jimmy Sangster's crafting and Cushing's portrayal, Hammer's baron promised to go where no Frankenstein had been before him. Whatever age this Rabelaisian fiend actually belonged to, by 1957 his time certainly seemed to have come. They were going to explore the forbidden, these new antiheroes of horror, and where Frankenstein would leave off, Dracula would soon follow.

Terence Fisher's direction is uncertain at first, safe and unadventurous and preferring to rely on long single takes, with setups changing only as characters move from room to room. (Sangster's device of a first-person narrative interspersed with vignettes of dialogue to get the story under way was to find a better outlet in *Dracula.*) But as Fisher's confidence increases, so, too, does the fluidity of his camera and the extravagance of his compositional effects. Whether by design or not, the first part of *The Curse of Frankenstein* consists of little more than a series of static tableaux that depend entirely on mise-en-scène to do the work. But with the arrival of "the creature" three-quarters of an hour into the film, everything changes, and the whole production comes more vividly to life.

Much of *The Curse of Frankenstein* is photographed theater. It is not a frightening film, as such—it gets too much value from its Eastmancolor for that—but its quota of visceral thrills left a satisfied public clamoring for more, and it does contain at least two effectively staged "shock" scenes: the literally stunning death of Professor Bernstein, and our first sight of the creature itself. Only the finale ultimately disappoints, when the poverty of the staging becomes apparent as Frankenstein, his cool detachment seeming suddenly to desert him, illogically attempts to shoot the creature to "save" Elizabeth. This having failed, he flings an oil lamp at it instead. Engulfed in flames, it promptly falls through the skylight into a convenient vat of acid. The whole is an excuse to gather the principals for purposes more to do with publicity than purge.

Hazel Court and Valerie Gaunt do their best with the typically underwritten Sangster female roles. Gaunt, as the maid, appears to have slightly more of the breath of life in her body than does poor, passive Elizabeth. Court had trifled with the genre before, and she would make something of a name for herself as a heroine of horrors



The Curse of Frankenstein (Robert Urquhart, Peter Cushing).

in the years to come—both for Hammer and for Roger Corman—but her encounter with the creature in *The Curse of Frankenstein* is cursory at best, her presence a mere contrivance to bring matters to a head after the requisite eighty minutes have passed.[9] Its absence from *X the Unknown* makes the *femme* interest more significant in this instance, although the film remains male dominated. The women function simply as victims or potential victims, their roles being stereotypical in the literal extreme—the virgin and the slut.

Christopher Lee, an actor not known for his reticence in detailing the suffering he endured for his art, had landed the part of the creature because of his height (six foot four) and a talent for mime, and through the recommendation of John Redway. He reportedly found the process of monster-playing supremely uncomfortable, but in *The Curse of Frankenstein*, he was doubled during the fiery finale by Capt. "Jock" Easton, who was given the added distinction of posing in the identical makeup for some of the publicity shots with Court.

The makeup for the creature *is* gruesome—so much so that at the time of the film's release, it was universally condemned for resembling nothing more than the victim of a road accident. Technically, Phil Leakey's work is not far short of excellent, especially considering that his orders were to avoid comparison with the original at all cost (or better, at *no* cost). A lack of suitable materials and the constrictions of space under which he labored stretched his talents to the limit, and while the mask he created in no way evokes the cadaverous phantom of the novel, it undoubtedly comes closer to that concept than Karloff's Hollywood designer head. Few critics of the day bothered to take this into account, even where they were aware of the difficulties that Hammer had been under in this respect, but Lee's performance was generally well regarded. The *Daily Herald*'s Paul Dehn was particularly eloquent. "If Mr. Karloff suggested that vitality had imperfectly become a part of him, Mr. Lee gives the impression that life itself had been pumped into his ill-assembled body and not had the mistiest notion what to do there."



Birth pangs: The creature (Christopher Lee) awakens in *The Curse of Frankenstein.*

The mask's failure lies in its inability to convey something of the grand design embodied in this Gothic fable of creation. What was missing was any vestige of the fantastic. Here was no mythic monster in the making. This Frankenstein was merely presiding over the carnage of a casualty ward. The creature had been sculpted to disgust, and disgust it duly did. Allied to a film which had as its protagonist, if not its nominal hero, a man willing to mutilate and murder at the drop of a scalpel in pursuit of his ambitions, and surrounded as it was by the grisly accoutrements of its maker's chosen trade, Lee's creature—as much as anything in *The Curse of Frankenstein*—assured the production a grim notoriety.

Hammer was not to acquire its new, larger Stage 1 until July 1957, so the film's meager laboratory set forced Fisher to skirt around the grandiloquence of the original's creation scenes. The art direction is similarly scant (nearby Oakley Court can clearly be seen standing in for Castle Frankenstein by night), and a helping hand from Bernard Robinson, who had been called on partway through the production, can be witnessed in the design of only a single rooftop set. But it was Britain's first color horror film—"unique . . . and in color!" as the June issue of the *ABC Film Review* was to announce.

An early spring screening of the finished product for Warner executives ensured that what originally had been intended for Exclusive release was now to receive worldwide distribution by an American major of the first order. It was Hammer's biggest coup to date, but it was also one more nail in the coffin of Exclusive Films.

With the might of Warner Bros. behind it, *The Curse of Frankenstein* premiered in the West End of London on May 2, 1957, and immediately settled into a record-breaking run. In another week, it was playing the Ritz on Leicester Square. In ABC release, it was less ostentatious (if just as successful), although in parts of the country, it was consigned to cinemas with a reputation for art-house



James Carreras, Peter Cushing, and William Hinds at the British premier of *The Curse of Frankenstein* on May 2, 1957

or exploitation trade. This did not help to combat the campaigns of vilification that would now be directed at Hammer's executive heads from all corners. It was not so much that the film had elected to show gore as it was the impression given—and it is only an impression—that the camera was *dwelling* upon it.

The viewer *is* privy to a small catalog of brutalities: a half-glimpse of a severed head as it is lowered into an acid bath; eyeballs in a jar; a pair of dismembered hands. And the film betrays a certain callousness toward matters of the flesh in devices such as the aforementioned vat of acid for the disposal of bodies. But even in 1957, none of these could be considered excessive by the standards of a populace inured to atrocity after two wars. Certainly there is nothing in *The Curse of Frankenstein* to rival Leakey's "melting head" in the earlier *X the Unknown*. America's National Legion of Decency found itself more concerned with the suggestive costuming and considered the film to be "morally questionable" on this score, but it was divested of much of its bloodletting in Chicago, and all of it in Canada. The British censor, harking back to the rule book of the thirties, asked only that the shot of the head be shortened (in the process removing a gruesome technical effect, in which the head had been *shown* to dissolve). Nevertheless, the reviews were unrelenting. "Disgusting" and "degrading" were the two adjectives in most prominent use, although *Picturegoer*'s Margaret Hinxman was notionally kinder. "Lee's monster is not so monstrous," she demurred, noting in passing, "Although this shocker may not have created much of a monster, it may well have created something more lasting: a star!"

The reference was to Cushing, but it was soon to embrace Hammer Films itself. The more bad notices the film received, the more the public desired to see it. What had started life as a modest period piece with few concessions to the Gothic, or even to its own literary source, was a sensation that would go on to appear on more American screens than any British film ever. Curiosity, in this instance, would cause the goose to lay a golden egg, for *The Curse of Frankenstein* was a Cook's

tour of the charnels, and audiences turned out in droves to be revolted by the spectacle. What they found when they got there was a work steeped in decadence and reeking of the paraphernalia of the slaughterhouse. Like *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* of twenty years later, there is relatively little to be seen onscreen, but the atmosphere of butchery pervades all.

Well, the birds didn't waste much time anyway. . . . The eyes. . . . Half the head is eaten away.

—Paul Krempe, *The Curse of Frankenstein*

A more subtle attraction was the sheer clarity of the photography. Ex-Gainsborough regular Jack Asher's meticulous lighting had married to the precision mechanics and superb results that could be obtained from Hammer's aged Vinten-Everest camera (with its combination Cooke lenses) to produce images of stunning realism. All the better to see you with, my dear.

The *leitmotif* of the film is blood—more accurately, the color of blood. Rather than *Dracula*, where one might have expected it, it is *The Curse of Frankenstein* that is suffused with scarlet: the floral decoration on Hazel Court's funereally black dress; Frankenstein's instrument case; Krempe's silken robe; the contents of a smashed vial; the beakers of bubbling liquids. Where *Dracula* would unfold in sepulchral greens and blues, the picaresque colors of the grave, *The Curse of Frankenstein* brandishes a palette culled from the very stuff of life. From its opening titles to its sunrise-emblazoned final shot of the waiting guillotine, it is a film wrought in the luminous hue of bright Eastmancolor red—as vivid a symbol for the beginnings of Hammer's color Gothics as the plummeting of the Quatermass rocket had been for the inauguration of the whole cycle of Hammer Horror.

Almost nine months of complex and often tense negotiations had led Hammer to take no chances with what small investment it had in *The Curse of Frankenstein*. Uncertainties over the all-British cast—including a leading man who had come to Hollywood's attention only by standing in for Louis Hayward (prior to him being optically doubled) as far back as James Whale's 1939 production of *The Man in the Iron Mask*—had meant that by the second week of shooting, Eliot Hyman's Associated Artists had still not come up with its part of the monies. Despite it being a color production and much touted in the press, the budget had been appropriately pared to two-thirds of what had been expended on *Quatermass 2*. Convinced that the film would sell on the name of Frankenstein alone, no matter who was playing the role, Hammer had gone ahead regardless.

Even when shooting had begun, the company's troubles were still not over. No sooner had the first scenes gone into the can than word had come that Universal was attempting to prevent the registration of the title in America. The attempt was to prove futile, and six months later, *The Curse of Frankenstein* would open at the Paramount Theater on Times Square in New York. By then, it would have become crystal clear to all involved with the film that their instincts were correct: *The Curse of Frankenstein* was a bandwagon just waiting to roll.

"No one who saw it lived to describe it!" screamed the advertising slogan for *The Curse of Frankenstein*. Other than the critics, that is, who described it variously as "the film to end all horror films" or a "revolting exhibition" that would surely mark "the end of the thriller-film proper." But while there was a general sense of outrage at the excesses sanctioned by Hammer in its treatment of the tale, there were good words, too, and no noticeable disquiet about where this new trend might lead. That was to become more apparent with *Dracula*.

The critics were supercilious, dismissive, patronizing, bemused, or simply contemptuous, but they were *not* universally shocked, nor were they averse to suggesting that, for a horror film, *The Curse of Frankenstein* was on a par with the better of them. Paul Dehn liked it. "Philip Harben, preparing *Tête de Veau Vinaigrette* from a live calf on TV could hardly be more explicit," he observed. *Punch* was the bravest of all, calling it a "straightforward and conscientious version of the novel . . . unusually well done." Reviewers were also kindly disposed toward praising the playing, the craftsmanship, and the overall quality of the film—but then it was *British*-made—with a few exceptions. The *Sunday Times*'s Dilys Powell wrote, uncharacteristically, "For years I have rushed to defend the cinema against the charge that it debases. In the case of the current series of horror films I have changed my mind."

That so many notables would even bother to put pen to paper about the subject in question was striking in itself, but not representative of a rush to judgment. Hammer's film had been released in a week when the

only other feature on offer was a minor western called *The Quiet Gun*, starring Forrest Tucker. But the effect could hardly have been more pronounced had it been a major international studio hyping a blockbuster.

The film opened to "some amazing scenes in Leicester Square," said Michael Carreras. The upstairs foyer at the Warner had been decorated in facsimile of the baron's lab, complete with a bandaged, headless torso in a glass tank, and this apparatus was subsequently made available for other key locations around the country. "You should see the audience," James Carreras in typical fashion informed Milton Shulman, then at the *Sunday Express*. "They squeal, gasp, and shriek. Some of them even run out of the cinema in panic. It's wonderful!" So wonderful, in fact, that Hammer lost no time in announcing a sequel: *The Blood of Frankenstein* would commence production straightaway, using the same team as before—Cushing, Fisher, Sangster, and, most importantly, Hinds. "Tony was the man in tune—I was not enamored of that type of material," Michael would confess, and certainly Hinds had been singularly responsible for bringing together the talents who had helped make what was fast becoming something of a phenomenon.

Anthony "Quatermass" Hinds, as publicity handouts had dubbed him prior to *The Curse of Frankenstein*, promptly set about preparing the sequel. This time, there would be no need of Lee. Hammer had created a new archetype in the Byronesque figure of the baron himself. But had he not been judicially beheaded in the film's closing moments, Shulman inquired? No problem, James Carreras assured him. "We sew his head back on again."

The man who was charged with making literal that promise was as surprised as anyone by the enthusiasm with which his own creation was being received around the world. "We didn't know we were breaking new ground; we were just making a living," said Jimmy Sangster. But if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then it would be another year before the glut of like-minded vehicles arrived to pay homage to the success of *The Curse of Frankenstein*.

When the news about *The Blood of Frankenstein* broke in the summer of 1957, the die had been cast, and more



Michael Carreras and editor James Needs.

conventional fare was still the order of the day. There was *The Daughter of Dr. Jekyll*, *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, *Blood Is My Heritage* (aka *Blood of Dracula*), and the more aptly titled *The Dead That Walk* (aka *The Zombies of Mora-Tau*), each of which was tied to the other not by genre blood links but by murky photography, a lack of budget, an equivalent lack of ideas, and plots that insisted their monsters make obeisance to the great god Science, from whom they were all still springing.

One exception was the first British horror to swing into production as a direct result of the Hammer breakthrough: *The Cat Girl*. Starring Barbara Shelley as the shape-changing panther-woman in the thrall of a bestial lust, this thinly disguised reworking of Jacques Tourneur's *Cat People* (1942) was also among the first to elaborate the notion of suppressed sexual desire, which was to find fuller form in Hammer's *Dracula*. Another exception would have more lasting value, but, released in the wake of the quite different demand that was being engendered by *The Curse of Frankenstein*, its black-and-white atmospherics found themselves at odds with an audience mesmerized by the antics of the Baron of Blood. This film was *Night of the Demon* (aka *Curse of the Demon*), based on a short story by M. R. James and coincidentally directed by Tourneur himself.[10] But it would go unnoticed in the brouhaha that surrounded the opening of *Curse* and thus ensure that Hammer would look no further than Shelley—and soon Stoker—for its future horrors.

Two months, the paper says. In two months it can cover the whole western hemisphere.

—Ben Cortman, *The Night Creatures*

With four horror films already in distribution and a fifth about to open, the psychological thriller *The Snorkel*—coscripted by Jimmy Sangster and trading on the youthful talents of British ingénue Mandy Miller—and true-life horror *The Camp on Blood Island* in production, and both *Dracula* and *The Blood of Frankenstein* in preparation, Tony Hinds's nose for a good story would now take him to Hollywood and the dark fantasies of writer Richard Matheson.

Matheson was enjoying a cult success with his hit *The Incredible Shrinking Man* and seemed just the right choice to distill the heady brew of science and horror that Hammer was fast coming to think of as its own. Three years before, he had written a novel called *I Am Legend*, about a global plague that turns the Earth into a world of vampires. The story appeared to be perfect for the Hammer treatment, and Hinds took out an option on the book, inviting Matheson to London to work on the screenplay for what had now been titled *The Night Creatures*.

By the time the author was greeted at Waterloo Station by James Carreras, Anthony Nelson Keys, and a contingent of interested press, Hammer was preparing to unleash the Yeti on the world.

It's a new age of awareness. A big age. You've got to measure up to it, Doc.

—Tom Friend, *The Abominable Snowman*

The Abominable Snowman would fail dismally in keeping up with the new age, although that homily was to guide Hammer's production policy for some time to come. Operating to a schema dictated by the reception accorded to *The Quatermass Xperiment*, rather than *The Curse of Frankenstein*, *Snowman* was the result of another Nigel Kneale television play ("The Creature," 1956) being adapted for the screen, but with a marked lack of similar success.

The Snowman himself had little cinematic pedigree: only *The Snow Creature* (1954), *Half Human* (1955), and *Man Beast* (1956), the latter two of which had been simply a potpourri of dissociated Mexican and Japanese footage married to American linking narratives. But with Eric Shipton's 1951 Yeti-footprint photographs still fresh in the public's mind, the very idea of such a creature carried a resonant terror that was buoyed by lurid articles in the popular press. Accordingly, Kneale's play had been perceived to be just this side of the possible, and it had been enacted on television in a creepy atmosphere of snow mist and oil lamps, its unseen menace remaining, for the most part, just beyond the dim campfire light of man's understanding.

Had this story amounted to more than the single twist in the tail it had been engineered to encase, it still would have been destined to translate poorly to the demands of the new horror cinema. But like the beast it purported to portray, Hammer's *The Abominable Snowman* was a throwback. It promised a monster, with or without its parent play's consent—and delivered a mouse.

BOTANIST JOHN ROLLASON IS PERSUADED TO JOIN A HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF THE YETI, OR "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN," BY AMERICAN SHOWMAN TOM FRIEND. FRIEND'S MOTIVES ARE LESS THAN SCIENTIFIC: HE INTENDS

TO CAPTURE A YETI AND PUT IT ON DISPLAY TO A PAYING PUBLIC. EVENTUALLY, A CREATURE IS SHOT, AND THE PARTY MAKES PLANS TO TRANSPORT IT BACK TO BASE, BUT THE OTHER EXPEDITION MEMBERS ARE KILLED IN MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. FRIEND FALLS VICTIM TO A HALLUCINATION ORCHESTRATED BY THE YETI AND IS KILLED IN AN AVALANCHE. ROLLASON—ALONE NOW—IS GIVEN SIGHT OF THE YETI; HE REALIZES THAT THEY ARE A SUPERIOR RACE AND BLACKS OUT. WHEN HE RECOVERS FROM HIS ORDEAL, HE CONFIRMS THAT NO SUCH CREATURES EXIST.

Kneale's script for what also started life as *The Snow Creature* in feature form was left virtually intact by Val Guest, who was shooting too fast on a hectic schedule that took him from Bray to the French Pyrenees and then on to Pinewood for the studio interiors of the mountain. The film's television origins show all too clearly in the long expository sequence of character interplay at the Tibetan retreat, where the tensions implicit in the written word are dispersed in Regalscopic midshots of tedious uniformity. It takes a full twenty-five minutes to get the protagonists out of the monastery and onto the snow, where they encounter inconsistent sound recording, discontinuity between the studio work and the location footage, and floor effects that mark an unhappy return to the days before *The Quatermass Xperiment*. By this time, audiences were expecting more from Hammer than the benign and sagacious pussycat that the film ultimately disgorges as its beast of the Himalayas. (A full-scale model of a dead Yeti roped to a sled *was* constructed, but it is barely glimpsed in the release print.)

Several good ideas were lost in the transfer from the claustrophobic intimacy of the medium for which "The Creature" was originally written: the revelation of a psychic link between the monastery's Lhama and whatever it is that inhabits the mountain, and the unnerving "hallucinations" suffered by Rollason and Friend toward the climax (a broken radio suddenly sputters to life to vouchsafe a warning; a dead comrade cries for help in siren sound, beckoning Friend to *his* death as a result). Peter Cushing reprised the role of Rollason from the BBC version of the tale, but the play's Friend, British actor Stanley Baker, was expediently replaced by Forrest Tucker for



The Abominable Snowman. Center L–R: Peter Cushing, Forrest Tucker, Robert Brown.

the big-screen adaptation (if anything, Tucker actually *subdues* the ruthlessness of Friend and makes the point of the fable less obvious). Director Val Guest captured the haunting isolation and eerie otherworldliness of the mountain at night, but not the bigger game that he was really aiming for.

The Kneale play was typically thought-provoking, but it transcribed to the wide screen as flat and undramatic, singularly burdened by the weight of its intellectual preoccupations. The "Snowman" is the Ghost of Christmas Future for the new age—a vision of promise for a dead world, presided over by a race of telepathic Neanderthals. Even though the pill was sugar coated, the moral at the heart of it remained the same. The notion of a breed of Snowmen produced through parallel evolution and waiting, godlike, on a Himalayan Olympus to inherit an atomically debilitated Earth was little more than a cerebral reworking of the ant threat in *Them!*

Coming hot on the heels of *The Curse of Frankenstein*, *The Abominable Snowman* had seen Bernard Robinson elevated to the position of production designer over *Curse*'s Ted Marshall, who was shortly to leave and join Woodfall instead. The monastery set is an excellent construction on Bray's back lot—the Pinewood mountains, less impressive. In another departure, James Bernard had given way to Humphrey Searle, who provided an atmospheric score that occasionally carries echoes of *Swan Lake* but lacks the majesty and drama required to really fire the subject to life.

Hammer's first "A" certificate for one of its horrors dampened enthusiasm for the film even before its story was allowed to unfold. The Yetis make their first appearance after nearly an hour. When they come more clearly into view at the close, revealed with them are the limitations of a plot that may have begun as well intentioned but concludes, like the creatures it features, as disappointing and uninspired.

"There is no Yeti!" intones the Lhama at fade-out, and on this showing, he was seen to be right. Cushing's botanist survives to tell the tale—unlike most of the cast—though it was a close call. But by the time the film opened, shooting was already under way on the much more assuredly "X" *The Camp on Blood Island* at the instigation of Tony Nelson Keys, returns were pouring in from the record-breaking success of *The Curse of Frankenstein*, and *Dracula* was scheduled for a November start—this time with participation from Universal, so Hammer found itself in the same happy position as Dr. Rollason.



Columbia's Mike Frankovich with James Carreras.

> *It's just my imagination. You're not really there—they proved you weren't. It's just my silly imagination and I mustn't believe it.*
>
> —Candy Duval, *The Snorkel*

Whether or not *The Abominable Snowman* would break any ice at the box office, demand for the Frankenstein sequel continued to grow. James Carreras had decided to ask Warner Bros. for a cool $500,000 advance guarantee in return for the rights to distribute *The Blood of Frankenstein* in all territories except the United Kingdom and Japan. Concerned by the possibility that Hammer might have a one-hit wonder on its hands, Warner declined to meet the figure. Carreras, angered by what he perceived to be a lack of commitment on the part of both Warner Bros. and Hyman, then chose to offer the film to the highest bidder as part of a package deal with *The Snorkel* and *The Camp on Blood Island*.[11]

Of the other majors in the field, Columbia had so far failed to participate in the bonanza. Mike Frankovich, the studio's man on the ground in Great Britain, stepped in. By dangling the carrot that Columbia would be willing to coproduce a spin-off series for American television called *Tales of Frankenstein* through its subsidiary Screen Gems, Frankovich snapped up *The Blood of Frankenstein* and announced to the world on September 6 that Columbia intended to join forces with Hammer and coproduce three features a year for the next three years.

When Hammer's Himalayan saga opened on August 26, 1957, Warner Bros. had made a $2 million killing on *The Curse of Frankenstein* in the United States alone, but only ten days later, *The Abominable Snowman* would not be the only one out in the cold.

CHAPTER THREE

New Blood for Old, 1957–1958



Dracula.

> *I told her, "Listen, you should imagine you have had one whale of a sexual night,* the *one of your whole sexual experience. Give me that in your face!"—And she did, of course.*
>
> —Terence Fisher, on directing Melissa Stribling in *Dracula*

After writing *The Curse of Frankenstein* for a mere £500 in October 1956, Jimmy Sangster had returned to more mundane duties, such as preparing *The Snorkel*, but the release of *X the Unknown* the following month had encouraged Tempean to hire him for the film version of an ITV serial transmitted in the wake of "Quatermass"—*The Trollenberg Terror* (aka *The Crawling Eye*). Not long after, Sangster found himself in the Audley Square offices of Warwick Films, where Irving Allen and Cubby Broccoli had commissioned him to write a script based on John Wyndham's novel *The Day of the Triffids*.

Sangster had begun to moonlight, but the subterfuge was uncovered, and he was given an ultimatum. Either he was a production manager for Hammer or he was a writer for someone else. The pill was not a bitter one, however. If it was to be the latter choice, Michael Carreras would give him a commission a year for three years at £750 a script. On that basis, Sangster decided to take his chances. But by May 1957, his future as a scriptwriter had begun to look decidedly bleak. Six months at the typewriter had produced little of consequence, and with *The Day of the Triffids* since passed over, he was left with no alternative but to ask Carreras for his old job back. An appointment was arranged, but within two days of the proposed meeting, ATV called with an offer for a serial that Sangster had written, sent in, and subsequently forgotten about—"Motive for Murder."

In context, Sangster's departure had meant little to Hammer at that stage (though Will Hinds had presented

him with a gold watch), but the success of *The Curse of Frankenstein* soon put Tony Hinds on the phone again, pressing Sangster into service on *The Blood of Frankenstein* and the upcoming *Dracula*. He was to augment these with another for the Tempean team of Monty Berman and Robert S. Baker: a Gothic this time, called *Blood of the Vampire*.

Blood of the Vampire had *Svengali* lead Donald Wolfit barnstorming his choleric way through the role of medical "vampire" Dr. Callistratus in an old-fashioned melodrama not at all like the Hammer *Frankenstein* that it was trying to ape. Though shot some months before, it followed *Dracula* into theaters, but had neither the Count nor the sexual dimension of Terence Fisher's film. Under Henry Cass's rudimentary direction, it would look dated even when it was new—something Hammer's *Dracula* was to be assiduous in avoiding.

As *Dracula* went into production, Hammer had its most serious run-in yet with that august body of arbiters in all matters of cinematic good taste—the British Board of Film Censors (BBFC). Michael Carreras was summoned to an urgent meeting with Board secretary John Nichols in his office at 3 Soho Square.

The BBFC had been inaugurated in January 1913 to act as a voluntary regulatory body for the film industry as a whole. Its codes of practice had been long and arduous in the drafting, and they were designed to inhibit interference in matters of cinematic taste and decency by local licensing authorities or, worse, by the government itself. In 1947, Sir Sydney Harris was appointed president of the Board, with Arthur Watkins as his secretary—a post that provided the conduit between Board and production company. Watkins had recently retired, and Nichols was the new incumbent.

The Richard Matheson script of *I Am Legend*, now known as *The Night Creatures* and duly completed by the author after a two-month sojourn in England, had been turned down flat—no revisions, no alterations. If the subject were made, it would not be passed for exhibition in Britain. The industry was self-regulating, and the BBFC was there to protect it from its own worst excesses before someone else decided to. Having just sanctioned *Dracula* with reservations, they were not about to unleash a veritable army of such creatures (or such films) on an unsuspecting world. The Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA), guardians of the Production Code, was no less concerned. In a letter of December 4, the MPAA's Geoffrey Shurlock drew attention to *The Night Creatures* script's "overemphasis on gruesomeness" and submitted a detailed list of objections, including brutality, profanity, bad language, and immorality—all of which threatened to deny Hammer a Code "Seal of Approval" in the American market as well. Despite having signed Val Guest to direct, Michael Carreras was left with no choice; the title was retained, but the project was aborted. It was not a complete write-off—the property was sold to Bob Lippert at a knockdown price—but it taught Hammer's young executive producer a salutary lesson. "From that moment on, we *never* made a film without submitting the script first."

> *At last I have met Count Dracula. He accepts me as a man who has agreed to work among his books as I intended. It only remains for me now . . . to await the daylight hours . . . when, with God's help, I will forever end this man's reign of terror.*
>
> —Narration of Jonathan Harker, *Dracula*

Eschewing Jimmy Sangster's scripted opening, which had followed in the footsteps of Universal by having Jonathan Harker arrive at Castle Dracula in the company of a coachload of superstitious peasants portentously crossing themselves, Terence Fisher substituted a first-person narrative that went straight to the meat of the matter and wasted no time in alerting the audience to the librarian's plight. But this revision was merely a foretaste of the new life that he was to breathe into his version of the story, and if *The Curse of Frankenstein* had broken down the taboos on horror, then *Dracula* was to bang on the door of something more unsavory altogether.

When the film went onto the floor on November 11, 1957, Hammer was as unaware of the potential in the *character* of the Count as it had been with that of the baron. He was the obvious choice to follow Frankenstein, nothing more. He was the other great Gothic archetype[1]—the vampire with the household name, the familiar ring. But Dracula killed with kindness, and in boudoirs. "Dracula has the power, in a twisted way, to make Lucy and Mina give a sexual reaction," Fisher noted in a review of the film's core dynamic, and in his endeavors to bring this element of repressed sexual desire to the surface, he was to strip the superficial politeness of the Bram Stoker novel, which had harnessed it bare to its Freudian essentials. Unlike its predecessor, Hammer's *Dracula* is not about the chill charm of a *bourgeois*, it is about the warm embrace of a demon lover. The presence of its vampire villain is felt rather than seen. It is an indelible in the *atmosphere* of the story, whereas Peter Cushing's cold-fish baron had been an integral part of



Hammer Gothic: *Dracula* (Valerie Gaunt, John Van Eyssen).

the architecture of its companion piece. It is in this fundamental that the two films differ markedly. But if *The Curse of Frankenstein* was predominantly Cushing's triumph because of it, *Dracula* would be entirely Fisher's, for the same reason.

The roles of the blood-drinking count and his nemesis Professor Van Helsing were naturally to be filled by the successful sparring partnership of Cushing and Christopher Lee. Remolding the professor from his literary persona of geriatric Dutchman into a quick-witted and agile vampire killer was simple expedience, but in transforming the Count from an aged Romanian aristocrat (in the novel) and a sinister Latin gigolo (in the Universal film) into a young and virile seducer, Fisher was to enlarge on what had remained staunchly implicit in Sangster's script. By openly interpreting Stoker's subtextual fantasy of submissive sex, he would strike a chord—albeit not quite with the intended note. An Edwardian himself, he was to wrest from *Dracula* the notion of *machismo*—male sexual dominance—and the female pleasure that supposedly derived from it. This time around, the vampire



Director Terence Fisher.

was to be a misogynist wish fulfillment—a despoiler of female flesh, but with their *compliance*. And there's the rub. By altering the nature of the victim's response to his nocturnal advances, the rapacious sexual sadist of the novel was to be turned on his head, to become the answer to a maiden's prayer. The nightmare was to be reborn as a dream of desire. The fiend—once a figure of dread—would now be a figure of *fascination*.

The change was subtle, and it was enabled by the happy accident that, for the most part, the story has to focus on Dracula through the perception of his victims. If the film made a sex symbol of the Count, it was accidental. What we see is not the seductive charm of Dracula himself, but the sexual awakening of the women who become the objects of his ardor. Lucy awaits the vampire in her bed with a mix of uncertainty and expectation, while Mina, trapped in a marriage in which she is "not sexually satisfied" (to quote Fisher again), returns from an early morning encounter with the Count wearing an expression akin to that of Scarlett O'Hara's after her first night of passion with Rhett Butler. "I feel perfectly well," she replies to her husband's concern. In context, it was to mean much more.

Paul Dehn noticed the transformation: "Whereas the Stoker heroines didn't like having their blood sucked, the Hammer heroines simply love it." The victims in the film are shown to be willing—*eager*, even—for Dracula's caress. They are sexual neophytes, unburdened by guilt or social mores. But in reality, it was to be the spin-off of sexual *parity* that would interest the female audience most. In Mina's case, she is seen to indulge in sex without shame. More pertinently, she is seen to enjoy it. In a day when female orgasm was barely discussed, let alone demanded, the fact that Dracula's women appeared to have a shared expectation of the experience would really hit home.[2]

The fan reaction was to take Lee by surprise. "Maybe it's because I tried to make Dracula a romantic and tragic figure. Someone you could feel sorry for," he said at the time, thinking it was something to do with him, when in truth it was to do with the sexual emancipation that was still some years around the corner of the next decade.

Of the novelties that *Dracula* was to bring to the screen, fangs and the vampire hunter's kit-bag would be the two most obvious. Cushing's Van Helsing armed himself with neat little stakes and crosses—none of your makeshift remedies here. He was also quick to dismiss a whole host of popular theories concerning the "undead," as he was predisposed to call them. Bat and wolf transformations were for Bela Lugosi, not for Lee. This Dracula was a creature of flesh and blood—*warm* flesh and blood, at that. His potency lay in his *charm*—no need of "hypnosis" to subdue his victims. From a female perspective, he was an idol of desire. All this would induce the likes of Peter John Dyer to indict the film for having "no atmosphere, no conviction, no respect for folklore." But it was nothing if not original.

JONATHAN HARKER HAS COME TO CASTLE DRACULA TO DESTROY ITS VAMPIRE OVERLORD, BUT HE IS OUTWITTED BY THE COUNT AND KILLED. WHEN DR. VAN HELSING ARRIVES IN SEARCH, DRACULA FLEES, BUT HARKER'S DIARY REVEALS THAT THE COUNT NOW HAS DESIGNS ON HARKER'S FIANCÉE, LUCY HOLMWOOD. AT THE HOLMWOOD HOUSE, VAN HELSING FINDS THE GIRL SUFFERING FROM A STRANGE ILLNESS; IT TRANSPIRES THAT SHE HAS BEEN THE VICTIM OF A VAMPIRE. DESPITE HIS PRECAUTIONS, SHE DIES. LUCY, NOW A VAMPIRE HERSELF, BEGINS TO PREY ON THE FAMILY. SHE ATTACKS HER BROTHER ARTHUR, BUT HE IS SAVED BY VAN HELSING, WHO TRAPS LUCY IN HER COFFIN AND RELEASES HER SOUL BY DRIVING A STAKE THROUGH HER HEART. HE AND ARTHUR HOLMWOOD NOW JOIN FORCES TO SEEK OUT DRACULA'S RESTING PLACE, BUT UNBEKNOWN TO THEM BOTH, ARTHUR'S WIFE MINA IS UNDER THE SPELL OF THE VAMPIRE. VAN HELSING UNCOVERS THE LAIR OF THE COUNT, BUT DRACULA ESCAPES ONCE MORE AND RETURNS TO THE SAFETY OF HIS CASTLE, TAKING MINA WITH HIM. THE TWO MEN GIVE CHASE AND ARRIVE IN THE NICK OF TIME TO SAVE MINA FROM BEING BURIED ALIVE. VAN HELSING PURSUES THE VAMPIRE TO HIS THRONE ROOM, AND AFTER A TITANIC STRUGGLE, DRACULA IS DESTROYED IN A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT.

> *Research on the vampire—certain basic facts established. One: allergic to light—never ventures forth in the daytime. Sunlight fatal—repeat, fatal—would destroy them. . . . Two: garlic—vampires repelled by odor of garlic. Three: the crucifix, symbolizing the power of good over evil. The power of the crucifix in these cases is twofold—it protects the normal human being, but reveals the vampire or victim of this vile contagion when in advanced stages.*
>
> —Dr. Van Helsing, *Dracula*

In Jimmy Sangster's cleverly succinct script, Van Helsing's phonographic dicta both redefine the myth and establish the rules by which future Hammer vampire variants were to be played. Encapsulated in these precepts is the entire plot of the film, up to and including its climax. It is not true to say that by this restructuring the vampire was shorn of his supernatural abilities; he

was simply relieved of the power to transmute into a bat. To Hinds's and Sangster's way of thinking, this had never been successfully achieved by earlier films, so they saw no need to repeat those errors. But as a consequence of this pragmatic reinvention, new anomalies surface: the Count crosses running water in his nightly quest for blood. While the changes would be groundbreaking for *Dracula*, they were to prove too restricting for the sequels, where box-office dispensation was eventually to dictate a more spurious mix-and-match approach.

The story line of Bram Stoker's Gothic epic remains as intact in Sangster's screenplay for Hammer as it did in the Universal version. All three begin by introducing the vampire in his lair, then proceed to bring him forth to drain the lifeblood from a Victorian family before returning him to his lair for the final confrontation with the forces of good. The alterations which Sangster wrings from the material are primarily ones of detail and emphasis, as much a product of the time of the film's creation as they are a reevaluation of the myth of the vampire. If *Dracula* is flawed, it is in its *Curse*-like rush to a climax (the Count reveals himself to Van Helsing at the appropriate moment and the chase is on) and in the illogicalities that some of these changes were to produce: Harker is aware of the Count's vampire nature from the start, yet he barely pauses to consider if the same might not be true of the woman in his castle! But it was Sangster's background in production that ultimately was to bring about one of the most striking attributes of Hammer Horror.

"I'd done budgets and I knew what a picture cost," Sangster explains, "so when I'd finished the script, I knew what it would cost to within the nearest penny." In *Dracula*'s case, the nearest penny was £82,000, and it had been achieved by compressing the *geography* of the tale. Castle Dracula is on the outskirts of Klausenburg, a coach ride away from Carlstaat and the home of the Holmwoods. Yet they have never heard of him, and their typically English-Victorian world does not appear to be in any way affected by the fact that it has been transplanted in Bavaria! It was to Sangster's credit not only that he managed to sew such diverse elements together but that he did it so that you cannot see the joints. This expediency created that mythic country beloved of the fans—Hammerland: home of the monsters.



Hammer opulence: Bernard Robinson's library set from *Dracula* (Christopher Lee, Valerie Gaunt).

Hammerland was to be Bernard Robinson's territory, and he would cultivate it with loving care. For *Dracula*, the new Stage 1 at Bray accommodated no less than four of the castle's main sets: the vestibule, with its rococo arches; the banqueting hall; the library; and the stairway to the upper floor—as well as several secondary ones. But Robinson ("A very clever man at making a lot out of not very much," in the estimation of Tony Hinds) was also a master of seamless joints, and his sleight of hand passes similarly undetected. The designs are exquisite—from the great stone eagles and spiral pillars of the castle itself to the austere vaults where Van Helsing effects his handiwork; all are wrought to the smallest detail, and Terence Fisher makes much compositional use of foreground props to add an illusion of depth to stages already straining at the seams.

If Sangster provided the bones on which the film was hung, then Robinson's sets are its flesh. But it is the lush Technicolor photography of Jack Asher that endows the whole with the breath of life. In *Dracula*, the shadows deepen; the velvet shades of mortuary drape mask the festering aura of death and decay that always lies just beyond the pinpoint pools of light in which the principals play. If *The Curse of Frankenstein* was a lurid comic horror, then *Dracula* was Gothic Grand Guignol of a very high order, indeed.

In the same way that Robinson's castle sets had jettisoned the dust and cobwebs of the Universal prototype in favor of marble plush (an innovation that almost cost him his job with an initially perplexed Hammer), Van Helsing's stakes are machine tooled, not roughly hewn. It can, of course, be argued that such is what the film's slick production design would naturally have decreed, but it equally is illustrative of the mindset of its creators at Bray. Hammer's Van Helsing is an industrial-age scientist, not an ancient Dutch mystic steeped in arcane lore; vampirism is a historical anomaly that requires to be swept aside, and by the most up-to-date means available. This modernist rigor is what makes *Dracula* stand out. Britain was still in the midst of postwar rebuilding in 1957, and Hammer's approach to the film was indicative of the conflict in the country at large, between age-old tradition and the inroads being made by new technology: modernity was required to triumph at all cost, if victory in World War II was to mean anything.

Much has been made of Dracula's imposing entrance. He descends the stairs and strides into giant close-up to deliver the obligatory introduction: "I am Dracula. Welcome to my house." In fact, it is a carbon copy of the scene in Universal's original, with the close-up added for countershock to emphasize the youthful urbanity of the Lee incarnation. The "real" entrance is given over to Van Helsing (and Cushing), the messianic vampire hunter who arrives late in the proceedings but is introduced via an over-the-shoulder shot, as all before him shrink under his steely gaze. Cushing's physicality as an actor is dutifully built upon to provide a considerable degree of movement within the confines of the restricted sets. He is forever darting about in elfin mobility, never walking where a single bound might accomplish a more dramatic effect (a trick learned from working with Laurence Olivier). Only a leap to the curtains from a refec-



Other Bernard Robinson set designs from *Dracula*. *Left:* The Holmwood crypt. *Right:* Jonathan Harker's bedroom.

tory table at the climax is furnished by a stunt double. It was Cushing who was accorded top billing on the film, a position he would retain for most of his long association with the company. Peter Cushing was Hammer's *star*—Christopher Lee was only its monster.

What of Dracula himself? In 1957, the part was as much a godsend to Lee as it would become a burden to him ten years later. Unlike Cushing, who had already reached the heights by the time he played Frankenstein, Lee's career had been "moving very slowly," though as a direct result of *The Curse of Frankenstein*, he had just essayed his best screen role to date—that of the Marquis St. Evremonde in Rank's 1957 version of *A Tale of Two Cities*.[3] In *Dracula*, his time on screen is minimal, but he nevertheless provides Cushing with an oppositional force of considerable power, combining the preternatural strength and sentient threat of the Count with a grace and poise of balletic precision. (In this context, the model for Lee's Dracula was not so much Lugosi as dancer and choreographer Robert Helpmann, whose Councillor Lindorf in Michael Powell's *The Tales of Hoffmann* [1951] also came complete with sentient stare, animated cloak, and sudden bursts of frenetic activity.)

There are moments when his appearance evokes a genuine horror: the attack on the vampire woman and the stalking of Van Helsing in the throne room. They are moments when Phil Leakey's makeup and Asher's lighting blend with the art of the actor to transcend mere technique, and they were not to be repeated. With his eyes ablaze and eyeteeth bared, his aristocratic nostrils flaring, and his cloak clutched tight about him like the wings of a giant bat trapped in midflight, Lee made Dracula his own as no actor had before him. He was to become as identified with the role of the Count as Sean Connery would later be with that of James Bond, and he would spend a good deal of his time trying to prise himself free of it. For now, though, the moment was his. A tight close-up of Dracula's blood-caked face would launch him onto screens and into magazines as the cinema's most vivid realization of the vampire in action. The part had paid Lee "less than a thousand pounds," but it created a visage that would go down in film history: a remarkable "debut" by any standard.

The film had been shot on a six-week schedule, one more than Fisher had extracted from Hinds for its forerunner (though this had since become the norm). On completion, the sets were struck to make way for *The Blood of Frankenstein* and Peter Cushing's next starring role for Hammer. For Christopher Frank Carandini Lee, however, fame—or notoriety—would take a little longer.

> *In the year 1860, Baron Frankenstein was condemned to death for the brutal murders committed by the monster he had created. . . . The whole continent breathed a sigh of relief when the guillotine was called upon to end his life of infamy.*
>
> —screen caption, *The Revenge of Frankenstein*

By the time Hammer's "horror-sex blockbuster" *Dracula* (which was to be retitled *Horror of Dracula* in the United States) was ready for certification early in 1958, work was already complete on the sequel to *The Curse of Frankenstein*. An original concoction this time, it had been divested of its preproduction title to become the less provocative *The Revenge of Frankenstein* instead.

While Lee had busied himself in some useful prepublicity for his first major outing for Hammer, Cushing had been left free to recreate the role of the baron. There was the small matter of the monster, however, which the finite nature of the first film had inadvertently consigned to an acid bath. But did the monster matter? It was, after all, only a patchwork of collodion scar tissue beneath which the actor had barely been recognizable. Tony Hinds decided that it did *not* matter; the baron would suffice to bridge the gap between the two films and, in capable hands, he would be a good deal easier to resurrect. With another gold mine waiting around the corner, Hinds's hands had proved more than capable.

Frankenstein had gone to the guillotine at the end of *Curse*, but who saw him die? Jimmy Sangster had been instructed accordingly.

BARON FRANKENSTEIN HAS ESCAPED THE GUILLOTINE WITH THE HELP OF KARL, A DWARF, AND IS BACK IN MEDICAL PRACTICE. DR. KLEVE KNOWS THE BARON'S TRUE IDENTITY AND PERSUADES FRANKENSTEIN TO LET HIM ASSIST IN THE TRANSPLANTING OF KARL'S BRAIN INTO A NORMAL BODY. THE OPERATION IS SUCCESSFUL, BUT KARL IS UNWILLING TO BE A SHOWPIECE FOR THE BARON'S SKILLS AND FLEES. WHILE ATTEMPTING TO DISPOSE OF HIS FORMER BODY, KARL IS BADLY BEATEN, AND HIS NEW BODY BEGINS TO ACQUIRE THE WARPED CHARACTERISTICS OF THE OLD; IN ADDITION, HE HAS DEVELOPED A CANNIBALISTIC DESIRE TO EAT FLESH. KARL IS NOW A MONSTER. HE KILLS A YOUNG GIRL AND GATE-CRASHES A PARTY WHERE THE BARON IS IN ATTENDANCE. AFTER PLEADING FOR HELP, HE DIES. FRANKENSTEIN STANDS ACCUSED, BUT HE DENIES THE CHARGE. THE AUTHORITIES EXHUME THE BARON'S BODY AND FIND A DECAPITATED PRIEST INSTEAD. CONVINCED OF HIS GUILT,

FRANKENSTEIN'S PATIENTS BEAT HIM TO THE POINT OF DEATH. BUT HE HAS AN ACE IN THE LABORATORY: HE HAS BUILT A SECOND BODY FOR HIMSELF. KLEVE TRANSPLANTS FRANKENSTEIN'S BRAIN INTO THE OTHER BODY JUST AS THE POLICE ARRIVE TO ARREST THEM BOTH. NOW REBORN AS DR. FRANCK, THE BARON BEGINS A NEW PRACTICE IN LONDON'S HARLEY STREET.

Like Universal's *The Bride of Frankenstein* before it, Hammer's *The Revenge of Frankenstein* begins exactly where its predecessor leaves off. But in the manner of a serial cliff-hanger, what was seen at the close of the previous episode is *not quite* what is seen at the commencement of the next. The two anonymous jailers shown leading the baron to the guillotine at the end of *Curse* are magically enjoined into the single figure of a hunchbacked dwarf, who promptly dispatches the officiating priest to his doom in Frankenstein's stead, in order that he can be rewarded with a new body and, more to the point, set in motion what was modestly claimed to be "The World's Greatest Horrorama!"

In scope and scale, *The Revenge of Frankenstein* is an epic among the early Hammers. The film opens in 1860, but the story proper takes place three years later, with the baron ensconced in a Carlsbruck medical practice under the alias of Dr. Stein. Sangster's grasp of his material is unquestionable here. Gone is the laboriously linear narrative of the first film, and in its place, we have a multifaceted plot with all the strands required of its climax already in place at the beginning of the tale. A more confident production in every way, *Revenge* is even allowed a joke or two at its own (or others') expense. When Dr. Stein is quizzed as to his identity, he evades the issue by declaring that there is more than one Frankenstein. "There are branches everywhere—even in America, I understand." (*Frankenstein's Daughter* and *Frankenstein 1970* were both in production Stateside at the time, while *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein*—which, apart from its modern dress, was an outright steal from *Curse*—had already been released.)

Sangster's wit is equally in evidence when he is glossing over the inherent grotesqueries of his own plot. A



The Revenge of Frankenstein (Francis Matthews, Oscar Quitak, Peter Cushing).

pickpocket's right arm is zealously amputated, only to turn up later as part of Frankenstein's new self! If *Curse* was Cushing's film and *Dracula* Fisher's, then what *Motion*'s Philip Strick would claim "besmirches with strawberry blood the name of the original Mary Shelley creation" is Jimmy Sangster's most accomplished work—even though he is credited as having been helped in the task by one "Hurford Janes" (in reality, screenwriter George Baxt, who often came to Hinds's aid to "Americanize" Hammer's scripts).

Terence Fisher's direction is assured, if a touch perfunctory. *Revenge* betrays none of the visual stylishness of *Dracula*—in fact, it is often flat and theatrical, in the manner of the first Frankenstein film. In its slower middle section, Fisher seems to lose his grip on the material altogether for a time, indulging in *longueurs*, a penchant for eccentricities of characterization at the expense of pace, and a lethargy of composition that produces the familiar sequence of static tableaux whose sole point of interest becomes the décor in which they are framed.

Hazel Court is now replaced by Eunice Gayson, but to even less purpose than before. Gayson's Margaret is the most token of all Hammer's heroines. She has nothing whatever to do and is only occasionally seen doing it. She was not even included for her décolletage but only to be threatened by the monster (in the manner of Court) as he gate-crashes the baron's new social world. Gayson was a television personality (having originally been "discovered" by Hammer for *To Have and to Hold*), though her presence in the film is so negative as to be contemptuous—a view supported by the baron's dismissive "*interfering* women" comment in reference to her. But all this is compensated for by the fascinating structure of Sangster's narrative. And again, it is to the baron that the film so graciously submits.

In this second outing, Cushing wears the character like a familiar suit of clothes, despite the baron having undergone a radical metamorphosis in the interim. *The Revenge of Frankenstein* offers us a visionary medico—not averse to a bit of skullduggery, to be sure, but no callous murderer. Instead, we have a dedicated scientist, hungry for the recognition of his peers—an affable fellow, who spends his days treating the ungrateful sick and building on a successful practice through charm and sheer sexual magnetism. In fact, so completely altered is the character of the baron that he has no trouble at all in eliciting audience sympathy when he finds himself accused by virtue of his family name. The "revenge" that Frankenstein seeks is the intellectual satisfaction that acclaim can afford him, not the crass eye-for-an-eye brutalities of his former self—but it made for a good title.

> *Frankenstein should have been accepted as a genius of science—instead, he was sent to the guillotine. I swore I would have my revenge. They will* never *be rid of me!*
>
> —Dr. Victor Stein, *The Revenge of Frankenstein*

By adding the inexplicable dimension of cannibalistic tendencies to the monster's characteristics, Sangster was trying to inject something original into what had already become a relatively redundant metaphor. But the inclusion of this sensationalist afterthought did little to assuage concern about the way the new horror cinema was going. The very intrusiveness of this notion—a self-serving gratuity that was to be embraced by the more savage horror films of the late seventies—undermines what is otherwise a remarkably fine piece of mainstream fantasy. But it does provide the film with its one great *frisson* when "Karl" turns on the bullying janitor from whom he has received a beating and, after strangling the man, drools visibly as the realization of his new nature dawns upon him. It was to be the beginnings of *Hammer Horror*, as it would come to be appreciated: those isolated sequences, self-contained and separate from the whole, which by their horrific impact are remembered long after the details of what instigated them have been forgotten. Until now, the gore that Hammer films contained had been integral to their plots. *The Revenge of Frankenstein* changed all that—an otherwise respectable Gothic blood-curdler had been given a "horror high" in the famous (or infamous) tradition of the French Théatre du Grand-Guignol. This film, more than either of the company's previous Gothics, was to set the tone for the horrors to come.

Peter Cushing is treated as a star here, from his first cryptic but impeccably polite utterance—"Good evening, I am Baron Frankenstein"—to his final reemergence as Dr. Franck, complete with waxed moustache and monocle. But with Hammer's order book now filling with alternative monsters, courtesy of Universal's good graces, this would be the last Frankenstein for the foreseeable future, and the door was to close (literally) on the character in the most bravura style. In Sangster's cunning script, the baron's brain is transplanted into a second body, which he has built as a contingency. The irony is complete: Frankenstein and his creation become one, and Mary Shelley's modern Prometheus is fused with the Nietzschean concept of the superman.

The film's *actual* monster is something of a throwaway. Its death does not even provide the story with its



More mad-lab mayhem: Michael Gwynn as the monster in *The Revenge of Frankenstein.*

climax, but merely paves the way for it. In *The Curse of Frankenstein*, the trial experiment is conducted with a dog; in *Revenge*, the creation of the *monster* is the trial experiment—the creation of Dr. Franck is the real one. Had Sangster written a further sequel, he would doubtless have done away with the notion of a monster altogether, and in that respect, *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed* (1969) should be seen as the true successor to *The Revenge of Frankenstein* rather than the next, belated episode, *The Evil of Frankenstein* (1964).

While Jimmy Sangster was completing his script for *The Revenge of Frankenstein*, Michael Carreras had suggested that he might like to provide story ideas that could be used as a basis for the initial episodes of Hammer's proposed television series for Columbia–Screen Gems, *Tales of Frankenstein*. Sangster came up with an acceptable pilot—"The Single-Minded Blackmailer"—as well as a schematic for the show as a whole, which incorporated voodoo, mutations, and cryogenics as some of the avenues down which the baron could travel in his quest for the secrets of life. With Sangster's template to guide him, Tony Hinds set about commissioning the scripts that would be required for what was now planned as a total of eight half-hour adventures, half of which were to be shot in Britain and the remainder in Hollywood.

The writers that Hinds chose were A. R. Rawlinson (who had penned several early Hammers, such as *Celia* and *Meet Simon Cherry*), Hugh Woodhouse, Cyril Kersh, Edward Dryhurst, and camera operator Peter Bryan (who, on the strength of his contribution to *Tales of Frankenstein*, would find himself allocated the screenplay of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* the following year). None of the five stories were given titles, let alone produced, but they are worth examining in light of Hammer's Frankenstein series as a whole.

Rawlinson's script saw the baron create a female named Lisa—perfect in body and mind, but with no emotions and no *soul*, the vacuum filled by evil. Hinds was impressed. The Woodhouse entry had Frankenstein create a doppelgänger of himself—"F2"—who proceeds to wreak havoc in the community by acting out his

maker's subconscious desires, but the Woodhouse effort was not greeted with the same enthusiasm by Hinds. The Kersh episode involved a philosopher named Zoltan and an experiment in metaphysics that drew heavily upon Poe's "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar." Hinds liked this also, but Dryhurst's tale fared no better in his producer's eyes than that of Woodhouse: its central conceit was the employment of extreme cold as a means of suspending animation, complete with students named Hans and Carl.

The fifth and final story was the work of the relatively untested Bryan, but it evinced a surer grasp of the precepts of Hammer Horror than the others. It borrowed from Universal's *The Ghost of Frankenstein*, but delineated perfectly the character of Hammer's baron—*uber*-intelligent, manipulative, and amoral. In it, Frankenstein hires a traveling mystic named Khotan to "awaken" his dormant monster by means of hypnotism. The mystic is killed during the experiment, but his mind is transferred into that of the homicidal creature and he bends the baron to his will. "I like it," Hinds had remarked. "There may be too much plot but this can be remedied in the screenplay." Indeed it would be, but not until five years had passed and a further installment of Hammer's Frankenstein saga was put into production at Bray!

With the format finalized, stories being devised, and set designing under way, Michael Carreras flew to the U.S. West Coast during Thanksgiving weekend in November 1957 to inaugurate Hammer's breakthrough into the brave new world of American television.

> *From the beginning of time, many men have sought the unknown—delving into dark regions where lie those truths which are destined to destroy us. . . . Of all these eerie adventurers into darkness, none was more driven by insatiable curiosity, nor went further into the unknown, than the unforgettable Baron Frankenstein. . . . So infamous were his exploits that his name stands forever as a symbol of all that is shocking, unspeakable, forbidden! . . . Thus, in our day, any story which chills the soul and freezes the blood is truly a "Tale of Frankenstein." . . . Now—join us in the mystery, the excitement, and the stimulation that comes when we tell a story so weird, so dark, so harrowing . . . that it deserves to be called one of the many . . . "Tales of Frankenstein."*
>
> —opening narration, *Tales of Frankenstein*

Unseen in Britain since the date of its completion, the half-hour pilot that followed this lurid opening narration (spoken by a disembodied head in a crystal ball!), and that was to have opened the American airwaves to Hammer Horror, is a genuine curio.

The way things turned out, *Tales of Frankenstein* was not a pleasant experience for Hammer. A good deal of effort had gone into the preparation of the series, but Screen Gems had its own ideas on how the shows should be shaped for what it saw as essentially the domestic market. The Hammer scripts were rejected in favor of indigenous writers. Horror-story specialist Henry Kuttner was drafted to pen a new pilot, and Curt Siodmak was hired to direct. (Siodmak was the author of *Donovan's Brain* and scripter of many of Hollywood's most enduring horrors, but among his more recent screen credits had been *Creature with the Atom Brain* [writer only, 1955] and, as both writer and director, *Curucu—Beast of the Amazon* [1956].) As Michael Carreras would discover, there was to be little or no input from Hammer; only the name was required as a peg on which to hang another variation on the old *Shock Theatre* format. Alas, there would be no need. *Tales of Frankenstein* hung itself on conception, quite without any outside help.

The pilot was shot in Hollywood, with London-based Austrian actor Anton Diffring playing the baron and Don Megowan playing the creature. It was entitled "The Face in the Tombstone Mirror." It would be the face of failure, and the film was subsequently shelved. Kuttner died shortly after cowriting the first episode with his wife, and Jerome Bixby (*Curse of the Faceless Man* and *It! The Terror from Beyond Space* [both 1958]) was hired to concoct a second pilot, "Frankenstein Meets Dr. Varno." But it was too late; like Kuttner himself, *Tales of Frankenstein* was already dead.

BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN NEEDS A BRAIN FOR HIS MONSTER. ENTER THE HALPERTS: HE, TERMINALLY ILL; SHE, BEGGING FOR HELP ON HIS BEHALF. FRANKENSTEIN DECLINES, BUT WHEN HALPERT THEN DIES, THE BARON DECIDES TO USE HALPERT'S BRAIN INSTEAD. THE TRANSPLANT IS SUCCESSFUL, BUT THE MONSTER CATCHES SIGHT OF HIMSELF IN A MIRROR. IN A RAGE, HE BREAKS FREE AND PURSUES FRANKENSTEIN TO A GRAVEYARD. HALPERT'S WIFE SHOWS UP AND PLEADS WITH HER MONSTER-HUSBAND TO RETURN FROM WHENCE HE CAME. FILLED WITH REMORSE, THE MONSTER THROWS HIMSELF INTO AN OPEN GRAVE. THE BARON IS ATTEMPTING TO DIG HIM OUT AGAIN WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE.

Conceived at a time when the singular baroque that would become established as a house style for Hammer was less than readily identifiable, the very idea of a series built around the exploits of Hammer's baron was destined from the start to be a stab in the dark. There was,

as yet, no firm consensus as to what had made the Hammer Frankenstein unique, and as far as Columbia was concerned, all that could be seen were the trappings.

Tales of Frankenstein was a hasty and unsuccessful attempt at grafting the ephemera of Hammer period authenticity onto a typically clichéd and monster-oriented Hollywood version of the story or, to be more specific, onto Dick Briefer's pre-1954 *Prize Comics* incarnation of the Frankenstein myth (before the Comics Code Authority stepped in and sent the concept back to the movies where it had spawned).[4] As a result, the atmosphere of this pilot was unmistakably forties' Universal, the one-dimensional plot was pilfered from the horror comics of the early fifties, and the hybrid notion of having Diffring dress in the *mode* of Cushing's baron was merely an exercise in larding these with what was imagined to be the flavor and appeal of the Hammer product.

Even allowing for its restricted running time, "The Face in the Tombstone Mirror" rarely rises above the level of a revue sketch on the baron and his nefarious activities. It chooses to ignore the changes that Universal had been forced to ring on the theme, let alone the radical reappraisal wrought by Hammer. The episode is simplistic to the point of caricature, as naive in approach as many of the commercials it was designed to showcase, and much too darkly *mittel*-European and depressing for the candy-floss tastes of the emergent *I Love Lucy* generation of postgraduate bobby-soxers. With Diffring's characteristically intense playing, Megowan's ominous presence (under a brutalizing and blatantly iconographic monster makeup—no problems with Universal copyright here!), and the able Siodmak's deft handling of the shock elements, it is also exceedingly grim.



Hollywood Gothic: Anton Diffring as the baron in *Tales of Frankenstein. Bottom:* Director Curt Siodmak with Don Megowan (as the monster).

But while there was little feel for the material beyond the commonplace, there *was* an attempt to ape the Hammer design—the lab and staircase sets bear a strong family resemblance to those in *The Curse of Frankenstein*—and the baron's amorality survives intact. Nevertheless, it is easy to see how hidebound the format had become. To nail the casket lid tight, the script was strictly on a pay-as-you-view level. Michael Carreras was more abrasive: Siodmak, he said, was a "charming gentleman of the European school who wrote, produced, and directed a piece of utter *crap*."[5]

If it was not already obvious that this baron had his eye more on the creation of a network slot than the creation of life, the Kuttners ram the point home in time-honored tradition: having been apprehended at the graveside, shovel in hand, by a local constable, Frankenstein turns to the camera and, without a trace of self-parody, commences a monologue of such high camp that to reprise it only dilutes the rich absurdity encapsulated in Diffring's deadpan delivery: "You have your job to do . . . and so have I—and I don't think either of us would let anything stand in the way of fulfilling our respective destinies. . . . Time is of small matter. . . . You see—there is always tomorrow."

Not in this case. By the end of the "pilot season" in 1958, Von was gone, and the series with him.[6]

In the wake of *The Curse of Frankenstein*, a rumor had begun to circulate that Hammer was producing "export-strength" versions of its horror films, encouraged by gleeful statements to that effect by James Carreras—like the outrageously hyperbolic (but off-the-cuff) remark that the creature in the film had been allotted two eyes for the home market, one cyclopean orb for the United States, and no less than *four* ocular appendages for Japan. This notion was to find fuel in *Dracula*, where publicity stills hinted at horrors unseen in the finished film, and about which Tony Hinds had also seen fit to confess to *Picturegoer*'s Tom Hutchinson in December



Hammer and the censor. *Left:* Dummy corpse of Jonathan Harker constructed for *Dracula* but abandoned on advice from the BBFC. *Right:* The staking scene cut from the British release print.

1957, "The Japanese want more blood so we're making them a special version."

Dracula contained three instances of the supposed excess that this rumor has since enshrined in legend: the death of Jonathan Harker, the staking of Lucy Holmwood, and the destruction of the Count himself. In the case of Harker, an emaciated corpse *was* constructed, but was abandoned during production on advice from Soho Square (although after its inclusion in promotional material). The remaining two were the result of Hammer's policy of closer cooperation with the BBFC and the censor's new and more vigorous interest in the company generally.

This time, a copy of the script *had* been sent one month before the start of production, and problems were apparent straightaway. The reader's report referred to "the uncouth, uneducated, disgusting and vulgar style of Mr. Jimmy Sangster," noting that the mix of blood and Technicolor were going to be intrinsically incompatible and that "some of the stake-work is *prohibitive*." Sangster was wise to the ways of the censors: "I would put something in that I was sure wouldn't get through," was his technique for distracting their attention away from the general air of bloodletting in Hammer's films. The censors were wiser still, however. Referring to the excess of violence in Lucy's reaction during her staking, the reader concluded that this had probably been inserted "in order to make us think that we are being let off lightly in other scenes."

Objections at this stage were sniggering and primarily directed at the script's "near-illiteracy," but the preponderance of allusions to nudity (the vampire woman) or near-nudity (Mina's "expanse of bare chest") were drawn to Hammer's attention, as was the amount of blood. The staking was disallowed, the climactic disintegration was considered questionable, and there was to be no shot of a hearse driver's cut throat. By October 1957, Hinds had received his instructions, but, with an eye to the lucrative American and Japanese markets, he had promptly ignored BBFC secretary Nichols's "very strong caution" and shot to the script.

On February 5, 1958, a black-and-white print of the film was submitted to the Board with scenes missing. Nichols was not pleased. A note from his examiner informed him that the producers had "ignored the script letter" and advised that the film should not be passed until it had been seen in color, and in the presence of the president of the Board. Hinds was now in absentia at Screen Gems in Michael Carreras's stead, where he was watching, bemused, as Columbia made a complete hash of its Frankenstein TV pilot, so James Carreras put Tony Nelson Keys onto the phone to smooth-talk their way out of the problem. The Board had seen the "American" version, Keys assured them—the English version would be along shortly.

On February 11, Hinds was back at his desk and was immediately given the list of exceptions. He ordered editor James Needs to remove all the scenes that should not have been shot in the first place. Among other things, out went the close-ups of the staking and a shot of the Count clawing at his disintegrating face. The remainder of the sequence was considerably reduced. By the following day, the BBFC had another version of *Dracula*.

To no one's surprise in Soho Square, there did not seem to be much improvement. Now Nichols demanded the removal of the scene showing Dracula's assault on Mina and all the shots of Lucy writhing in the coffin. He also asked for extra cuts in the climax, and the music was added to the growing list of objections. It was time for the personal touch. James Carreras finally put pen to paper and, in his best conciliatory tones, pleaded for a more tolerant approach, given "the very poor state our industry is in." The letter went on to advise that there had been no attempt to mix sex and horror in the film, as there was an entirely different audience for that kind of material. Later the same day, a personal visit by Carreras produced the desired result: Nichols agreed to soften his stance.

Hinds resubmitted the film in color on April 3 and awaited his certificate, but he was unprepared for the face-saving that would now be required in order to grant it: the sequence in Mina's bedroom and a shot of Dracula's crumbling hand were still to go. He appealed, stating that he had already scored, dubbed, and prepared the negative on the assumption that everything in the film had already been approved; in other words, it was too late. At the BBFC, there was a drawing-in of breath. Hinds was summoned to account for his actions.

On April 14, Hinds was seen by Nichols and Chief Examiner John Trevelyan. After a polite dressing-down, his explanation was accepted—this time. Because of the misunderstanding, the scene in the bedroom would be allowed to stand, but a second shot still remaining of Dracula tearing at his face was to be deleted in place of the hand. Hinds had no option but to agree and left with the warning that he was *not* to repeat his mistake. Unfortunately for Hammer, he would ignore that, also.

Three weeks after the opening of *Dracula*, with some unsettling feedback arriving on his desk, John Nichols received a memo from one of his staff concerning an interview in *Vogue* with James Bernard, "a composer of film music." Bernard had scored *Dracula* and was reported to have said that he was *specifically* asked to write "sex music" for the film. Nichols took note and attached the memo to the file. The board was not going to be fooled *again*.[7]

Hammer's *Dracula* premiered at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on May 20, 1958, and three months later, *The Revenge of Frankenstein* would open at the Plaza, Piccadilly Circus. In keeping with the bravura staging of its now-infamous predecessor, the giant billboard outside the Gaumont was engineered to drip a continuous stream of blood from the Count's slavering lips through some ingenious trip-lighting, and the legend "The Terrifying Lover who died . . . yet LIVED!" was accompanied by the exhortation "DO NOT SEE IT ALONE!" to add spice and aid ticket sales. At peak times, the lines extended up to a quarter of a mile beyond the box office, and the film would go on to break all records for a first-week take at the Gaumont since its opening in 1925.

But with success come envy and spite—there were stirrings. Though none had condoned the emphasis on the graphic that had been the hallmark of the film, reviews of *The Curse of Frankenstein* had nevertheless commented favorably on the expertise with which it had been made. No such balance was to greet *Dracula*. The message had hit home now; the end of the road had been reached, if one believed Harold Conway of the *Daily Sketch*. Despite its immeasurable superiority over its predecessor, press reaction to this new Hammer Gothic was noticeably fiercer. Having had more than a year to mull over their earlier remarks, and a spate of gratuitous exploitation pieces to contend with in the meantime as commentary on their folly, the critics were less than kind.

Nina Hibbin of the *Daily Worker* set the tone. "Astute producers are realizing that brutality and sadism have had their day at the box office. Michael Carreras—please copy!" she admonished. Since the public was turning out in vast numbers to enjoy what *The Observer*'s C. A. Lejeune had christened "a singularly repulsive piece of nonsense," this advice seemed premature. But it was to echo among the highbrow. In a general condemnation of the trend, Derek Malcolm wrote in *Sight and Sound*, "A sane society cannot stand the *posters*, let alone the films," while Peter John Dyer, in the effortlessly snobbish *Films and Filming*, noted, "There are boring horror films and tasteless horror films. This new version of *Dracula* is a boring, tasteless horror film."

Tasteless it may have been, but boring it was not, as *Dracula* proved by going on to repeat the same impressive results that had greeted *The Curse of Frankenstein*, which, according to Hinds, had now made more than $3 million in America and more than its production budget from exhibition in Japan alone.

The upturn of the preceding year had seen Hammer's production program reinstated without interruption. When *The Curse of Frankenstein* was delivered to Warner Bros. in New York on April 8, *The Steel Bayonet* and



The Gaumont, Haymarket, during the London run of *Dracula* in May 1958.

the newly complete *The Abominable Snowman* had gone with it. James Carreras announced that from here on, he would be "concentrating on films for global consumption." After the summer, things began to happen fast at Bray. Having smelled the money in blood—and in *Dracula*'s blood, in particular, Universal announced that it would have no further need of its lawyers and would be turning its back catalog of horror titles over to Hammer Films for the remake treatment. *Dracula* was already in release, so the first of these "joint" ventures was to be *The Mummy*, though as the deal was subcontractual in nature, Hammer would still be free to go wherever else its collective nose might take it.

Dracula would be the first Hammer Horror to go out via Rank, due to its distribution tie-in with Universal. Hitherto, the Odeon circuit had championed the cause of family entertainment, and its chairman, John Davis, had to be persuaded to make *Dracula* an exception to the rule. Carreras, now designated the "King of Nausea," had naturally been up to the task, though the film was consigned to the lower-profile Gaumont subsidiary. Rank explained its decision thus: "There has always been a considerable public demand for the type of entertainment which has also been popular on the live theatre stage under the general classification of *grand guignol*. We consider *Dracula* to be an example of this type of film and so we feel justified in departing from our normal policy"—causing one critic to note that "if a film is going to be a guaranteed success then it is worthwhile departing from a policy." With thirty-five new horrors promised from Hollywood (in addition to a further seven announced by Hammer itself) and "family fare" in a seemingly irreversible decline, that policy was to undergo a more permanent rethink in the months to come.

At the time of *Dracula*'s release, the arts were in the throes of a sexual awakening that would culminate in the sensational obscenity trial of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. The intimacy of kitchen-sink drama on television was spearheading the trend, and in the cinema, the "new

wave" and an influx of naturist films were coming hard on the heels of Brigitte Bardot's latest disrobings in the cause of realism. *The Curse of Frankenstein* had played in many of the same so-called art houses that had been home to Bardot and Gina Lollobrigida in the past, and Hammer was aware of the connection *and* the appeal of spiced-up scenarios. *Frankenstein Created Woman* had already been announced in acknowledgment of Bardot's 1956 success *And God Created Woman*.

The emphasis on cleavage that was to figure in all Hammer's Gothics was no more a product of Victorian dress design than was the inclusion of suitably large-breasted females to flesh out such apparel. Melissa Stribling's costumes in *Dracula* were hand-me-downs, except her negligee, and while it was hardly diaphanous, it was still impressively backlit as an aid to the imaginative voyeur! Actresses were soon hired on the strength of a talent that owed little to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (RADA), and if Hammer shot a special version for abroad, it was not for added gore but for *erotics*, such as a nude of Hazel Court in the following year's *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*.

The disputed bedroom sequence makes it clear that Hammer knew exactly where the wind was and just how closely it was sailing to it. In style and staging, it parallels a similar encounter with Lucy earlier in the film. Silently, Mina "welcomes" Dracula to her room and retreats toward the bed. He enters, back to the camera, as the music rises to a crescendo, and closes the door—thus providing the scene with a natural fade. But the camera does not *stay* outside the door or outside the Count's blackout cloak, as it had previously. This time, there is a jarring cut to a point-of-view *inside* the room, beside the bed, as Dracula approaches. Again, the music wells up. The vampire caresses, then moves to ravish his victim as a second fade obscures what follows.

Hammer sometimes added footage that it could remove seamlessly if the censor were to demand it—making unpredictable cuts could be an expensive and uncertain business. This is where the idea originated that there were multiple versions of certain scenes. At least two versions of some scenes *were* shot, but these were for the British censor, and the "stronger" of them was always submitted first. They also took what were known as *protectives*: cutaways or reaction shots that could be inserted to substitute for anything that was disallowed. Had the contentious bedroom sequence been deleted as intended, its absence would have gone unnoticed—the film is intact without it. But the BBFC looked kindly on it, and it remains in place. It is the one sequence that was used in all subsequent publicity, and its purpose is plain—it was designed to test the water.

If Hammer sold horror, then it sold sex in equal measure. But three years later, it would not be so lucky, and that license would be withdrawn.

With its production roster expanding faster than vampire ash in a cup of blood, Hammer again turned to Eliot Hyman, who had been excluded from recent transactions. *Dracula* had been funded to the tune of £33,000 by the National Film Finance Company, with the remainder coming from Universal in return for distribution rights to the film, but the ubiquitous Connecticut businessman had since become a silent partner in Ray Stark's newly formed Seven Arts venture, and financing from Hyman offered a better range of options.

This time around, he decided to take out some insurance. At the guarded invitation of James Carreras, Hyman's son Kenneth was decamped to Wardour Street and welcomed into the Hammer fold, ostensibly to learn the ropes of producing, but also to keep a partisan eye on the purse strings for Hammer's American investors. He was to be less successful at the latter of the two tasks. Faced with the burgeoning list of offshoot companies that were now blossoming from the parent operation in all directions, Ken Hyman soon realized the futility of trying to unravel Hammer's intricate financial affairs: "We made a lot of money—but I don't think we made as much as we *should* have made."

Under the counsel of Brian Lawrence and accountant William Croft, Hammer had become well versed in the common industry practice of producing individual films through subsidiary companies specially set up for the purpose, to speed audits and offset tax—in American-speak, "collapsible corporations." Hammer would use more than thirty such subsidiaries over the years—Clarion, Concanen, Key, Cadogan, Hotspur, Merlin, Laverstock (formerly Lawrie), and so on[8]—but all were known by the name that was applied to one group in particular: the "bird" companies, which were composed of Falcon, Cormorant, Sparrow, Swallow, Woodpecker, Jackdaw, and others. Lawrence would crow his belief that there were "a hundred ways to make a deal," and accordingly, a multitude of sins were enabled to fly by night on the wings of a bird. Shortly before his death in 1959, company solicitor Donald McKelvie suggested that Hammer might go public. It was a proposition that held little appeal for James Carreras. Public companies required

public accountability, and not all of Hammer's money was that easily accounted for.

To give himself a calling card, Ken Hyman had purchased the rights to the Sherlock Holmes evergreen *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, from the Conan Doyle estate, and had already secured partial funding for the film from United Artists. By March 1958, the title had found its way onto the list of forthcoming attractions in place of a previously announced remake of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, with James Carreras promising, "When Peter Cushing plays the part [of Holmes] . . . I shall get him to sex it up a bit." With Hyman assigned to Tony Hinds for the September production of the next Hammer Gothic (but without a British credit for union reasons), Michael Carreras was appointed to return the favor and oversee Hammer's interest in its first Seven Arts coproduction: the long-promised film version of Lawrence P. Bachmann's novel *The Phoenix*—one of Michael's pet projects.

Truly international in scale, this post–World War II bomb-disposal saga would star Jeff Chandler and Jack Palance and be filmed on location in Berlin. But Michael reckoned without the vagaries of its macho nominee director, Robert Aldrich, the formidable producer-director of *The Big Knife* (1955), *Kiss Me Deadly* (1955), and most appropriately, *Attack!* (1956). In the attempt to take on Hollywood at its own game, he was to find himself as ill-equipped to navigate the political waters of Seven Arts as Ken Hyman had been with those of Hammer.

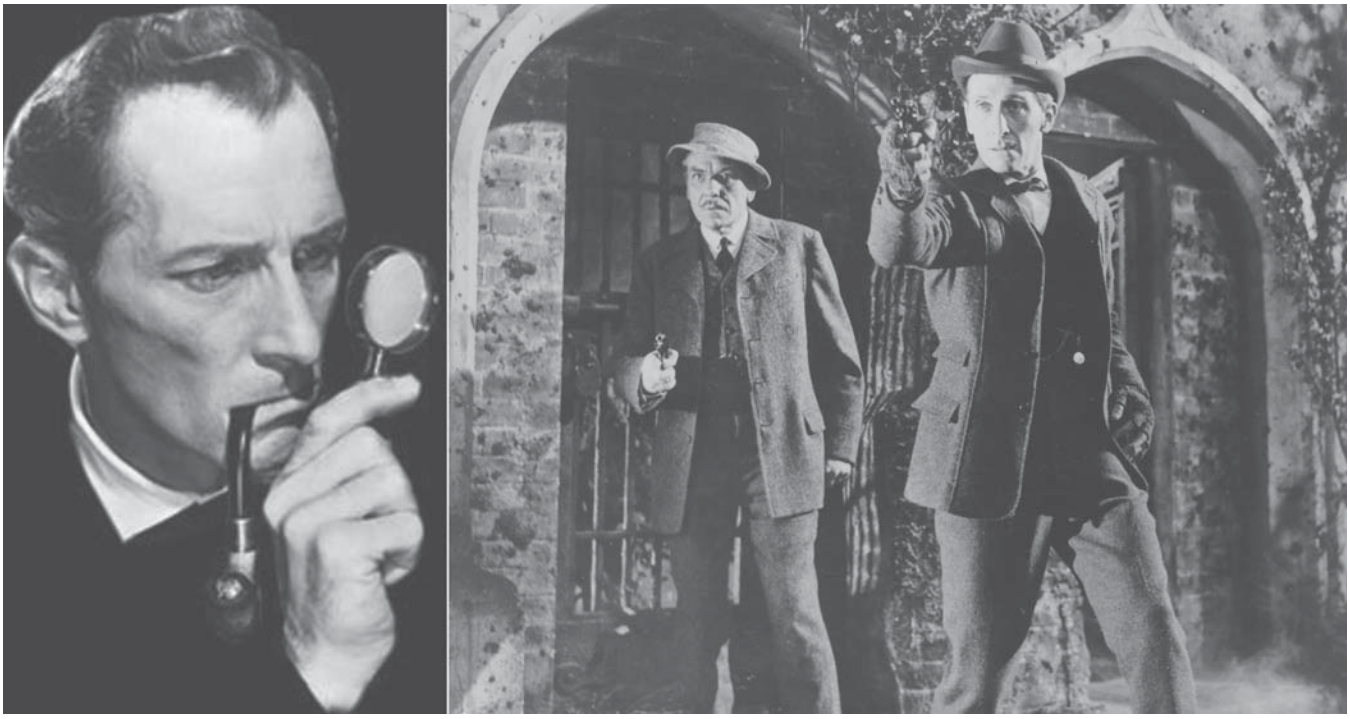
> HOLMES: *My professional charges are upon a fixed scale—I do not vary them, except when I remit them altogether.*
>
> —script addendum, *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (courtesy of Conan Doyle's "The Problem of Thor Bridge")[9]

It was appropriate that Hammer should choose *The Hound of the Baskervilles* as the film to return Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes to the screen after an absence of thirteen years. It was this story that had returned the character to literary life in 1901 after his fatal encounter with Professor Moriarty at the Reichenbach Falls in "The Final Problem."

Naturally, Peter Cushing would play the great detective (fresh from a couple of interim non-Hammer roles—as the British naval officer who would hear Robert Stack's Revolutionary War privateer John Paul Jones exclaim, "I have not yet begun to fight!" and as the infamous Dr. Knox in John Gilling's *The Flesh and the Fiends*, coincidentally Cushing's professed role model for Frankenstein). Naturally, Tony Hinds would produce and Terence Fisher would direct. But Sangster was busy on other projects, such as *Jack the Ripper* and *The Siege of Sidney Street* (for Baker and Berman), so the task of grafting the gentleman sleuth onto a Hammer Horror fell to Peter Bryan, in his first feature-length script for the company. Although the film's backer was United Artists, the plot—with Universal's consent—was to lean heavily on the Fox original of 1939, the rights to which had transferred to Universal when it took on the ensuing series after *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1940).

The Hound of the Baskervilles was to entrench the skills of Hammer's technical team and cement the alliance of all of those on both sides of the camera who, in unison, were to create a new *form* in British cinema. The style of future Gothics would be consolidated here, characterized by Bernard Robinson's inventive sets and Jack Asher's richly saturated photography. The look and feel of Hammer Horror—that decadent textural elegance embryonic in *The Curse of Frankenstein*, proclaimed with vigor in *Dracula*, but held in abeyance again in the rush to *The Revenge of Frankenstein*—would finally take its first real bow.

ACCORDING TO LEGEND, THE BASKERVILLE FAMILY IS CURSED BY A "HOUND FROM HELL" THAT WILL DESTROY ALL THE HEIRS. SHERLOCK HOLMES IS HIRED TO PROTECT SIR HENRY, NEW HEIR TO THE BASKERVILLE FORTUNE AND LAST OF THE LINE. HOLMES SENDS DR. WATSON TO BASKERVILLE HALL ON DARTMOOR. MEANWHILE, SIR HENRY HAS BECOME ATTRACTED TO CECILE STAPLETON, THE DAUGHTER OF ONE OF HIS TENANTS. AN ESCAPED CONVICT IS ON THE LOOSE; WHILE SEARCHING ON THE MOOR, WATSON IS SURPRISED BY HOLMES AND THEY DISCOVER THE CONVICT DEAD, IN A SUIT OF SIR HENRY'S CLOTHES. HOLMES DEDUCES THAT THE MAN WAS MISTAKEN FOR SIR HENRY, THE CLOTHES HAVING BEEN GIVEN AS AN ACT OF CHARITY. FINDING SOME HALF-EATEN BONES IN AN OLD MINE SHAFT, HOLMES NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH WHEN THE ROOF COLLAPSES. HE ESTABLISHES THAT THE CURSE IS A COVER FOR A PLOT TO KILL BASKERVILLE, AND HE ALLOWS THE BARONET TO BE LED INTO THE TRAP. THE TENANT STAPLETON RELEASES THE HOUND, BUT BOTH ARE SHOT BY HOLMES. CECILE PERISHES IN GRYMPEN MIRE, AND HOLMES EXPLAINS THAT STAPLETON WAS THE ILLEGITIMATE HEIR TO THE ESTATE WHOSE MURDER SPREE WAS AN ATTEMPT TO CLAIM HIS RIGHTFUL INHERITANCE.



Left: Peter Cushing as Sherlock Holmes in *The Hound of the Baskervilles. Right:* André Morell (as Dr. Watson) and Peter Cushing.

> *Know then the legend of the Hound of the Baskervilles. Know then, that the great hall of Baskervilles was once held by Sir Hugo of that name: a wild, profane, and godless man. An evil man, in truth, for there was with him a certain ugly and cruel humor that made his name a by-word in the county.*
>
> —opening narration,
> *The Hound of the Baskervilles*

The flashback that follows this narration expands on that in the 1939 film (which was conveyed via a series of trite tableaux framed in the pages of the manuscript from which Lionel Atwill's Dr. Mortimer read), but since its role is that of a red herring in the tale, the proportion of the whole that it occupies is extravagant, to say the least. It was felt to be the one area where Hammer horrifics could more readily be applied to Conan Doyle's sedate mystery, however, as the vile Sir Hugo first tortures a stable hand, then wagers his cronies on a promise of gang rape of the servant girl whom he has locked upstairs.

David Oxley's Hugo Baskerville is a genuine grotesque, a creature of frightening power. It is he, rather than the hound, who contributes the film's one great shock: Fisher first builds on the escape of the girl, then cuts abruptly to the crazed figure of Sir Hugo standing at the head of the stairs, his features illuminated by a lightning flash and contorted in demonic rage as he hisses, "The bitch has flown." This lengthy episode sets a mood that is never quite recaptured in the remainder of the film, but that is a minor quibble. The vivacity of its execution is enough to stamp the Hammer marque across the production, and it easily surpasses the similar expository opening in *Dracula* to provide one of the finest set pieces in the Hammer canon.

The sequence served to concatenate Hammer's growing narrative obsession with a diseased nobility whose time was coming to an end, and it is a pity that it did not find a film more worthy of it. With Bryanston and Woodfall Films about to chart a path to screen stories rooted in the working class,[10] so, too, did Hammer Horror reflect the new tide of socialism rising in the land, despite the fact that Bray was only a rugby ball's throw away from the playing fields of Eton. Monsters were no longer from space, they were from the ranks of the elite—the landed gentry—a corrupt aristocracy feeding off the lifeblood of the lower orders. The pendulum was swinging back in the wake of the Suez Crisis and the "never had it so good" platitudes of the idle rich. As Cecile observes toward the end of *The Hound*, "I, too, am a Baskerville—descended from Sir Hugo—descended from those who died in poverty while you *scum* ruled the Moor!"

The film was on a much smaller scale than that of its predecessor at Bray, and it was to bear many of the

hallmarks of a stopgap production. James Bernard contributed a reduced score to *The Hound*, fleshed out with borrowings from *Dracula*. With the necessity of location shooting at Frensham Ponds in Surrey, some minor inserts and other scenes were eliminated. In the absence of Sangster, and despite its shortcomings in purist terms, Hinds's protégé Peter Bryan[11] delivered a workmanlike script that offers up some welcome *femme* interest in the person of Cecile, to provide a splendidly vindictive *belle dame sans merci* in the shape of Italian actress Marla Landi (who had modeled under her real name of Maria [Marcella] Scorafia). The bastard progeny of Sir Hugo remain the villains of the piece, but in tune with the times, and in line with Hammer's pronouncements on the nature of its revision, death is now a *woman*. The dated revenge motive of the novella is sublimated to a more appealing motif of sexual revenge in the film.

Less successful is the bending of the story line to bring it within the parameters of Hammer's own thematic universe and the corresponding attempt to mold Holmes into a kind of sub–Van Helsing figure. This only serves to produce some annoying inconsistencies in the great detective's psychology. "Do as the legend tells, and avoid the Moor when the forces of darkness are exalted," Holmes exhorts, in complete contradiction to the spirit of Doyle's rationalist. (In the story, this line *remains* in the "legend.")

This time, Cushing had precedent: he was following in the footsteps of illustrious forerunners like Clive Brook, Reginald Owen, Arthur Wontner, and Basil Rathbone. The Holmes of Rathbone overshadowed all others, but Gainsborough Pictures had also tried its hand at a version of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* in 1932, with Robert Rendel as the detective and Fred Lloyd as his faithful sidekick, Watson.[12]

In spite of a superficial appearance to the contrary and the actor's professed fondness for the part, Cushing's playing of Holmes is much less adroit than his Baron Frankenstein. His reading of the role is unnervingly variable—affected and obnoxious—offering only the slightest trace of the inner strength and undoubted genius that made Doyle's Holmes such a singularly unique fictional character. He is not helped by a screenplay that barely scratches the surface of the man and, in contriving that Holmes should glean most of the important clues in the case from the convict (rather than through his own powers of deductive reasoning), reduces the stature of the character to the point where he functions as little more than a plainclothes policeman, as opposed to the "foremost champion of the law of [his] generation" that he was in Watson's eyes.[13]

As I thought—Selden. The body's been mutilated. Some revolting sacrificial rite has been performed.

—Sherlock Holmes, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*

The Hound of the Baskervilles' climax with the titular beast is mitigated by the fact that the hound's presence throughout has been attested to only via an occasional howl (whereas the script had called for the *shadow* of the beast to shroud the action at intervals). When it does appear, it is distinctly anticlimactic, in the manner of *The Abominable Snowman*. In Fisher's hands, the innate docility of the obligatory Great Dane is only too obvious; it is equipped with an ineffective mask, and the stand-in can clearly be seen to grab it in an effort to make it look as though he is being attacked. (A week of additional second-unit work with the dog and a boy in facsimile of Sir Henry's clothes—to try to make the hound appear more gigantic—was discarded when the hoped-for effect failed to convince sufficiently.)

It is because of such conceptual deficiencies that *The Hound* must remain a minor entry in Hammer's horror repertoire. James Carreras was his usual exuberant self in the *Daily Cinema* in defense of it: "The fact that the Sherlock Holmes Society in London rate it the greatest Sherlock Holmes film ever made, fully supports all our own high claims for it," he said. But the critics would be less enthusiastic—"Doyle and water," was one assessment. The film has all the right ingredients, but after a barnstorming opening, it somehow falls short of its central objective, despite an advertising campaign that was to announce it as "Sherlock Holmes' Most *Terrifying* Adventure!"

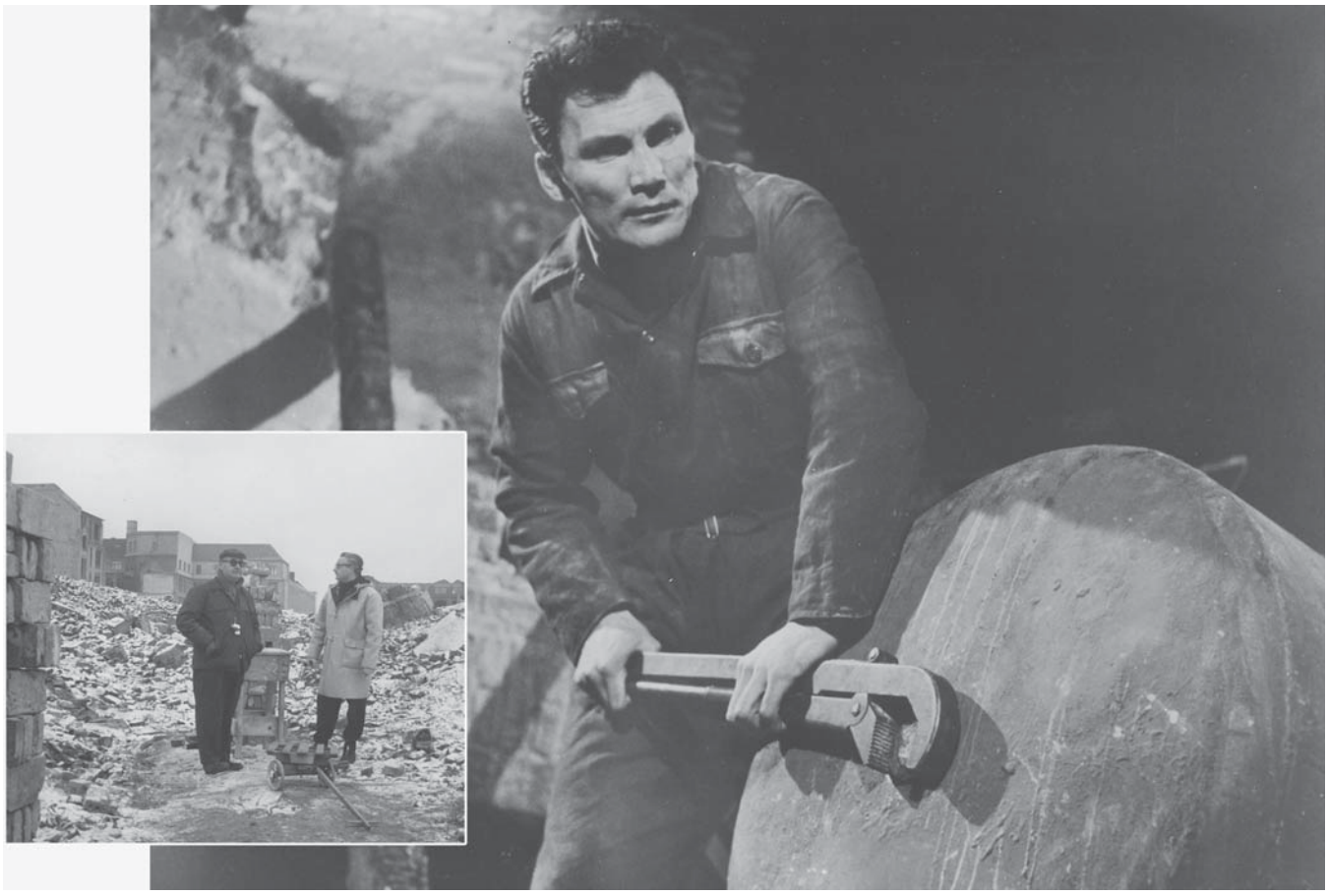
Dealing with a capricious Great Dane was nothing compared to dealing with the undisciplined bull terrier into which Robert Aldrich had turned during the shooting of *The Phoenix*. The director had become smitten with the sights and sounds of Europe, so British supporting players sat by unused, and Jeff Chandler whiled away his off-set hours in interminable phone calls home. When the still relatively inexperienced Michael Carreras found himself staring at an overbudget, overblown epic of ever-expanding proportions and—with only a punch in the jaw to testify to his appeals for moderation on behalf of Hammer's American backers—he was forced to call for outside help. Seven Arts supremo Ray Stark was summoned to mediate, in a last-ditch attempt to bring the

unruly director back in line. This did not go according to plan, however, and Stark's intervention resulted in the young producer being removed from control while the wayward Aldrich was given carte blanche to finish the film exactly as he pleased.

That was only the start. Stuck with a grossly overlong and tediously indulgent piece that bore little relation to the novel from which it had sprung, United Artists demanded the Aldrich epic be cut to something more in tune with the original intent. This process was to last for several months, with Hammer eventually dispatching editor Henry Richardson to Los Angeles to make what he could of the resultant mess. A compromise was finally reached, and the film underwent a title change to *Ten Seconds to Hell*. It had been all of that, and more than a squad of angst-ridden conscripts were blown to pieces in the aftermath. "If it had worked, Hammer would have gone on to get some much bigger artists and some much better properties, and we would have been making really big pictures," Michael noted ruefully. "Aldrich killed us."[14]

When James Carreras flew to the United States to attend the May 28 world premiere of *Dracula* at New York's Mayfair Theater, he carried with him a story line for a Dracula sequel that he announced would "be completed in the next twelve months." This treatment followed the pattern that Sangster had laid down for *The Revenge of Frankenstein* and was to have returned Dracula to life in the briefest possible screen time. But resurrecting the Count was not to be as simple as had been the resurrection of the baron.

Cushing and Lee were aware of the precedent that had been set for them. In Lee's case, he was all too familiar with the life and tragic career of Bela Lugosi, the actor most identified with the role of the Count, who had died in August 1956 after years of morphine addiction (and playing second fiddle to the *real* star of James Whale's *Frankenstein*: Boris Karloff). "We realized, both of us, that we had inherited the mantle of Karloff and Lugosi," Lee said. To ensure that the lesson of history was not



Hammer at war: *Ten Seconds to Hell* (Jack Palance). *Inset:* Director Robert Aldrich and Michael Carreras in Berlin.

lost, he had decided to try his hand at a variety of other roles before once more donning the cape of the vampire. Consequently, Hammer was forced to play a waiting game as far as its sequel to *Dracula* was concerned—for the moment, at least.

With the soar-away success of *Dracula* and *The Camp on Blood Island* (both would appear in British lists of the top twelve box-office draws for 1958) and a myriad of new thriller subjects in the planning, Hammer found itself in the enviable position of being able to attract no end of worthy acting talent to its door, like proverbial moths to the flame. "Actors like pantomime, and to do a horror film was a *fun* thing to do," said Tony Hinds. Hammer had not, as yet, achieved respectability, but it was acceptably *chic*, and its Bray Studios, deep in the Berkshire countryside on the banks of the River Thames, were now the place to be.

> *Bray Studios, situated on the main Windsor–Maidenhead road, are easily accessible from London by all modes of transport. . . . The natural surroundings provide their own advantages. Wide, sweeping lawns leading to the banks of the Thames, adjoin part of the studio lot.*
>
> —advertising supplement, *Cinema*, September 1957

Before Jimmy Sangster acquired his Bentley Continental (which he would lease to Hammer whenever the opportunity arose), his journey to work had been more mundane. "When I was living in Chelsea, I used to catch the tube from South Kensington station to Hammersmith Broadway. The company ran a bus; we used to leave the Broadway at 7:30 every morning." After *Dracula*, Christopher Lee was to drive there in his Mercedes, often in the company of other actors collected along the way. Oliver Reed recalled such trips: "Christopher used to pick Denis Shaw and myself up at Earls Court and we'd have to listen to him sing opera all the way down. *German* opera—all the time!" James Carreras, on the rare occasions when he ventured outside the confines of Wardour Street, sat in the back of a black Vauxhall Cresta and confined ostentation to a chauffeur—at least in the early days. The modes of transportation may have differed, but the roads all led to Bray.

The studios, and Oakley Court adjacent, lay on the river side of the through road between the small town of Maidenhead—with its narrow High Street (in the days before shopping malls), boating park, and Skindles Hotel to provide rest and sustenance—and the large town of Windsor, with its regal connections. Bray village, with its notorious *Vicar*, picturesque church, and pivotal garage (glimpsed briefly in *The Quatermass Xperiment*) was the landmark, although a detour on the route. The rough track leading down to the house had been bordered to shield the inner sanctum from prying eyes on the road, but for those whose business it was to be there, the lot would lead them on to the car park, from where a short walk past the new Stage 1 and smaller Stage 2 (both to the right) would bring them to the administration block—actually the extended east wing of Down Place itself, which now had a maze of wooden adjuncts foisted onto it to the left, housing the sound and editing departments.

To the technician reporting for duty, this was the 8:30 A.M. start of a ten-hour day (if it was a Monday, Tuesday, or Thursday; a nine-and-a-half-hour day, if it was not). According to assistant director Hugh Harlow, Hammer "never deviated" from this basic pattern. Like any other business, the turnover of staff at Bray put different faces in place at different times, but many of the Hammer personnel enjoyed a longevity with the company that was rare elsewhere, and most of the best-known were already in situ by 1958.

If Hammer's horrors began with their opulent sets, then the sets began with Bernard Robinson and assistant art director Don Mingaye. Making them a reality was the province of construction manager Arthur Banks and plasterers such as Stan Banks and Mickey Lyons; Tommy Money was the prop master. Animating them was the job of the actor or actress, and breathing Gothic life into Hammer's "repertory company" required a small army of beauticians and couturiers. Their hair was currently in the hands of Henry Montsash (Frieda Steiger would soon step in), their appearance in those of Phil Leakey (Roy Ashton waited in the wings), and their wardrobe in the charge of Rose Burrows and Molly Arbuthnot. Backing *them* up was a technical staff whose task was to ensure that the assembled cast looked, spoke, and performed as they should on screen. Behind the lens was operator Len Harris and his focus-puller Harry Oakes; pumping up the volume was sound man Jock May; and splicing the results together was editor Jim Needs and his cutting crew. Any effects were still being conjured up by Sydney Pearson, and production was invariably managed by Don Weeks. The continuity girl was Shirley Barnes (Tilly Day and Pauline Wise were to follow in her footsteps), and engineering and electrics remained the responsibility of Jack Curtis. But these are just some; of the majority not mentioned in person, all can be deemed included in spirit.

A handful of individuals stood out, for reasons of idiosyncrasy or expertise—from camera-car driver Bill "Coco" Epps to stills man Tom Edwards, who had begun as a printer but took over the job from John Jay, and whose proficiency with a Rolleiflex was the envy of Michael Ripper, himself a keen photographer (but, in his case, with a Leica). "There was a certain ambience about the studio and all to do with it," Ripper asserts. "The whole atmosphere was alive." That impression was shared by Christopher Lee. "Everyone was extremely friendly," he remembers. "The food was the best in England and the atmosphere in the studio was better than any other I've ever worked in." The first went some way to guaranteeing the second, since Mrs. Thompson's studio canteen had become as good a reason to do a Hammer film as anything else. Lee goes on: "There were never any disagreements on the set—never any rows or temperamental outbursts. We all got on together very well. It was a very happy time; probably the happiest time of my career." New boy Oliver Reed put it more succinctly: "That was the most *amazing* place."

If an air of cozy gentility hung over Bray, it was hardly diminished by the two studio cats who roamed the grounds, one of whom had made a more convincing attempt at the climactic leap onto Sir Henry during a rehearsal for *The Hound of the Baskervilles* than did the Great Dane that was employed for the purpose. But an air of quiet efficiency was also present, and the tranquility of the setting belied the ceaseless activity behind the scenes of Hammer's horror "factory." In the view of Len Harris, "Hammer had got together a lot of very good craftsmen. Very efficient people." Oliver Reed agreed: "They knew exactly what they were doing—and they were very quick, very professional. The staff they had there were very slick." "And very *keen* people they were, too," Harris adds. As well they might be; they were from the cream of British studios. Several of the plasterers had worked at Denham, while other specialties had come from Gainsborough, as had Bray's general-manager-in-waiting, Tony Nelson Keys. "You very rarely saw producers on the set at Hammer," the irreverent Reed observed. "They used to listen to everything through the boom, which was wired into Tony's office. When I got a bit more senior, I used to go in and have a drink with Tony, and you could hear all the chat in the studio. He was *ear-wigging* for the producers!"

But the keynote of success was a more constructive form of listening. "The drive behind it was Tony Hinds and Michael Carreras," Harris believed, "and they were very willing to listen to any ideas that would make the studio more efficient and easy running." Hinds concurs: "The chaps knew that if we went over budget or schedule then that was the profit gone. The attitude was good at that time about 'getting on'—there was no question of 'can we make it a bit better' or go on a bit longer; it was nice, the time around *Hound of the Baskervilles*. It was a nice period." "One big happy family," Lee concludes.

The family feel for which Bray would be best remembered was no accident. Costumer Molly Arbuthnot was the sister of Don Weeks, and Stan and Arthur Banks were brothers, but many of the studio's other employees were closer still. Jimmy Sangster had married hairdresser Monica Hustler, while Michael Carreras had wed his grandfather's secretary, Yvonne Josephine Maccagno. Rose Burrows was to repeat the performance with Eddie Powell, Christopher Lee's stunt double (his stand-in was Eric Wetherell, whereas Cushing's was Paddy Smith), assistant director Hugh Harlow would do the same with Pauline Wise, and Bernard Robinson was to meet his wife, Margaret, by first engaging her to work in the model shop. Phil Leakey's wife found occasional employment in hairdressing, Colin Garde's in makeup with her husband, and Frieda Steiger's other half was called on as a stand-in. No doubt some have slipped the net.

This, then, was the fantasy land that Michael Carreras told his children was his destination each day as he drove down from his home at Boulter's Lock to begin to produce more of his own share of the roster of films—a perfect little corner of England, where dreams and nightmares went hand in hand, amid green fields and sleepy towns and villages, in the lazy, hazy summers of the late 1950s. But if Bray Studios still retained the look and feel of a cottage industry at the turn of 1958, that cottage was in the sights of the developers, and foremost among them was James Carreras.

Paramount now wanted to get in on the act and offered Hammer remake rights on a property from their own back catalog—the 1944 thriller *The Man in Half Moon Street*, which had starred Nils Asther. As the company looked toward the New Year with increasing optimism, the project was added to the lists and announced to the trades as *The Man in Rue Noire*.

We must find a man to operate at once, or God help me!

—Julian Karell, *The Man in Half Moon Street*

The original Paramount feature *The Man in Half Moon Street* had been based on a play by Barré Lyndon about a scientist who discovered the secret of eternal life, which

had itself drawn inspiration from the legend of the Count St.-Germain, an eighteenth-century occultist at the court of Louis XV who was reputed to be in possession of the Elixir of Youth.[15]

The most poignant and revealing scene in the original film echoed the supposed real-life encounters between St.-Germain and the Countess von Georgy, first in 1710 and then in 1760. In the scene, Asther's Julian Karell comes face-to-face with a former lover, in the person of the now-venerable Lady Aldergate. The lady is astonished by the similarity between Karell and her erstwhile suitor, Julian LeStrange (a previous alias of Karell's), and he teasingly recalls intimate details of their affair. The grande dame is shocked at the depth of the young man's knowledge about her *amour-triste*, but remains blind to the truth. Karell reassures her, passing off the indiscretion as a tale told him by his "grandfather," whose memory could at times be "embarrassingly accurate."

No such scene exists in Hammer's version of the story, and with Terence Fisher none the wiser, Jimmy Sangster's purely functional screenplay would turn what had been an unusually thoughtful treatment of the *Dorian Gray* theme into a crude surgical thriller geared toward a single shock effect.

The film was offered to Peter Cushing, but the recent adverse critical reaction and similar doubts to those of Christopher Lee about "typecasting" were also giving him pause for thought; after some preliminary discussions, he turned it down. "Cushing did not think much of Jimmy Sangster as a writer and was always complaining about his dialogue," Tony Hinds recollects. "I didn't like the whole idea of it," Cushing said—in addition to which, he had been shown the script only days before shooting was due to commence on November 17, immediately on completion of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Cushing always made meticulous preparations for a role, learning his part "from cover to cover" prior to filming. With no warning of the production, he had committed himself elsewhere, in any event. Losing interest by the day, Hinds relinquished the project to Michael Carreras,



The Man Who Could Cheat Death (Delphi Lawrence, Anton Diffring).

who promptly changed the title and turned to Anton Diffring, who coincidentally had played the role of Lyndon's "immortal" protagonist in an hour-long ABC Television adaptation of *The Man in Half Moon Street* eighteen months before. After his summary ejection from *Tales of Frankenstein*, it was perhaps fitting that Diffring should again play the title role of *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*.

PARIS, 1890. DR. GEORGES BONNET IS AWAITING PROFESSOR WEISS, WHO IS TO ASSIST IN THE OPERATION THAT BONNET MUST UNDERGO AT REGULAR INTERVALS. WEISS ARRIVES BUT REVEALS THAT A STROKE NOW PREVENTS HIM FROM PERFORMING SURGERY. BONNET IS DISTRAUGHT, BUT HE MANAGES TO STAVE OFF HIS MYSTERIOUS AILMENT WITH AN ELIXIR THAT HE KEEPS LOCKED IN A SAFE. DURING ONE SUCH TREATMENT, HE IS INTERRUPTED BY HIS CURRENT MISTRESS, MARGO; HE ACCIDENTALLY DISFIGURES HER AS A RESULT OF HIS CONDITION. BONNET RENEWS HIS AFFAIR WITH JANINE, BUT FAILS IN HIS QUEST TO FIND A SUITABLE REPLACEMENT FOR WEISS. THE POLICE ARE INTERESTED IN A SERIES OF MURDERS SPANNING SEVERAL DECADES, AND IT TRANSPIRES THAT BONNET HAS FOUND THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH, BUT THAT GLAND IMPLANTS ARE NEEDED AS PART OF THE PROCESS; THIS HAS LED HIM TO MURDER. WEISS DECIDES NOT TO CONTINUE WITH THE EXPERIMENT AND SMASHES THE VIAL OF LIFE-SUSTAINING FLUID. ENRAGED, BONNET KILLS HIM. HE LOCKS JANINE IN HIS CELLAR AND BLACKMAILS HER CONSORT, PIERRE, INTO PERFORMING THE OPERATION. BONNET REVEALS HIS SECRET TO JANINE BUT, TO HIS HORROR, HE STARTS TO AGE; HE REALIZES THAT PIERRE HAS NOT REPLACED THE GLAND! THE POLICE ARRIVE AS MARGO SETS FIRE TO THE CELLAR. NOW REVERTED TO HIS TRUE AGE OF 104, BONNET PERISHES IN THE FLAMES.

As an example of how an actor's personality can alter the essence of a drama regardless of script intent, one has only to compare Asther's misguided (yet understandable) desire to prolong his existence, despite the cost, with Diffring's monomaniacal pursuit of the same goal. Diffring's paranoid and progressively psychotic obsession with the life-span-enhancing operation makes a nonsense of the altruism that was meant to have been at the root of the discovery in the first place. A cold and unsympathetic actor at best, Diffring would spend most of his career playing the same nasty Nazi in a variety of war films, from *The Colditz Story* (1954) to *Where Eagles Dare* (1968) and beyond. His screen persona was the very epitome of self-seeking ruthlessness, coupled with an air of calculated indifference to human life. It would be perfectly suited to the surgeon-villain of *Circus of Horrors*, but it left *The Man Who Could Cheat Death* without a center of empathy. The result was soulless and detached, and a lackluster showing at the box office followed suit.

The film represented at least a partial change of pace for Hammer. Despite pushing its period back to 1890 and thereby sacrificing the fingerprint evidence that had been so integral to *The Man in Half Moon Street*, both plot and playing are stubbornly modernist. In production terms, it is typically slick—so much so, that Jack Asher's immaculate lighting supplies a profusion of atmosphere where none would exist without it. But concessions to speed are nonetheless everywhere in evidence. There is little incidental music, Richard Rodney Bennett's effective xylophonic title piece being used repeatedly throughout, and much of the action is of the talking-heads variety, conducted via a minimum of sets. This leads to characters elucidating the plot as events progress, then updating their stories to fill in the gaps when the scenario suddenly decides to notch up a gear in its rush toward the desultory finale. But the script is not without the usual touches of Sangster black humor: "We don't want people to know the doctor is sick—it's bad for the morale of the patients," advises Professor Weiss.

Changes of emphasis apart, Sangster's adaptation was as faithful to its source as the turning of a genteel metaphysical mystery into an out-and-out horror film would allow. In contrast to the original film, *female* victims predominate, even though Hammer was now aware of the censor breathing down its neck. The story afforded plentiful opportunity for violent death, as unsuspecting supporting actors gave of their "uter-parathyroid" gland to help stave off the effects of Bonnet's malady, but only two of these are dealt with on-screen, and one of those is behind the credits.

There are also concessions of the exploitative kind. In response to more liberal censorship abroad toward female nudity, both Linda Cristal and Julie London had just bared (almost) all for special Continental versions of *Cry Tough* and *Night of the Quarter Moon*, respectively, in accordance with the precedent set by Jack Arnold's *High School Confidential*, and Michael Powell's *Peeping Tom* was about to take fuller advantage of the potential offered in this area. Michael Carreras decided to adopt the strategy, too. "It was a trend we had picked up. Part of my job was to look for any sort of commercial tie-ins," he said. "And while you're shooting, why not shoot a second version that you've got in the drawer?" For *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*, a waist-up nude of a posing Hazel Court was shot for inclusion in European prints, and the scene was optically cropped for British and American release, adding more fuel to the publicists' fantasy of ex-

port-strength horrors. "It never really worked," conceded Michael, though he would continue to pursue the policy. But while Ms. Court's charms went unnoticed at home, the film's studied avoidance of suitably "X" certificate gore did not—a conscious omission by which Michael had also hoped to gain a more innocuous "A" certificate in release; Chief Examiner Trevelyan thought otherwise. The eventual reviews were uniformly vitriolic, from "feeble and cliché-ridden" to "horror-flop from the house of Hammer." If *The Man Who Could Cheat Death* was to have been entirely reliant on a single bang, then it had to be a big one.

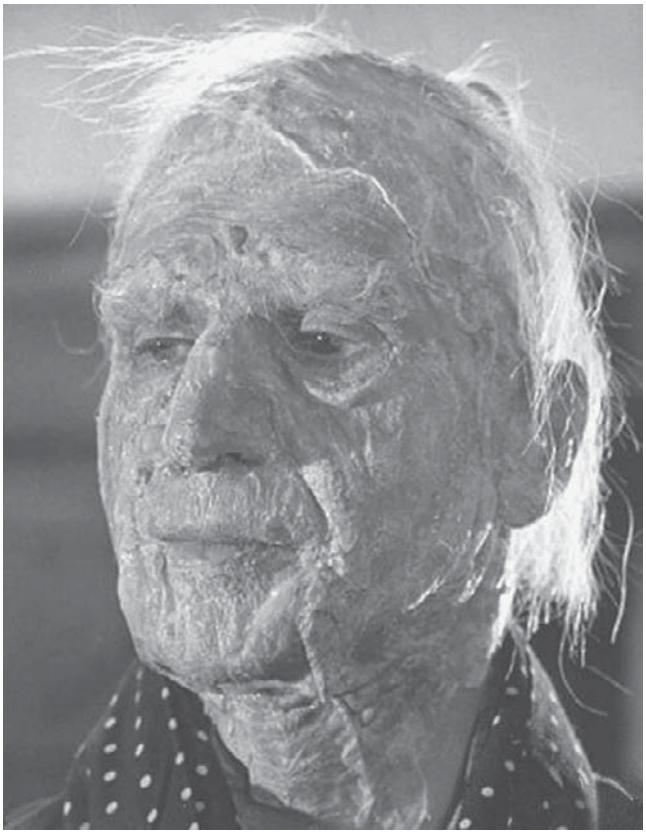
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> *I shall become the inheritor of all my one hundred and four years—of all the sickness I've never had—of every pain, blemish, disease. . . . A lifetime of illness—in one moment!*
>
> —Dr. Georges Bonnet, *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*

Sadly, it is more of a whimper. The transformation of Bonnet from eligible bachelor to diseased degenerate was used to good effect on the film's poster, but it was a promise left unfulfilled by Roy Ashton's unconvincing mask. In the 1944 version, Nils Asther's sudden aging had been conveyed on camera using the same technique of preapplied, light-sensitive greasepaint that had been pioneered by Rouben Mamoulian in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1931). *The Man Who Could Cheat Death* was allowed no such refinements. Considerations of speed and economy were to override dramatic good sense, and Hammer's antipathy toward costly effects work would deprive the sequence of much of its shocking impact. The censor then contrived to deprive it further. Earlier intimations of the horror to come are similarly minimized—try as Asher does to make good the deficit. In Sangster's more science-fiction-oriented scenario, the doctor had fared more garishly:

> His body seems infused with a strange inner light . . . allowing the bones to show clearly through the covering of his flesh. His hands are skeletal things, like two great spiders. And his face is a skull, a grinning, greenly-glowing skull, from out of which stare two incredibly bright eyes.

The budget would stretch to neither contact lenses nor the elaborate dummy that Ashton had prepared to construct, and the omission did not go unnoticed. "For once, the Hammer make-up man missed a stupendous chance," one critic commented.



Roy Ashton's makeup for Anton Diffring in *The Man Who Could Cheat Death.*

Terence Fisher made a point of not seeing any of the original versions of the films he directed for Hammer. With *The Man in Half Moon Street*, though, he might have profited by the experience. Barré Lyndon's tale of the scientist condemned to spend eternity alone as the price of his humanitarian ideals was a heroic tragedy in the grand manner, and since Fisher's stated desire had always been to make a love story, he need have looked no further for the peg on which to hang his romantic hat. At the climax of the Paramount version, Helen Walker promised Nils Asther, "I'll share your madness with you, because there's grandeur in it." In the Hammer remake, there was only the madness.

And not only on screen. Incensed by Cushing's last-minute refusal to appear in the film (which had been sold to Paramount on the strength of his name and fame as Baron Frankenstein) after all that Hammer had done for him, Carreras issued a legal threat to the actor to behave with more circumspection in the future with regard to any productions Hammer might still consider offering him. It opened a rift between the two that would widen in the years to come. Carreras was not a man to forget a

slight, and as Cushing's star in the Hammer firmament began to wane with the onset of the 1960s, that of his costar Christopher Lee would come into the ascendant in its place.[16]

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By 1959, which *Film Review* was to dub "the year of the horror film," hardly a week would go by without the marquees heralding fresh terrors in response to one of *Variety*'s typically quirky headlines—"Horror Pix In Global Clicks"—and the London Pavilion in Piccadilly Circus had become a mecca for the revival. While Michael Carreras took solace among friends on the set of his third World War II drama—*Yesterday's Enemy*—before planning a second Bernard Bresslaw comedy, which was to use the temporarily jettisoned premise of Jekyll and Hyde as the basis for a lampoon of the genre called *The Ugly Duckling*, Hammer retrained its sights on the promised follow-up to *Dracula*.

Having ended the career of the Man Who Could Cheat Death, Christopher Lee was now about to embark on a new one of his own, however. "I was convinced that if I could make myself known to the audiences of Europe . . . the day would come when they would be making coproductions with international casts, recognized and known to people of other countries," he explains. With this notion in mind, he set off across the Channel to spread the word of his newly acquired fame, making himself tactically unavailable to Hammer in the process. Tony Hinds had other ideas, which did not include pandering to the whims of actors. He asked Jimmy Sangster to script an alternative to the original treatment that would reduce the next film's dependency on Lee. "Despite the fact that Peter played Van Helsing, I wasn't offered it," Lee said later of the sequel. "I was slightly surprised." He would not have been if he had read it.

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DRACULA: Baron Meinster . . . you know who I am?

BARON: You are the Father.

DRACULA: I am the Father.

—The Disciple of Dracula

The new screenplay was entitled *The Disciple of Dracula*, and it concerned a sub-Dracula vampire named Baron Meinster, who is kept imprisoned in an ancestral chateau and fed on stray morsels of female flesh by his doting mother. Two English girls, Margaret and Pauline, arrive on the scene. Margaret is invited to become the baroness's companion, while Pauline proceeds on to a teaching post at the nearby academy. During her stay, Margaret unwittingly releases the young baron from his confinement; he turns his mother into a vampire and enslaves Margaret to his will. She then acts to procure a supply of victims from among the students in Pauline's charge. The stratagem is uncovered by a character named Latour, who ultimately has to summon the spirit of Dracula himself to deal with the renegade.

Sangster had succeeded in marginalizing the Count, but he had still felt obliged to *include* him in support of the title: Dracula figures briefly at the climax of the piece, his appearance causing Meinster to *hemorrhage* to death. But in this story, the character of Van Helsing does not figure at all. With no role for Cushing and "Dracula" now playing hard to get, Hinds was forced to postpone the production again, until a way around the latest impasse could be found.

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An American investment in Bray Studios had been in the cards ever since *Dracula* confirmed to the majors that Hammer was on a roll, and James Carreras had estimated its worth at £300,000. In October 1958, it became a reality, when the friendship between Carreras and Mike Frankovich sanctioned the sale of 49 percent of the complex to Columbia. In return, three Columbia executives were appointed to the board—the aptly named Anthony Bray, Kenneth Maidment, and Frankovich himself. On March 18, 1959, Columbia consolidated the partnership by extending its earlier coproduction deal to incorporate a further twenty-five features over five years.

The benefit to Hammer was clear, but the logic of the move was equally unassailable to the Americans. A number of factors in the United States had contributed to this collision of interests. Independent production was on the increase, with the demise of the mogul-operated studio system. There were loopholes in the tax laws that now made it advantageous to produce overseas. And there were increasing problems with domestic union arrangements—not to mention that Columbia was also faced with one of the worst fiscal years in its history. In the view of Columbia's vice president of publicity and advertising, Paul Lazarus, "Runaway production was the phrase that was being used in Hollywood. That's when companies like Hammer, who had proven track records,

suddenly became desirable. Then if you put together experience in production, and a studio, and a source of continuing product—that's what we were looking for."

It had also been what James Carreras was looking for, and correcting his letter to John Nichols of less than twelve months before, he now noted that the future for the industry was "very rosy," while Michael Carreras announced a program of expansion for Bray that would double its capacity and make it capable of handling feature films and television production simultaneously. As part of "phase two" of Hammer's long-term plan, all existing facilities were to be allocated to television, and two new stages were to be built, along with other "really big-scale developments" on which work was "soon to begin."

The pact with Columbia was concluded at a cocktail reception in the Cottage Room of New York's Hampshire House hotel, and James Carreras used the opportunity to announce a plethora of new subjects, one of which was *The Stranglers of Bengal* (also notioned as *The Horrors of Thuggee* at this stage), and since the deal permitted Hammer to produce one film a year for a company other than Columbia, *The Invisible Man*, *The Phantom of the Opera*, and Sangster's revised *The Disciple of Dracula* were appended to the roster of those intended for Universal. But as representatives of the Theater Owners of America Association toasted their honored guests—"The Boys with the Golden Touch," James Carreras and Tony Hinds—one notable was absent from the celebrations.

Michael Carreras had been isolated from the decision making at Hammer at his father's instigation; he was to be isolated from the related social whirl, as well. "That was Jimmy's idea," Lazarus says. "Jimmy and Michael didn't get along. They didn't travel in the same circles." To Lazarus, Michael was introspective and reserved, the complete opposite of his outgoing father; they were different, and there was nothing more to it than that. "Jimmy took care of Columbia—Michael took care of production." But still waters run deep.



Stepping up: James Carreras in the United States on behalf of Variety Club International, with Vice President Hubert Humphrey (second from left).

In "taking care of production," Michael's nonconformist nature had immersed him in the whole art of filmmaking, and he had developed his own philosophy about what made good cinema. From behind his desk at Wardour Street, he took an active interest in *all* of Hammer's films, not just those for which he was personally responsible, and the resulting differences of opinion did not always find favor with Tony Hinds. "To avoid any friction, we used to keep tactfully out of each other's way, because we didn't actually agree about things," Hinds recalls. "I remember some heated words about my policy," Michael admits. After having to put up with Ken Hyman coproducing on *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and the recent appointment of Tony Keys as general manager of the studio, Hinds had begun to express his discomfiture more forcefully by taking extended leaves of absence from the day-to-day work at Bray.

By this time, Peter Cushing had his Jaguar Mk 8, his Kensington flat, and his cottage by the sea in Kent, and he was feeling a good deal more secure. A starring role in "Cyrano de Bergerac" for BBC television having recently fallen through, he accepted the next offer from Hammer without demur—particularly as it promised to reunite him with Fisher and Lee. But even the celebrated triumvirate would not be enough to persuade Tony Hinds to the film, and once again, a Hammer Horror was about to go begging for a producer.

When Michael Carreras found himself catapulted into the breech for a second time, the script was already complete for what seemed to be little more than an old-fashioned monster-on-the-rampage melodrama. But the experience of *The Man Who Could Cheat Death* would encourage him to try his hand at the Gothic on his own terms. By expanding on an element of the story that Jimmy Sangster's customary fiscal caution had seen fit to omit, he set about creating what was to become Hammer's most exotic horror fantasy to date: *The Mummy*.

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I've worked in dozens of tombs; it seems the best part of my life has been spent amongst the dead—but I've never worked in a place which had such an aura of . . . menace. There's something evil in there, Uncle Joe—I've felt it.

—John Banning, *The Mummy*

In the ranks of fictional monsters, the concept of the living dead man (or occasionally, woman) who rises from the tombs of Egypt lacks the clear-cut lineage of a Frankenstein or Dracula. The literary antecedents are various and arbitrary. "Facts, Mr. Banning, facts. Not fantasy straight out of Edgar Allan Poe," says the inspector in the film. Poe did indeed pen one whimsical mummy tale, but the familiar image of the bandaged corpse kept alive throughout the millennia thanks to a good dousing in the natron bath is more identifiable from the likes of Hazel Heald's "Out of the Eons"[17] and Conan Doyle's "Lot No. 249."[18] In fact, it was a second Doyle story called "The Ring of Thoth" that was to supply most of the ingredients for Universal's original venture into mummery, and the two were to create the bones of the archetype as it is now accepted. The prolific Bram Stoker added a mummy to his own catalog of horrors with *The Jewel of the Seven Stars* and inspired two films as a result: Hammer's *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* (see chapter 5) and *The Awakening* (1980). But cinematic interest was actually awakened by the supposedly ill-fated (though mostly media-created) Howard Carter–Lord Carnarvon expedition of 1922, which had discovered the tomb of Tutankhamun, and Universal had set the cycle in motion a mere ten years later with *The Mummy*.

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This is the Scroll of THOTH.
Herein are set down the magic words by which Isis raised Osiris from the dead.

—screen caption, *The Mummy* (1932)

This opening caption from Universal's original of *The Mummy* may have been sublimely succinct in its explanation of the rudimentary plot, but it somehow failed to make the transition into the Hammer version. In that, it was exceptional. The new film would be unique for its borrowing from a cinematic rather than a literary source. The scenario married the first half of *The Mummy* (unrequited love that spans the centuries) to the center section of *The Mummy's Tomb* (revenge from beyond the desecrated grave; 1942) and topped it off with the climax to *The Mummy's Ghost* (1944). As Universal properties, Hammer was at liberty to plunder them as it saw fit, but by virtue of the resulting patchwork, Sangster's *Mummy* would betray a constructive flaw. In combining the stories into a single whole, motivation becomes muddled. Kharis, the mummy, is now required to rethink his plight halfway through and make for the archaeologists instead of a reincarnated Princess Ananka. The remainder of the story is then given over to a belated revenge enacted against the defilers of

the tomb by the current High Priest of Karnak,[19] and the mummy himself—unrequited lover or no—consequently becomes entirely incidental to that end.

Most authorities give John L. Balderston due credit in relation to the Hammer production, while omitting the poor hacks who had pieced together *Tomb* and *Ghost*—Griffin Jay, Henry Sucher, and Brenda Weisberg. Balderston was a screenwriter on the 1932 film (itself based on an original story by Nina Wilcox Putnam and Richard Schayer)[20] and contributor to several of Universal's other early horrors, but in the Sangster version, his central theme of the mummy's affection for Ananka is reduced to an overblown subplot, coincidental at best and of no more importance to the whole than as the means by which the character of John Banning is enabled to escape his just deserts—twice.

EGYPT, 1895. AFTER OPENING THE TOMB OF PRINCESS ANANKA, STEPHEN BANNING SUFFERS A BREAKDOWN AND IS COMMITTED TO AN ASYLUM IN ENGLAND. THREE YEARS LATER, HE RECOVERS TO WARN HIS SON JOHN THAT THE TOMB WAS PROTECTED BY A LIVING MUMMY. A MYSTERIOUS EGYPTIAN ARRIVES WITH CRATES OF ARTIFACTS; ONE OF THESE IS LOST IN A SWAMP. AKHIR READS FROM THE SCROLL OF LIFE, AND THE MUMMY RISES FROM THE MUD. IT BREAKS INTO THE ASYLUM AND KILLS BANNING SR. JOHN BANNING NOW RECOUNTS THE LEGEND OF ANANKA AND REALIZES THAT THE MUMMY HAS BEEN REANIMATED IN ORDER TO KILL THE DEFILERS OF THE TOMB. HIS UNCLE JOSEPH BANNING DISMISSES THE IDEA AND IS ALSO KILLED BY THE MUMMY. THE POLICE ARE CALLED, BUT THEY REFUSE TO BELIEVE JOHN'S STORY. THE MUMMY ATTACKS AGAIN, BUT JOHN IS SAVED BY HIS WIFE, ISOBEL, WHO BEARS AN UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO ANANKA. HE DECIDES TO PAY AKHIR A VISIT. THE EGYPTIAN IS SURPRISED TO FIND THAT JOHN HAS ESCAPED DEATH AND ONCE MORE DISPATCHES THE MUMMY. CONFUSED BY ISOBEL'S APPEARANCE, IT KILLS AKHIR INSTEAD AND CARRIES ISOBEL TO THE SWAMP. ARMED WITH SHOTGUNS, THE POLICE SURROUND IT. JOHN TELLS ISOBEL TO ORDER THE MUMMY TO RELEASE HER. IT DOES—AND IS DESTROYED IN A HAIL OF GUNFIRE.

Michael Carreras's contribution to *The Mummy* (aided by technical adviser Andrew Low) was to expand Sangster's verbal account of the legend of Ananka into a long and elaborate flashback to ancient Egypt. The sequence allowed for some spectacular byplay—and the requisite alternative nude scene, again unused, involving some topless handmaidens.[21] But since the purpose of this flashback, like that in the 1932 production before it, is to point out the unrequited nature of the high priest's love, it played havoc with the narrative continuity of a script, which was already running in circles in the attempt to keep its flimsy story line in one piece.

It fell to Terence Fisher to make what he could of a scenario that remained stubbornly joined at the hip, and compensation comes in the form of several sequences that are stunning directorial *tours de force*, as Kharis demolishes the various obstacles that are placed in his path with the unstoppable ferocity of a juggernaut. The main assault on the Banning household will stand as the high-water mark of Hammer Horror: the mummy crashes through the portico door (of Bray's ballroom stage) to take both barrels of Banning's shotgun full in the chest and a spear through his midriff, before snapping the spear off at the shaft like a twig and tossing around the hapless archaeologist as if he were a rag doll. The staging (and more especially the editing) of this sequence is precision itself, and the other rampages are treated with similar deference.[22] The tremendous energy with which these encounters are choreographed mark them among the great moments of fantasy cinema, even though the vehicle that conveys them is generally held in lower regard.

These set pieces apart, Fisher's film gives the appearance of being entirely composed of a series of routine dissolves, used to bridge what are often the briefest of vaguely interconnecting scenes in the hope of forcing some semblance of continuity between them. Banning Sr. discusses developments with Banning Jr., as Banning Jr. does with Uncle Joseph, with the coroner, with the police—and the inspector does the same, with Banning Jr. again, with the villagers, and with anyone else who will listen. And so it goes. Since the dissolves that begin and end these vignettes are an accepted grammatical device designed to slow the passage of narrative time (or compensate for a thin script), their use here has the unfortunate effect of making *The Mummy* seem even longer than its already stretched eighty-eight minutes.

The padding can be evidenced throughout. The events leading up to the opening of the tomb are repeated in part in a second flashback. The police investigation turns up a variety of sundry characters who dutifully reprise incidents verbally that the audience has witnessed only minutes before. The entire police involvement serves as little more than a device to keep things moving—by itself, it produces nothing; explanation is ultimately provided via the impertinent cliché of the two conjectural flashbacks, which occur within minutes of each other (the first recounts the legend of Kharis and Ananka and is sustained far beyond the bounds of

contextual integrity). Even Sangster's previous dexterity at time compression seems to desert him here. The main action takes place three years *after* the opening of the tomb (to allow the protagonists to return to Victorian England and the cheaper confines of Bray's standing sets), but it nevertheless jars as an inordinate length of time for a vengeful mummy to wait before exacting bloody retribution—even though he has already waited three thousand years!

If its lack of internal cohesion ultimately leaves *The Mummy* unnaturally dependent on the effectiveness of its set pieces, it never fails to rise to the challenge, though it is not without the odd missed opportunity as a result: the curiously undramatic first entrance of the mummy as it stumbles out of the bog, and the bland and mechanical treatment of the script's best sequence, a tight piece of verbal sparring between Banning and Akhir that is designed to provoke the high priest into action. Against this, the numerous onslaughts on the Banning household are each uniquely arresting and all spectacularly staged. And they generate a surprising amount of suspense in prelude. While Sangster's weariness is plain—"He who robs the graves of Egypt, dies!" is all we get by way of a curse—his particular brand of tongue-in-cheek humor still shines through. The stage Irish duo who deliver the mummy to Akhir are irreverently named Mick and Pat.

On the strength of having become a subcontractor to Universal (*The Mummy* was made for £96,000 and sold to Universal for £125,000), Hammer had pushed the *Sekhmet*-boat out. The film's supporting cast had been significantly upgraded, and the lavish sets had required an additional stage at Shepperton. Distinguished character actors Felix Aylmer and Raymond Huntley had also lent their prestigious weight to the proceedings in brief cameos—an indication of how Hammer's standing in the profession (if not in critical circles) had improved by 1959.[23]

Beyond the ethereal appeal of French-born Yvonne Furneaux, the latest of Hammer's horror heroines to originate *sur le continent*, there is no sex to speak of.



Mad monster mayhem: *The Mummy* (Christopher Lee, Felix Aylmer).

The love interest is strictly of the domestic variety. But there *is* violence aplenty, though the film was to have been nastier still. The mummy's destruction by shotgun blast was abbreviated by the censor, but a scene showing Kharis being deprived of his tongue prior to mummification (which had been extended to include the severed appendage in shot as a payoff) was removed before the film was submitted for certification.

Reviews were surprisingly indulgent. "A grand slam in thrills, astutely played by an attractive and competent cast, with all its cards face up on a stout and bizarre table, it'll glue the masses firmly to their seats," said *Kine Weekly*. Others considered it "continuously entertaining," as well as "excellently mounted . . . well acted," though one commentator struck an ominous note: "It has an odd, *old-fashioned* . . . charm." Its superbly executed surface gloss may have been predisposed to disarm critical response, but *The Mummy* can nevertheless be seen as a product of marked shifts in expertise. Things were moving at Bray, and the pressure of an increasingly hectic schedule was now beginning to reveal itself. *The Mummy* was released within a month of *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*—ahead of it, in fact—and they were followed into theaters by Hammer's next horror in equally short order.

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> *For hundreds of years, there existed in India a perverted religious sect, dedicated to the wanton destruction of human life. . . .*
>
> *. . . So secret was this savage cult that even the British East India Company, rulers of the country at the time, was unaware of their existence.*
>
> —screen caption, *The Stranglers of Bombay*

What had been announced as *The Stranglers of Bengal* was Ken Hyman's encore to *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Originally, the film was to have been based on John Masters's 1952 novel *The Deceivers*, about Thuggee ritual killers in India during the 1820s, and it had not been intended for Hammer at all. But the book's screen rights were owned by Rank, and its asking price had curtailed the idea of a more prestigious production, along with the involvement of John Huston as director. Not one to give up easily, Hyman decided to scale the project down and go to the historical record, instead—namely, the reminiscences of Maj. Gen. Sir William Sleeman, the officer who had chiefly been responsible for the overthrow of the cult. Having found himself a writer in New York who could distill the brew, Hyman offered his alternative version to Tony Hinds.

The not-dissimilar result, which was to be awarded a surprising "A" certificate in spite of an advertising line that screamed, "Murder—their religion!" was now to be titled *The Stranglers of Bombay*. With George Pastell (who had played Akhir in *The Mummy*) performing a quick-change routine from fez to turban (but not from his villainous profile) to play a high priest of Kali this time, the film lensed in Megascope (2.35:1) in July 1959, once again under the direction of Terence Fisher.

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INDIA IN THE 1820S, AND THE BRITISH EAST INDIA COMPANY IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY CONCERNED AT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THOUSANDS OF TRAVELERS EACH YEAR. CAPTAIN LEWIS IS APPOINTED TO INVESTIGATE, AND HE GRADUALLY PIECES TOGETHER EVIDENCE OF A CULT OF STRANGLERS WHO WORSHIP KALI, THE GODDESS OF DARKNESS. AFTER STRANGLING THEIR UNWARY VICTIMS WITH A SILK CLOTH, THESE "THUGS" THEN ROB THEM AND INTER THEIR BODIES IN MASS GRAVES, PREPARED IN ADVANCE. NARROWLY ESCAPING DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE STRANGLERS, LEWIS IS ABLE TO PRESENT THE FACTS TO COLONEL HENDERSON. HIGH-RANKING INDIAN OFFICIALS ARE IMPLICATED, BUT WITH LEWIS NOW IN CHARGE OF SUPPRESSING IT, THE DAYS OF THE CULT ARE NUMBERED.

The strictures to which Hammer's horror films were now required to conform were not only being entrenched, they were becoming immutable. In David Z. Goodman's simplistic script, history is reduced to basic essentials. Good, in the form of Guy Rolfe's East India Company official, combats evil, in the form of George Pastell's high priest, in accordance with the model that Fisher had evolved for his Gothics. All the expected juxtapositional devices are deployed—even to the extent of providing the high priest with a predatory female acolyte in the unlikely form of buxom fifties' pinup Marie Devereux, whom Hammer publicists had coyly described as "statistically exciting."

By confining its narrative to the formulaic guidelines of Hammer Horror, the film presents the aberrant Thug threat as nothing more comprehensible than the sum of the atrocities it sanctions in Kali's name, and since "the innocent victims totaled over a million" (a screen caption advises), it quickly abandons its worthy premise to concentrate instead on regulation interludes of pure Guignol. With brandings, eye gougings, amputation, and mutilation, *The Stranglers* was more gratuitous than any of the previous horrors. Perhaps because it purported to

be history, reviewers in general did not see these as self-serving. They reserved the wrath that they still felt obliged to direct at Hammer for the censor, who, by awarding an "A" certificate (with cuts), was allowing children—albeit accompanied by a parent or guardian—to be exposed to such excesses for the first time.

Fisher himself considered the film something of a failure, subsequently blaming its lack of historical perspective and crude oppositional structure on an approach to the material that was overreliant on the narrow formalizations of Gothic fantasy. If *The Stranglers of Bombay* is *The Camp on Blood Island* played to the tune of *Dracula*, one sequence stands out. After a silent night attack on his encampment by Thugs, Captain Connaught-Smith (Allan Cuthbertson) wakes to find himself virtually alone among the dead ranks of his command. As the realization dawns, a distant chant of "Kali!—Kali!" rises to a roar, and the invisible nemesis returns to seek him out as well. In its depiction of imperial complacency faltering in the face of an alien culture, the sequence is genuinely unsettling, but even this would have been more at home in the metaphorical landscape of a Gothic. It was a blinkered entrapment in archetype, which would return to haunt Fisher when he had once more laid Dracula to rest, and despite some soul-searching after *The Stranglers of Bombay*, he would go on to show that he had not learned the lesson.

> *Great goddess—you have given a sign. I understand. Prepare a funeral pyre!*
>
> —High Priest, *The Stranglers of Bombay*

The deal with Columbia, coming on top of that already brokered with Universal, spelled the end of Exclusive Films. Hammer had no further need of a self-owned distribution arm, and Exclusive was now "too big for the product" that remained to it. Since some of its activities



Hammer at play: Another Variety Club dinner. Among those in attendance are Christopher Lee (with new wife Birgit), James Carreras, Eric Morley (and wife, extreme right), and Stanley Baker (and wife).

were also no longer in keeping with the more scrupulous requirements of a major international company in any event, it was closed down, although the name would remain until 1966 when James Carreras would announce that it was to be used to form a new company—Exclusive Film Productions—within the existing Hammer "Group." Nothing further would come of that.

With the closure went all the branch offices and the majority of the staff, in addition to the Christmas parties and the summer boat trips to Southend-on-sea. The small business was becoming a larger business, and such frivolities had served their purpose. Morris Young joined United Artists (where he was eventually to rise to the position of managing director), but Brian Lawrence remained, concentrating his energies exclusively on the business side of Hammer, with William Croft and legal adviser Edwin Davis. "No British distributor can match the international releasing facilities of a major American company," James Carreras informed *Variety*. But he would be unable to stomach breaking the news to the one man who had been equally responsible for Exclusive's rise to prominence, and Donald McKelvie subsequently was dispatched to Lawrence's office to "do the honors" in his place. "Exclusive was very dear to me," Lawrence said. "I appreciated him not being able to tell me himself."

The day of Exclusive was done. So, too, was the sense of innocence that went along with it—as well as the thrill of innovation, the youthful adventurousness, the creative hunger, and the whole "cottage industry" feel of the business, which its participants were to remember so well.

While a new repertory company of actors formed around the precepts of Hammer Horror, the "old guard" who had helped make Hammer's Exclusive productions a recognizable entity in their own right were all but fading



Last supper for Exclusive: At a luncheon for branch managers and head office staff, Michael and James Carreras and Brian Lawrence head the table. Among those in attendance are Morris Young (London circuits), Harry Bland (South Coast), Joe Cohen (London), Ralph Shaw (Birmingham), Sam Greene (Nottinghamshire), Bernard Newrick (Liverpool), George Cowan (Newcastle), Tom Hanlon (Dublin), Jack Tiktin (Cardiff), and Horace Coxall (Scotland).

away. The familiar features of Patrick Barr, Valentine Dyall, Ferdy Mayne, Reginald Beckwith, Eric Pohlmann, Paul Carpenter, and Alan Wheatley—faces that epitomized the decade—were gone already to pastures new. Sidney James, who had made his first film for Hammer in 1949 (*Man in Black*), had made his next-to-last in *Quatermass 2* (he would return, briefly, for *A Weekend with Lulu* in 1960) and was now ensconced on the small screen in *Hancock's Half Hour*. So was Michael Medwin, in many ways the archetypal British character actor, who also had starred for Exclusive in 1949 (in *Someone at the Door*), had been a stalwart throughout the fifties in *The Lady Craved Excitement*, *A Man on the Beach*, and *The Steel Bayonet*, and had taken his own leave of Hammer in the summer of 1958 with *I Only Arsked*—a spin-off of the ITV comedy series in which he was currently to be seen, alongside Bernard Bresslaw.

Hammer had reached maturity at last. It had come suddenly and surprisingly, and it was not without cost. There was elation, but there was regret tinged with nostalgia, in addition: "When everybody started to cheer, I started to cry," Michael Carreras recalled. "I could see it was the end of it. The excitement in the early days was that we were doing *six* films a year. Then, when we got into that other period of the American participation, we actually made some very nice films. We were finding young artists; they were great days, good work. After them, there was too much money involved. Then Hammer became Hammer." It was a yearning that Tony Hinds would come to share. But nothing lasts forever: as the decade drew to a close, the small studio on the banks of the Thames where monsters dwelt had become part of the *zeitgeist*, and the attribution of "A Hammer Film Production" was now resounding around the globe.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Bounds of Acceptability, 1959–1960



The Curse of the Werewolf.

> *I remember a talk that I had with Sir James Carreras many years ago in which we agreed that his company's horror films would avoid mixing sex with horror and would avoid scenes which people could regard as disgusting and revolting.*
>
> —John Trevelyan, *What the Censor Saw*

After the success of the first of Anglo-Amalgamated's ribald *Carry On* comedies (*Carry On Sergeant*, 1958), Hammer continued to incorporate examples of the breed. The Val Guest coproduction *Further up the Creek* and TV spin-off *I Only Arsked* had been succeeded by *The Ugly Duckling* (announced as *Mad Pashernate Love* in a nod to the small-screen persona of its star, Bernard Bresslaw), and there was to be financial participation in *Don't Panic Chaps!* and the later *Sands of the Desert*. In the opinion of Ian Johnson, writing in *Films and Filming*, such films were breaking with tradition as comedy went back to its music-hall roots and became "freer and more robust . . . *and dirtier*." But if 1959 was to be "the crucial year in British cinema," according to Johnson, it was not just to be in comedy. All manner of films were becoming more adult, and the so-called "social realism" that had invested the "X" certificate of *Room at the Top* with such tantalizing proletarian appeal was about to find its way into the field of horror, as well.

As part of his role within the hierarchy, Michael Carreras had been charged with charting new paths for the company to travel and, at the end of 1958, had even forecast the first Hammer musical, in expectation that the fad for horror would soon be over. "Demand has become more selective," he informed the trades.[1] After the disappointment of *Tales of Frankenstein* had come the setback of *Ten Seconds to Hell*, but Michael's vision for the future still included ideas that went far beyond things going bump in the night. *Ten Seconds to Hell* may have been a sobering experience for him, but not so the film he chose to snap at its heels.

Yesterday's Enemy was the screen version of a controversial stage play by Peter R. Newman. Directed by Guest and starring popular tough-guy actor Stanley Baker, the harrowing antiwar tract represented Guest at



Friendly rivalry: James Carreras chats with Nat Cohen (*standing*) and Stuart Levy (*right*) of *Anglo-Amalgamated*.

a different and more somber pace. The powerful script (by Newman) was unremitting in its emotional brow-beating about the nature of the Hobson's choices facing combatants caught up in the "total war" scenario of the Burma jungle's green hell. A top-notch cast engaged sympathy from the first—a ploy designed to maximize the impact of the fact that none of them made it past the last reel. The film's origins as a play were never far from the surface of its studio-bound set (along with its moral conscience), but it was to show a new side of Hammer and, for the first time, reveal the company as Michael Carreras would have liked to see it develop: the cinema as art form every bit as much as entertainment.

After his intermediate sidesteps into fantasy and comedy, Michael was quick to follow the thematic direction of *Yesterday's Enemy* with an equally hard-hitting police thriller centered on the Manchester underworld, also with Guest and Baker. Scripted by Guest (from a novel by ex-Manchester policeman Maurice Procter), *Hell Is a City* was a tense and engrossing drama of the hunt for an escaped killer. It was similarly endowed with a superlative supporting cast and what had now become Guest's trademarks of unrelenting pace and a sharp documentary-style sense of realism, aided in this instance by authentic locations, the employment of some colorful local customs (such as the "tossing school," a form of gambling peculiar to the North of England, which was staged for the film at Oldham Edge), and *cinema vérité* tricks such as the use of overlapping dialogue. Just for a change, the *villain* of the piece was an American (John Crawford).

Yesterday's Enemy opened on October 12, backed by a massive promotional campaign in which Gen. Sir Robert Mansergh (who had commanded the Fifth Burma Division and was aide-de-camp to the queen) toured Britain and the United States to accompany the film in release. On this occasion, Michael was lauded with as much fervor as he had previously been lambasted over



Hammer at war again: *Yesterday's Enemy* (Leo McKern, Richard Pasco, Bryan Forbes, Philip Ahn).





Behind the scenes on *Hell Is a City. Left:* Michael Carreras on location in Manchester with director Val Guest. *Right:* Stanley Baker and Vanda Godsell on set with Carreras.

Ten Seconds to Hell. "Brilliant and disturbing" was the consensus. "One of the most savage and certainly the most controversial films about war ever to come out of a studio." "Made by Hammer Films, it is a credit to the picture business." And from *Kine Weekly*, "A powerful stable companion of the phenomenally successful *The Camp on Blood Island*. Outstanding British war fare and an infallible box-office proposition." (*Yesterday's Enemy* was to find itself nominated as Best British Film of the Year in the British Film Academy[2] Awards of 1959, with two of its cast—Baker and Gordon Jackson—nominated for Best Actor. It would be beaten to the post by *Sapphire*, produced by Michael Relph.)

Such reviews were rare for a Hammer production and, cognizant of the sudden appeal of subjects of more contemporary concern, Tony Hinds now abandoned a plan to revive *Brat Farrar*, which as scripted by critic Paul Dehn (through his friendship with composer James Bernard) was showing every sign of abandoning him anyway,[3] and opted instead for the more unorthodox transport of *The Pony Cart*—a successful stage play by Roger Garis that dealt with the controversial subject of child molestation, which Hinds was to translate to the screen as *Never Take Sweets from a Stranger*. Despite the sensitive nature of the subject matter, the film was a taut, responsible, and compelling affair, with a first-class script (by John Hunter), impeccable performances from a well-chosen cast, and sympathetic direction by Cyril Frankel. *Kine Weekly* again: "Stark and intelligent psychopathic melodrama. . . . Skillfully blended from potent ingredients, it can't miss, provided it is given the exploitation it deserves."

"That was the only picture of mine that I ever got good notices on," Hinds recalls. Alas, they were not to be in the majority, and in a significant role reversal, Dehn would renounce his previous support for Hammer and lend voice to the clamor of indignation that was being raised against the company for having had the temerity to tackle such an issue in the name of commercialism. The combination of Hammer and pedophilia would turn out to be an unfortunate one,[4] and Hinds was quick to revert to type. But role reversals were now becoming the order of the day.

After years of playing in reserve for a team that had never given any indication he might one day be called to the first eleven, Michael Carreras had finally come into his own. At the close of 1959, *Yesterday's Enemy*, *The Mummy*, and *The Man Who Could Cheat Death* were all on screen simultaneously in the West End of London, and Michael had produced the three of them. Even Tony Hinds was effusive in extolling the virtues of his onetime apprentice: "Michael was probably *the* most efficient producer in England. He knew his script backwards—he was very good with crews; he was very good with actors. . . . I don't think he was always right in his ideas of what to make—and casting—but he was more efficient than I ever was." Now accepted as one of the brightest lights in the industry, Michael was at last in the position to stamp his own personality onto the fabric of Hammer, and in a different way to that of his peers.

While Hinds set about tackling the belated sequel to *Dracula*, Michael had already begun to harness the next film on the schedule to a much bolder concept, with an artistic ensemble he believed would free Hammer from the constraints of grind-house exploitation once and for all.

So we dispense with the unnecessary—good, evil . . . and love.

—Edward Hyde, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*

As the world moved into what social historians would christen the permissive or "swinging" sixties, there was little to indicate that the teenagers who had found their feet in the sneakers of James Dean would blossom and grow into a generation that would overturn the sexual and social mores of the fifties—and even American foreign policy (at least in respect to Southeast Asia) in the process.

To the farsighted, there may have been an indicator or two of what was to come. The United States was about to elect the youngest president in its 173-year history, and Penguin Books was to test the 1959 Obscene Publications Act (under which a plea of *literary merit* had become an admissible defense in law) and win the most sensational obscenity trial of the century on behalf of D. H. Lawrence and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, opening the way for the ranker works of Henry Miller, William Burroughs, and Hubert Selby Jr.

For the nonseers, however, 1960 seemed mostly concerned with matters of unfinished business. Eddie Cochran would follow Buddy Holly into death and legend. U.S. Army private 53310761, Elvis Presley, was to complete two years of service in Germany and return, chastened, to the blander shores of the more acceptable pop career that Colonel Parker began to orchestrate for him in a series of sanitized teen movies such as *GI Blues* (1960) and *Blue Hawaii* (1961). With them, the last vestiges of rock 'n' roll would fade quietly away, until the inertia of pop charts compiled entirely of Tin Pan Al-

ley[5] ditties and stopgap distractions like the Twist would once more encourage buyers to seek out and embrace some grittier alternatives: first, Phil Spector and his "Wall of Sound," and later, and of more lasting value, the music of Motown and the Mersey.

On television, 1960 got under way with a repeat of the third and best of the BBC's Quatermass serials—"Quatermass and the Pit"—aired in two ninety-minute installments (it had originally aired in the usual six-episode format in December 1958–January 1959). It was to be the last great speculative fiction of extraterrestrial life before Telstar paved the way for the first manned satellite flight. Yuri Gagarin's orbit of the Earth in April 1961 would herald a new dawn for the science (and science fiction) of space exploration.

Television westerns still held the fort. *Wells Fargo*, *Wyatt Earp*, and *Have Gun, Will Travel* had given way to hour-long series such as *Cheyenne*, *Maverick*, and *Bronco*, which, like the private-eye cult hit *77 Sunset Strip*, emanated on the whole from the studios of Warner Bros.—although *Wagon Train*, which did not, ruled the roost.

In the cinema, however, more conventional fare had begun to take a backseat to a tentative licentiousness that was soon to become the norm: *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (1960), *Only Two Can Play* (1961), *A Kind of Loving* (1962), and the like. With this in mind, Michael Carreras planned a version of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* that was to reverse the traditional empathies of the piece and endow Hyde with the same kind of sexual allure that had worked such wonders for Dracula. "We were pushing the limits," he said. "I thought it was probably time that we opened up a bit."

Robert Louis Stevenson's novella *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was published in 1886, and its immediate success led to a contemporaneous stage adaptation by Thomas Russell Sullivan, designed for American actor Richard Mansfield. By September 1888, this adaptation was playing the Lyceum Theatre in London, concurrent with a series of murders in the Whitechapel area that legend would eventually come to lay at the door of the pseudonymous "Jack the Ripper." The efficacy of Mansfield's performance in playing *both* roles was such that for a time he was suspected of the actual crimes, and the coincidence of art and life forced the premature closure of the production. Since Stevenson's Hyde had *not* been a sexual psychopath but more of a wanton bully in the manner of Dickens's Bill Sikes, this may seem strange, but the Sullivan adaptation had altered and simplified the book for the stage, rooting the metaphysical musings of the literary Jekyll in a sexually frustrated courtship, in response to the insurgent teachings of a young Viennese doctor named Freud. With the gamut of popular theories about the killings, including the notion of a society doctor frequenting the East End for the purpose of carving out his place in history on the entrails of prostitutes, the libidinous motivation of Sullivan's Hyde was deemed a touch too close for comfort.

So resonant was this reading of the text that its premise stuck, and when Clara Beranger came to script the first major film version of the tale (which arrived in 1920 and provided an equally bravura showcase for John Barrymore), not only was the sexual allegory carried over from the play but so was the tenuous connection to the Ripper. The overtone was expanded, and the fiancée was given a doppelgänger in Nita Naldi, whose sultry tart ("Gina—who faced her world alone," as the caption card decorously referred to her) became the object of Jekyll's passion and made the dynamic behind the good doctor's alchemical pursuits unequivocal. This rendition received a more explicit treatment in the 1932 Paramount film starring Fredric March and directed by Rouben Mamoulian (which would climax with Hyde's strangulation of the prostitute, this time played by Miriam Hopkins, while declaiming, "I'll give you a *lover* now—his name is Death!"). But it was in the MGM remake of nine years later that the progressive reduction of the narrative reached its nadir.

The unbridled permissiveness of the Mamoulian film (and others) encouraged a backlash, which led to the formation of the Catholic-inspired Legion of Decency, dedicated to the overhaul of the self-regulatory "Hays Code." Such was the influence of this group that within two years, Hollywood invited the Legion-approved Joseph Breen to head the Hays Office. As a consequence, the explicit depiction of sex on the screen was no longer acceptable. When Spencer Tracy took on the role in 1941, he was required to exhibit a more subtle Machiavellian guile in Hyde. The paradoxical outcome of Tracy's reticence elevated sexual sadism to the level of art form and turned the sociopath of the story into the psychopath of the modern American *noir* thriller. From this point on, Hyde would never again be recognizable as Stevenson had originally created him—as a "livelier image of the spirit," whose pursuit of evil for evil's sake was nothing more than a dark reflection of what his author had naively decreed to be his "wonderful love of life."

The changes wrought by Sullivan et al. went further than the simple ratifying of Jekyll's experiment to the level of psychosexual urge. Stevenson's story had been constructed in the manner of a Chinese puzzle; the fact that Jekyll and Hyde are one and the same was kept as the dénouement. In redefining the allegory, the mystery

element had been made redundant, so the spectacle was advanced instead, with textual references to Jekyll's "cabinet" (for the keeping of medicines) now elaborated to encompass an actual *booth* (for the changing of personalities, in the style of Superman). This crude piece of incidental stagecraft became central to the tale. The audacious mugging of Mansfield and the increasingly outlandish appliances used to aid the theatrics of Barrymore and March (to the extent that the Hyde of the latter looked more like something that had escaped from the London Zoo than the psyche of a physician) did the rest, entrenching the transformation itself as the *sine qua non* of the story. Tracy strove to reverse the process and achieve both Jekyll *and* Hyde with a minimum of makeup (by Jack Dawn), and the desultory treatment meted out by the critics persisted. They were to give similar succor to Hammer, for the same reason. Paul Massie would find, as Tracy had, that trying to play Hyde as anything other than a demonic primal urge was a thankless task, when it came to an audience weaned on the more simian image of March's lisping bogeyman.

Conscious of the growing need for Hammer to bring something other than a straight Technicolor veneer to each succeeding remake, Michael Carreras decided that Stevenson's tale of the kindly doctor who transmutes into the evil Mr. Hyde was in need of a more modern metamorphosis. His version contrived to have *Jekyll* be the repressed and unattractive half of the indivisible duo. To make the concept tenable, the new Hyde could be no mere brute, whose psychodynamic was to be found hanging between his legs. Instead, he would be the antithesis of the popular stereotype—suave, urbane, debonair.

Such a reading had precedent, though both were of recent vintage. Jean Renoir's *Experiment in Evil* (*Le testament du Docteur Cordelier*, 1959) had sought to return Hyde to his literary persona as a spirit of anarchy—faun, rather than satyr—and Hammer had flirted with the theme in the Bernard Bresslaw vehicle of the year before, *The Ugly Duckling*. That there had been a more contemporary *animus* lurking beneath the surface calm of these Jekylls was self-evident, and the new film was to be a logical extension of that same line of thought.

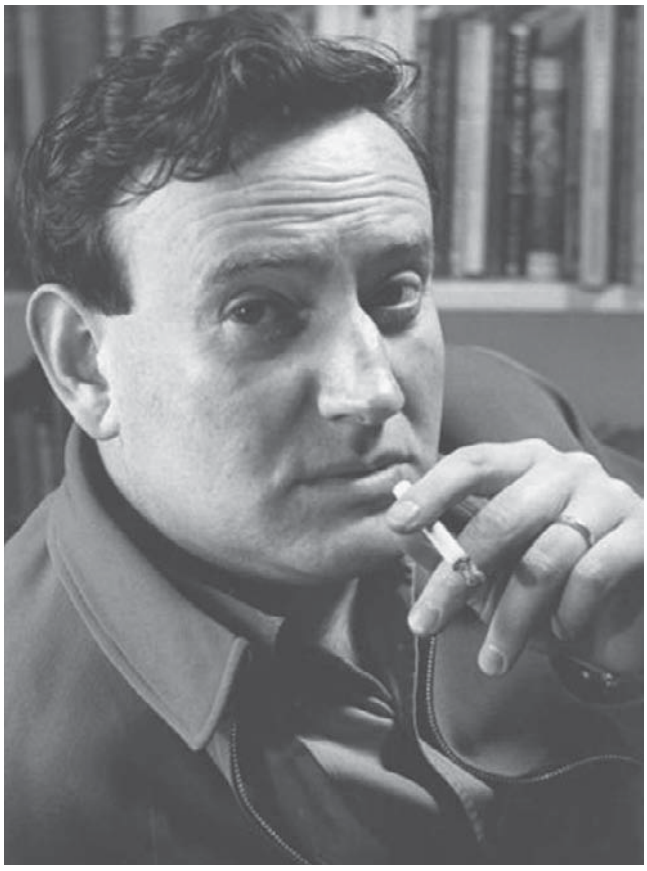


Mad-lab mayhem with *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* (Paul Massie). Inset: *The Ugly Duckling* (Bernard Bresslaw).

Hammer returned to the text with a vengeance in one important particular, however. The Hyde of what would appropriately be entitled *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* would be *young*.

> *It appears to be an accelerating of your entire metabolism—as if your life were suddenly burning itself up at a much faster rate.*
>
> —Dr. Ernst Littauer, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*

To write the film, Michael turned to (Cyril) Wolf Mankowitz, author, playwright, and one of a new artistic elite currently making its presence felt in all manner of media. Its ranks included Jonathan Miller, Kenneth Tynan, Ned Sherrin, the ubiquitous David Frost, and a bevy of other commentators and humorists. Some of them, such as the Pythons, were still perfecting their craft on the sounding boards of Cambridge's *Footlights Review*, but what they had in common was a revolutionary disregard for the conventions of the day. Mankowitz had just won an award for best British stage musical of 1959 for *Make Me an Offer*, but he was no stranger to the Gothic or the horrors of the Victorian underworld. He would go on to coscript *Casino Royale* (1967), but he would also pen a biography of Edgar Allan Poe and the miniseries "Dickens of London" for television. A Cambridge graduate, Mankowitz was an expert on porcelain and had written extensively on the subject (he ran an antiques emporium in the Piccadilly Arcade). He recently had scripted *Expresso Bongo* from his own play for Val Guest (which would be nominated for a British Film Academy Award for Best British Screenplay), and it was Guest who made the introduction.[6] "Michael always tried to make better pictures," said Jimmy Sangster. "He would always try to get better writers, better actors, better budgets." In this instance, Michael was to pay twice Hammer's usual fee to ensure the best. Mankowitz accepted: His country estate lacked a swimming pool! "Wolf had never been the writer for Hammer," Michael recalled, "but I thought that with this film. . . . So I tried it out on Wolf, and he went off and did a draft and I liked it. He was very enthusiastic about it."



Author Wolf Mankowitz

Mankowitz was an intellectual of the first order, much given to sermonizing from the increasingly influential pulpit of television. (In a script liberally sprinkled with psychological insights, one can almost hear the writer reflecting when Dr. Littauer remarks to Kitty Jekyll, "You are married to a man of very great talents—such men are always difficult to live with.") And he had ideas of his own about how best to reconcile the interests of the arts with those of social commentary—ideas that went far beyond the extravagant caprice of making Edward Hyde a handsome roué: his intent was to turn the entire story on its head and make *Hyde* the proxy agent of Jekyll's revenge against the moral corruption of the society around him. "We were on the edge of a sexual explosion and I wanted to go as far as possible in this film," Mankowitz said. "I suppose I took a kind of malicious pleasure in the situation, because I always found the Establishment hypocrisy so nauseating."

It was to be a trifle too far. With a screenplay of astonishing uninhibitedness, Mankowitz drew the unwanted attentions not only of film censor John Trevelyan but also of the British Board of Film Censors' recently appointed and far more reactionary president—ex-Labour cabinet minister Herbert Stanley Morrison, now Lord Morrison of Lambeth. Morrison had been the architect of Labour's victory in the 1945 general election and a member of the resultant Attlee government. Despite the color of his politics, he was a traditionalist by nature, conservative in his tastes, and the polar opposite of the BBFC's liberal secretary Trevelyan. The latter now had to perform a delicate balancing act between

the censorious inclinations of Morrison and his own instincts for moderation.

> *There is . . . abundant flouting of the moral code—adultery, two rapes, and the standard shocker genre violence—that make this anything but a kiddie's matinee film.*
>
> —*Variety* review of *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*

"At a time of brutal assaults on women, there is danger in this film." So advised a censor's report of 1960 in reference to Michael Powell's *Peeping Tom*, an otherwise sober and meticulous study of the mind and method of a sex killer. The report was given weight by an atrocious murder committed on December 23, 1959, when Patrick Joseph Byrne decapitated and mutilated the body of Stephanie Baird in a YWCA hostel in Birmingham.

John Trevelyan had been with the British Board of Film Censors as a part-time examiner since 1951, becoming its secretary in 1958 when John Nichols retired. It was a post he would hold until 1971, almost the whole of Hammer's period of operation in the field of horror films. Very much a personality in his own right, Trevelyan was a man of strong principles, which he could elucidate with some erudition. He had long sought to create a better climate of cooperation between artist and arbiter, and except for the occasional reaction to backlash, Board decisions during Trevelyan's tenure genuinely attempted to reflect the changes in attitude among the public at large on matters of sex and violence. Under its former president, Sir Sidney Harris, the BBFC had formulated strict guidelines about what was and was not acceptable on screen. It was hard on violence and softer on sex, but it was consistently tough on *sexual* violence—rape in particular.

The "X" certificate had now become very big business, especially in its more salacious guise. *Room at the Top*, Fellini's *La Dolce vita*, and Dassin's *Never on Sunday* (all 1959) had compelled the same sort of queues as *Dracula* and *The Curse of Frankenstein*, and features boasting elements of sex *and* horror were virtually guaranteed success at the box office. The first serious contenders to Hammer Horror's territory had come via Anglo-Amalgamated, the distribution outfit founded by Nat Cohen and Stuart Levy in emulation of Exclusive and now home of the *Carry On* series. Anglo was in the process of handling three films in a row that more than matched the Hammer product in terms of graphic content: *Horrors of the Black Museum*, *Circus of Horrors*, and *Peeping Tom*. The first had been heavily cut, the second was mildly cut, and the third would be uncut (it had been produced in a "Continental" version). But *Peeping Tom* deployed the twin sins of sex and horror with such precision that all in the industry would come to feel the sting of Karl Boehm's tripod switchblade. The film was too much for the establishment of the day, and it was castigated on release like no other, eventually forcing Anglo to withdraw it from circulation. Such a reaction was unprecedented and was to send producer-director Michael Powell's hitherto illustrious career into a near-terminal decline, from which it would only be rescued, after more than twenty years, through the good offices of Martin Scorsese and Francis Ford Coppola. The BBFC had clearly been prudent in issuing its note of caution, and Hammer was next on the firing line.

> *JEKYLL: All my experiments are directed towards freeing the creature imprisoned within.*
>
> *LITTAUER: In the Paper that caused all the trouble three years ago you wrote of* three *such "creatures."*
>
> *JEKYLL: I am even more certain today of the truth of what I wrote then. In each human personality, three forces struggle for supremacy.*
>
> —screenplay, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*

"Robert Louis Stevenson's story has been turned into a boiling hot script by Wolf Mankowitz. It will be one of Columbia's biggest winners in years," James Carreras promised *Variety*. The film's screenwriter was equally confident. "The reasoning was that evil had a very attractive, beautiful, Dorian Gray kind of face for the Victorians, whereas virtue was a kind of constipated, institutional face, and so it made sense for Hyde to be very handsome and for Jekyll to be very plain," Mankowitz explained. "The problem presented to the adapter is the dramatizing of what isn't there, which is to say the evil life of Mr. Hyde. I tried to utilize the whole of the London scene as described by the contemporary writers about London, and there would be the usual things—prostitution, violence, sexual activities, the smoking of opium."

Accordingly, the script for *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* ran the gamut of sexual explicitness, and in its foray into London's vice dens, it even threw in a smattering of taboos for good measure, such as cockfighting and black magic. In October 1959, Trevelyan warned Michael Carreras of the dangers inherent in this, and he continued

to do so throughout the production. The result was to be more than a dozen scene and dialogue deletions, even though footage for some of these exceptions had been shot. When a fine cut was ready for scrutiny the following February, there was worse to come.

"My only fear," Michael advised the board, "is that we have all been a little over-cautious, after the various warnings we received, in translating the script to film, and that our 'by implication' treatment has not proved as successful as our earlier horror treatments." It was a fear well founded. His accommodating approach may have appeased the secretary, but it was in danger of sanitizing what had been intended all along as an adult sex film: a sequence in a gin shop where Hyde is offered a "chicken doxie"—a girl aged twelve or less—had been reduced in shooting to him pouring a flagon of ale down the throat of an unconscious inebriate—hardly one of the "pearls" of the vice scene that previously Hyde had asked his friend Paul Allen to "rifle" for him.

Notwithstanding, *more* cuts were required. These involved abbreviating the rape of Jekyll's wife, removing shots of an exultant Hyde gloating over dancer Maria's death throes as he strangles her, and foreshortening the snake dance—as it stood, there was the suggestion of fellatio. Trevelyan "was very quick at picking up Freudian references," said Mankowitz. (The expression on Hyde's face as he watches Maria take the head of the snake into her mouth was to have censors on *both* sides of the Atlantic reaching for their scissors; in so doing, they would deprive the film of its most daring and subversive scene.) Two brief nude shots of Maria were also excised, and the result of it was the emasculation of a screenplay that already had to forgo episodes of a black mass, dog- and cockfighting, and underage prostitution: "A survey of the hobbies of London," as its author had it.

Still, in light of what was to follow twelve months later, Michael Carreras had gotten off relatively lightly. The clever optical "wipes" that had been dictated by Mankowitz's script would partially mask the deficiencies, but *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* was still the first Hammer Horror where large chunks of the action could clearly be seen to be missing.



The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll (Christopher Lee, Paul Massie).

How you fall back on the conventional way of thinking, Ernst. . . . I am not concerned with a moral operation.

—Dr. Henry Jekyll, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*

British film "bad boy" Laurence Harvey had been the original choice for Jekyll and Hyde; Mankowitz had written the part especially for him. As *Room at the Top* had shown, Harvey had the kind of persona that elicited sympathy, in spite of the depths to which the characters he played were required to sink. As Mankowitz noted, "He could be evil, yet very *sympatico* to the audience." Harvey was keen on the role, as well, but his agent and partner Jimmy Wolf would not allow him to accept. Harvey was a star, and Hammer salaries never quite reached to the heavens.

With this all-important aspect removed from the design of the film, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* was to be crippled by an internal flaw even before it was assigned a director entirely out of sympathy with its narrative complexity. "With Larry and a halfway-decent director, Hammer would have had *the* most distinguished film they ever made," was Wolf Mankowitz's assessment.

To the surprise of Christopher Lee (who would play Paul Allen), he was never even considered for the role. "I was very disappointed at not being asked to play it; I thought Mankowitz's idea was a very clever one, of the rather wimpish Dr. Jekyll turning into this handsome and malignant Mr. Hyde." Lee approached Michael Carreras on the subject and was turned down. The same would apply when Hammer announced its intention to make *The Phantom of the Opera*, and the reason was simple: "I used to get a bit disenchanted with the continual use of Lee (and Cushing)," Michael later confessed.

When Paul Massie stepped into the breach, he was offered only Hyde, but the young Canadian persuaded Michael that he could manage both roles. Roy Ashton could not, however. His makeup for Jekyll would fail to convince and, on the Scope screen, appeared theatrical and crude. (Terence Fisher's clumsy handling of the personality switches was to accord the film a reputation as the one in which Jekyll becomes Hyde by turning his back to the camera and pulling his beard off!) The critics would be taken by Massie's performance but not by the budgetary cheese paring it apparently had to surmount—though Hammer was not entirely to blame. Mankowitz had penned no transitions for Jekyll, and his reflection on the lapse is unequivocal: "What I discovered eventually is that the thing that holds the public is the transformation scene, and if you take out the transformation, you take away an essential part of the archetype."[7]

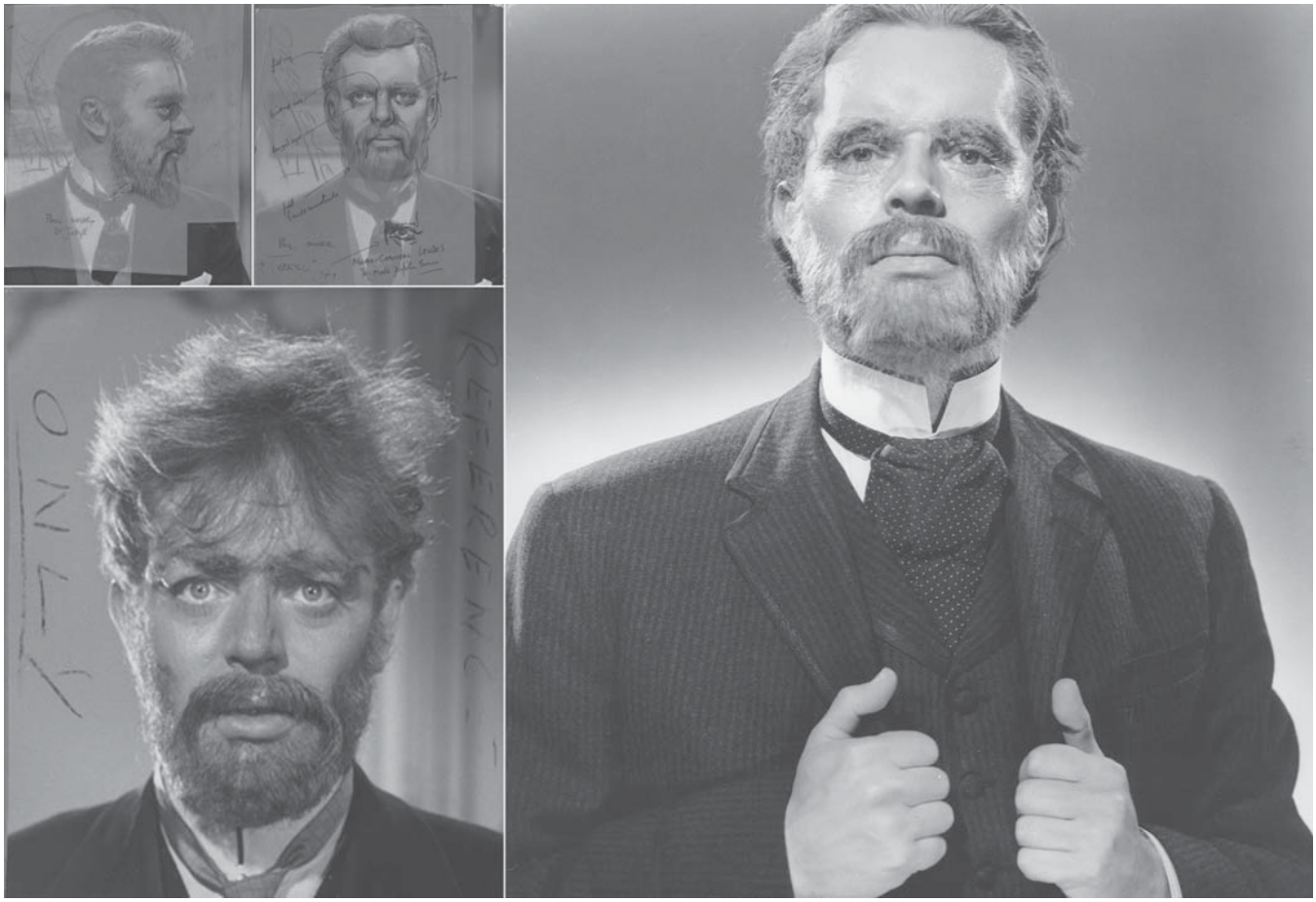
"This is not the Jekyll and Hyde I remember" would be the opinion of Paul Dehn (now at the *News Chronicle*)—once Hammer's staunchest critical ally, but now disenchanted with the affair. As if the cuts were not enough, the Mankowitz script proved to be too clever by half. What Jimmy Sangster would express in simple language and straightforward construction, this brilliant author buried in a dense interplay of characters. *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* turned out to be Jacobean tragedy, and the clinical dissection that Mankowitz had performed on Stevenson's "fine bogey tale" ultimately damaged the drama.

If the Hyde of the previous versions had been more metaphor than man, it rarely showed; but in *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*, it was only too obvious. Mankowitz had seen him as "an anarchistic force, which needs to be released more often." He never took anything lightly, and his research for this film had been as thoroughgoing and exhaustive as ever. "Jekyll is Victorian bourgeois society—his disorders are not just his personal disorders, they reflect a whole disordered materialism in that society. My *sympathies were with Hyde*."

In his diatribe against the film, Dehn wrote: "It is possible that sequences . . . concerned with sex and sadism will produce their customary dividends at the box office, in which case Hammer Films will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have butchered R. L. S. for £.s.d [pounds, shillings, and pence]." Mankowitz, on the other hand, declared that he had "written it carefully, so as not to excite the sadistic element." If Dehn missed the point, he was not alone—but then Stevenson himself experienced the same trouble in defending his intent. Time and again, he was moved to decry the extent to which the genital probing of psychoanalysis had reached into and distorted his work. "The harm was in Jekyll because he was a hypocrite, not because he was fond of women," Stevenson wrote.

> He says so himself; but people are so full of folly and inverted lust, that they can think of nothing but sexuality. The hypocrite let out the beast Hyde—who is no more sensual than another, but who is the essence of cruelty and malice, and selfishness and cowardice: and these are the diabolic in man—not this poor wish to have a woman, that they make such a cry about.

It would do neither Mankowitz nor Stevenson any good. Hyde had become a symbol for something else



Face of change: Roy Ashton's makeup tests for Paul Massie as Jekyll in *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll.*

entirely, and Hammer's version of the tale would be seen as merely a more salacious update of the same old sinful story.

AFTER A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT, DR. HENRY JEKYLL HAS FREED HIS "OTHER SELF"—WHOM HE NAMES EDWARD HYDE. AS HYDE, HE VISITS A NIGHT HAUNT CALLED THE SPHINX, WHERE HE FINDS HIS WIFE, KITTY, WITH HIS BEST FRIEND PAUL ALLEN, A RECKLESS GAMBLER. ALLEN INTRODUCES HIM TO THE CHARMS OF SNAKE-DANCER MARIA. HYDE VISITS KITTY AND ASKS HER TO BE HIS MISTRESS, BUT SHE CONFESSES TO LOVING PAUL; THE "CHANGE" OVERCOMES HIM AND HE LEAVES. JEKYLL TAKES THE SERUM AGAIN AND, AS HYDE, HE ALLOWS ALLEN TO SHOW HIM AROUND THE VICE DENS OF THE LONDON UNDERWORLD. HE OFFERS TO COVER ALLEN'S DEBTS IN EXCHANGE FOR KITTY. ALLEN REFUSES. HYDE THEN INVITES THE TWO LOVERS TO THE SPHINX, WHERE HE LOCKS PAUL IN A ROOM WITH THE PYTHON AND RAPES KITTY. SHE WAKES TO FIND PAUL CRUSHED, AND FALLS FROM THE BALCONY TO HER DEATH. AFTER MAKING LOVE TO MARIA, HYDE STRANGLES HER. NOW AWARE OF HYDE'S INTENTION TO INCRIMINATE HIM, JEKYLL DECIDES TO DESTROY THE DRUG, BUT HYDE RETURNS AND SETS FIRE TO THE LABORATORY. WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE, HE INFORMS THEM THAT JEKYLL HAS COMMITTED SUICIDE. AFTER THE INQUEST, HYDE TURNS BACK INTO JEKYLL FOR THE LAST TIME; NOW AN EXHAUSTED MAN, JEKYLL SAYS THAT HE HAS DESTROYED HYDE—BUT HE HAS ALSO DESTROYED HIMSELF IN THE PROCESS.

Wolf Mankowitz set his version of *Jekyll and Hyde* in 1878, eight years before the date of publication of the novella (in the film, the date is given as 1874). This ostensibly was to take account of the fact that Cremorne Gardens, a vast "pleasure garden" on the banks of the River Thames at Chelsea and infamous night haunt of prostitutes and toe-rags, was open to the public at the time.[8] In the screenplay, Hyde's first foray into London town took him to the Cremorne, though this subsequently was revised to a scene at the "Sphynx" to reduce the number of sets required of the film. (The Sphinx was

modeled on the many dance-hall-cum-brothels that were a feature of London's West End in the 1860s, like the Argyll Rooms in Great Windmill Street or Kate Hamilton's Night House behind Regent's Street.)

Prophetically anticipating the sexual awakening of the sixties, Mankowitz's script used the subtext of the story to comment on the sterile moral conformity of postwar society, so the moral and philosophical implications of the psyche splitting are quickly disposed of in an obligatory exchange between Jekyll and the voice of conscience, as represented by the paternalistic Littauer. "Good—evil—this moral quibbling is useless," the doctor dispenses, as it is revealed that he has already partaken of the drug. By the start of reel 2, Hyde is onscreen for the first time. The thrust of this version is not with Jekyll's experimentation, but with Hyde himself and how he confronts, encircles, and finally obliterates a social infrastructure in decline.

In *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*, Edward Hyde retains the sexual dimension of the preceding films, but Jekyll's raison d'être is the exacting of a proxy revenge on his unfaithful wife and disingenuous friend, not self-gratification. "The pattern of justice is complete," Hyde announces when Kitty Jekyll has fallen to her death after discovering the corpse of her erstwhile lover. Justice?—a new ethic for the amoral Hyde, surely. But a natural justice of sorts is exactly what the character achieves this time around, although he does not survive to enjoy the fruits of his labors: Jekyll resurfaces to recant and reveal the truth, thereby destroying them both.

If the previous versions had affirmed the notion of a Victorian age that was essentially moral, if a little prim when it came to matters of sex, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* paints a wholly different and more authentic picture. Its Jekyll is a man only too aware of the dual nature of the society in which he functions—a far cry from the high-minded idealists of March and Tracy—and Hyde becomes his instrument of revenge on a world whose values are asynchronous to his own. In the Hammer film, *all* the protagonists have two faces, and the surprise is



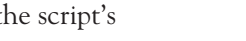
Hammer erotica: *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* (Paul Massie, Norma Marla).

the remarkable rectitude with which its Hyde conducts himself in counterweight. He may be conditioned by his alter ego to commit murder, but some of the lesser brutalities (the bludgeoning of the thug, the trampling of the wino) were appended by director Terence Fisher, and Hyde is otherwise a "perfect gentleman," as the transsexual manager of the Sphinx so pointedly refers to him. Here it is *Jekyll* who becomes annoyingly resurgent as the drug wears off, whereas hitherto it had always been Hyde who surfaced of his own accord. It is a subtle—perhaps elusive—distinction, but it is integral to the concept, and Fisher's hidebound notions of archetype blinded him to the nettle.

The Mankowitz script had plainly been something of a minefield, and despite an unusual one-day reading for the cast prior to production at the insistence of Michael Carreras, it is clear that writing, playing, and direction are not entirely in accord. Mankowitz had lunched on the set and met with Fisher, but his impression of the director was not a favorable one: "I spoke to Terence Fisher once or twice," he said. "But he just seemed to me to be like a sort of damaged, elementary recording machine."

The film was troubled from the start; it went over budget (finishing at £146,000) and threatened to go over schedule. Dawn Addams fell out with Fisher and refused to take his direction; communication had to be conducted through an intermediary. Bernard Robinson asked for more money and was given it; Fisher asked for more time and was turned down. Consequently, Fisher sulked and blamed Michael—somewhat unreasonably—although there *was* a case to answer. Mankowitz had written a major oratorio designed to run for two hours, but Hammer was intent on performing it in a minor key. As a result, the scope of the piece was compacted and several of its best scenes were jettisoned to expedite the usual six-week shoot: a *symbolic* transformation that better explained the conflict in Jekyll, Hyde's return to the prizefight to take on the Corinthian, and the script's shocking climax:

> In the far distance . . . we see a man on the gallows. We move in very fast till we are close to the face of Jekyll. The trap swings away, the body jerks as the rope tautens. Slowly the body revolves away. As the body again swings into camera we now see the dead face of *Hyde*.



The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll was Fisher's eighth horror in a row for Hammer, and repetition was beginning to show itself. He is on record as having had little sympathy with the material. "You didn't have a single character . . . who was worth tuppence ha'penny," he opined for *Films and Filming*, adding that Hyde "loved every second of his crimes." Wolf Mankowitz saw things differently. "I couldn't get through to him," he said of Fisher. "He seemed rather resentful of the whole affair." There was an age gap a generation wide between them, and the gulf in understanding was wider still. Mankowitz was neither consulted about the psychology nor questioned about the motivation. Accordingly, he is uncompromising over the way Fisher handled the film. "He didn't understand what the thing was about. He hadn't even read the book. He thought it was just another Hammer horror story."

Mankowitz's opinion of Fisher is moderated in part by that of a young actor who played a brief cameo as a pimp in the film, Oliver Reed: "He [Fisher] didn't get involved too much. He had a great eye for the four-wall situation that Hammer was—he knew exactly where to put the camera, without thinking too much about it." Fisher had an eye for talent, also. He and current casting director Stuart Lyons (later to become head of Fox U.K.) saw potential in Reed and promptly moved to exploit it. "He and Stuart Lyons tried to put me under contract—a private contract for themselves," Reed remembers. Nothing came of it; Hammer had other things in store for this particular "extra."

As though to make some sense of the moral quagmire in which he found himself, Fisher dictated that a line that had been included as a sop to the puritans be spoken directly to the camera—"The death of Dr. Jekyll is a solemn warning to us not to meddle with the divine pattern of nature," summarizes a coroner. Whatever message was blowing in the wind of the upcoming decade, it was to be for eyes other than those of Terence Fisher. "Personally, I would have written it differently," he said of the film.[9] From the evidence, it appears that he tried to.

> *HYDE: Come Mrs. Jekyll, why not sell—what you have so often* given *away?*
>
> *KITTY: I might agree to your preposterous suggestion, Mister Hyde . . .* were it not for the fact that you utterly repel me!
>
> —unscripted addendum,
> *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*

Unavailable for almost half a century in the form in which it eventually reached the English screen, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* is not the lost masterpiece of Hammer



Josephine and Michael Carreras with Anne and Paul Massie at the London premiere of *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll.*

Horror, but it is the Gothic masterwork that Hammer never made. With its abridgments and alterations, what the extant film noticeably lacks is the potency Mankowitz had breathed into it to begin with. Thanks, in part, to the intervention of the moral purists it had chosen to range itself against, its teeth were pulled before it could bite. But enough remains to show what should have been. If Hammer's most daring exercise in the genre had not been watered down and gone comparatively unnoticed as a result—if a film, rather than a *book*, had inaugurated the mood of change that would culminate in the catharsis of the swinging sixties—then *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* would have been that film.

The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll opened at the London Pavilion on October 7, 1960. One month later, *Lady Chatterley* was exonerated in the eyes of the law, and the sexual revolution that film and book *both* had advocated were finally primed to begin.[10]

—*From Paul Massie:*
Will you let me go, you filthy witch?
(Will you let me go, you fourpenny whore?)
I told you to go to Hades, and take that woman with you.
(I told you to go to hell, and take that trollop with you.)

—*From Christopher Lee:*
Darn good chap, Jekyll.
(Damn good chap, Jekyll.)
Go back to Hades.
(Go back to Hell.)

—*From Norma Marla:*
Your friend spoke to me like I was a common witch.
(Your friend spoke to me like I was a common whore.)

—Examples of overdubbing in *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*

If Hammer found itself on the wrong side of the censor for other than the expected reason with *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*, it was nothing compared to the problems it was to face when the film was screened for executives at Columbia. Mankowitz's liberal use of mild expletives was greeted with a different kind of horror, and it was requested that they be deleted *en masse*. All references to "bitch," "whore," and "trollop" were to be replaced with the word *witch*; "Hades" was substituted for "Hell" (as in "Go to *Hades* and take that *woman* [trollop] with you"); "damn" became "darn"; "bloody" became "ruddy"; and even the innocuous "English lady" (as in "You have a nice, cold *English lady* to go back to") had to be changed to the more seemly "wife." Michael Carreras had no alternative but to call back the principals and redub throughout, but it was to little avail.

When the film eventually arrived Stateside (in March 1961), it was rated "B" by the Legion of Decency (morally objectionable in part for all), and further cuts were introduced to try to make it acceptable for the preteen mass market that Columbia was aiming at. This failed also. After a delay of more than a year, and despite posters and other materials having been produced for its U.S. release utilizing the original title, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* was offloaded by Columbia to American-International Pictures, which would announce it as *Jekyll's Inferno* but ultimately cofeature it with *Terror in the Haunted House*, as *House of Fright*.

The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll had been a pivotal film for Hammer, but now that opportunity was lost for all time. For Michael, it was to be proof positive of the old adage about only being as good as your last success. While those concerned were becoming embroiled in the damage-limitation exercise, *Hell Is a City* enjoyed a gala premiere at Manchester's Apollo Theatre on April 10, 1960, and again the plaudits came. Admiring its gritty approach, the *Daily Cinema* was particularly lavish in its praise. "Hammer have made many fine box-office pictures. They have done nothing better than this accomplished piece of craftsmanship, which is as great in entertainment as it is in production value." It was not enough to save the day; in making *The Two Faces of Dr.*

Jekyll, Michael was simply considered to have indulged himself. "Within the company it set me back a lot," he notes. "Everybody said, you shouldn't have done it."

"It was just product from a Hammer point-of-view," Mankowitz concurs, "though not necessarily from Michael's. . . . But of course, he was part of the machinery." Not for much longer. The whole sad experience would go a long way toward convincing Michael Carreras that Gothic horror was not his *métier* after all. Following the release of the film, publicist Dennison Thornton was required to remove all reference to *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* from Michael's official résumé.

However unsatisfactory the end result, at least Wolf Mankowitz had identified the topical nature of the beast lurking within the good Dr. Jekyll. Mankowitz's Jekyll had been of the same sociological caste as *Peeping Tom*, but disappointing returns were to ensure that the Hammer formula would resist any further response to this mood. (*Jekyll*'s failure would also preclude the company from making the one classic that is missing from its oeuvre: *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. "Trevelyan said something discouraging, so it disappeared off the schedule," Michael recalls.) By the time Jerry Lewis had turned his attentions to the subject in *The Nutty Professor* (1963) and himself into Dean Martin in the guise of "Buddy Love," even the notion of filming the Stevenson story in its original form would be dealt a mortal blow for a generation or more.[11]

If *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* had experienced more than its share of problems, it did not suffer alone. With Universal pressing for the promised sequel to *Dracula*, Tony Hinds had finally been forced to take the bull by the horns. Sangster was gone, in spirit at least, but behind him lay the script for *The Disciple of Dracula*. Lee had gone in body—to Italy for the appositely titled *Hard Times for Vampires* with Renato Rascel, back again to Britain for *City of the Dead* and a nonhorror role in *Beat Girl*, then over to Hamburg for *The Treasure of San Theresa*, then off to France for *The Hands of Orlac*—all in search of an international career. In September 1959, while Michael was sounding out the BBFC's initial response to *Jekyll*, Hinds had asked Peter Bryan (fresh from his success with *The Hound of the Baskervilles*) to rework Sangster's script, with a view to removing Dracula from it altogether!

Bryan did as he was bid, and devised a plague of bats to dispatch the baron at the climax in lieu of the Count. He also removed the machinations of Latour (including a neat pre-credits sequence in which he adopted the guise of a grave digger and impaled a newly interred vampire woman with a shovel through the lid of her coffin; the sequence later made its way intact into *The Kiss of the Vampire*) and reinstated Van Helsing, and he turned the good girl/bad girl concept of the two heroines into a more sensible *one*, named Marianne Danielle. To bridge the gaps, Latour became the Meinsters' manservant (and a token presence in the first reel, as a result), the baron was enabled to turn into a bat (to allow him the freedom of movement that previously had been orchestrated by Margaret), and a new subplot was brought into play, with Marianne and the baron becoming betrothed as the pretext for his visits to the academy. This allowed for a title change to the more marketable *The Brides of Dracula*, in recognition of the sexual element that had been larded onto the original film.

Two years before, Terence Fisher's stated position on such a radical departure from one of the basic tenets of Hammer Horror as a *bat* had been unambiguous. "In the 1931 version of Dracula, the Count . . . had a habit of turning himself into a bat. Today's audiences would never accept such antics. They would laugh at them



Publicity pose for *The Brides of Dracula* (Yvonne Monlaur, David Peel).

because they would find them unbelievable." Expedience can make a fool out of anyone.

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They cast no reflection. . . . And some have the power to transform themselves into bats.

—Dr. Van Helsing, *The Brides of Dracula*

Despite Peter Bryan's intentions (or because of them), much of Jimmy Sangster's original story no longer made sense. The enjoining of the two girls of opposing natures into a single composite heroine had thrown the narrative dynamic to the four winds. The baron was being paraded as a Jekyll-and-Hyde *vampire*—charming by day, alarming by night—but with the elimination of Margaret, the character of "Marianne" had now to behave in a similarly schizoid manner, and the innocuous activities of the baroness's maidservant had to be made malevolent to take up the slack (in Sangster's draft, the servant had become the third *victim*). Confusion was beginning to reign. But in this version's favor was Bryan's dialogue—still a vast improvement on Sangster's—and that, at least, invited a positive reception from Peter Cushing.

Bryan's draft was forwarded to Cushing at the end of November. It was not enough. "Peter Cushing wouldn't do it," said Hinds, so a *third* attempt was made to give the script a finer polish. "I said I'd get *another* writer; I contacted an agent and they had this chap called Percy on the books. I contacted Peter Cushing and said, do you know Edward Percy? And he had done something. . . . A play of his." The sixty-nine-year-old Percy would add a touch of period color but little else, though Cushing remained none the wiser.[12] Cushing accepted the role finally, but not without cost to the film.

The rewrites had pushed production past Christmas and into the new year, and the delivery date to Universal was coming dangerously close. With Michael Carreras preoccupied on *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* and Carreras *père* embarked on a month-long cruise to the West Indies aboard the S.S. *Flandre*, Tony Hinds chose not to submit the script of Hammer's second Dracula, with all its attendant problems, to the BBFC prior to shooting. But in light of what was now befalling *Jekyll*, Hinds was forced to step in himself and further moderate the uncompromising edge of the piece even as *re*written, just as the film went onto the floor.

In Hinds's reconstructed version of the Sangster-Bryan-Percy script, Marianne was to be *removed* from the baron's power and made to forget about events at the chateau and, incredibly, to fall for the baron's suave charms all over again—to the extent of consenting to become his wife! To make this *volte-face* work, a key sequence had to be altered. Bryan's Marianne had been trapped in the woods by the baron after fleeing the chateau (in Sangster's version, Margaret had been "seduced" at the academy), and it was there that she was to have succumbed to the vampire. Hinds retained the scene but amended the dynamic. The actual entrapment would not take place—though the viewer was still meant to witness the baron befanged in the background—and Marianne was to remain blissfully unaware of his true nature. For the rest, she would simply be required to react with insouciance to the web of evil spinning around her.

The baroness was also to be subject to some revision. The tainted procuress of the Sangster-Bryan draft would become a lonely and embittered old woman. The calculatingly sinister presence and air of inscrutability would now be a bluff: in reality, she is merely the melancholic wet nurse of a son whose condition is primarily of her own doing, touched by maidservant Greta's great loyalty, pleased to have the opportunity of some interesting company, and genuinely upset by Marianne's ultimate betrayal of her trust—a far cry from the monstrous matriarch of Sangster's vision. The doctoring here is light but incisive. The baroness's "I am not hungry—yet" becomes the unambiguously innocent "I have very little appetite." Her reference to the fact that she sleeps "better in the hours of daylight" (from Sangster's "The baroness stays in her room all day") gives way to the promise of a personal escort for Marianne in the *morning*.

Hinds also made ready with the usual contingency. "I would find out very early what our minimum delivery time should be for a feature and I'd divide that by the number of days; if we were getting that amount of screen-time, and we were behind schedule, then obviously we had too much script—so I used to rip the pages out!" The complex laboring over the script of "Dracula II" had brought about just such an eventuality, and during shooting, Hinds would be required to do his page ripping, as well.

When the completed film was appraised by the BBFC in March 1960, Sangster again took the brunt of the criticism. "Obviously written by an insane, but very precocious schoolboy" was the assessment, with the examiner adding, ominously, "We have our remedies (with scriptless films)." The Board was unconcerned by the intimations of incest and lesbianism but predictably demanded that a close-up of the staking (of Baroness Meinster) be removed. In the absence of John Trevelyan, Hinds decided to take a chance; he protested that a similar shot had been allowed in the first film. The benefit of the

doubt went to Hammer, and the scene was passed. But when correspondence relating to the original was later checked, the examiners discovered their error. The next Hammer Gothic was not to get off so lightly.

The public had expected Christopher Lee, and the critics would be quick to point out the omission. At the BBFC, a bemused examiner had commented in reference to the sexual overtones of the film, "What next? Dracula, the *homosexual* vampire?" Ironically, the Sunday tabloids would be just as quick to point out that the sexual preference of Lee's replacement—David Peel—was not entirely in keeping with what was being portrayed on the screen (and still illegal in 1960). In this, they were no doubt helped by an unfortunate remark in the press book: "You know the old saying—whichever way the twig is bent so the tree will grow," offered Hammer's new recruit. "Well, this tree has been thoroughly bent—bachelor-wise!" Peel retired from acting soon after (he would die in 1982, at the age of sixty-two), and Hinds was to ensure that his next monster would have his libido pointed indisputably in the right direction.

TEACHER MARIANNE DANIELLE IS EN ROUTE TO THE ACADEMY AT BADSTEIN. FINDING HERSELF STRANDED AT AN INN, SHE IS OFFERED SHELTER BY BARONESS MEINSTER. DURING THE NIGHT, MARIANNE DISCOVERS THE YOUNG BARON HELD PRISONER IN THE CHATEAU; SHE FREES HIM. THE NEXT MORNING, THE BARONESS IS FOUND DEAD AND MARIANNE FLEES. SHE IS RESCUED BY VAN HELSING, WHO IS INVESTIGATING AN OUTBREAK OF VAMPIRISM. HIS SEARCH LEADS HIM TO CHATEAU MEINSTER, WHERE HE IS ATTACKED BY THE BARON, WHO IS A VAMPIRE. UNAWARE OF HIS TRUE NATURE, MARIANNE HAS ACCEPTED HIS PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE. MEINSTER KILLS GINA, ONE OF THE STUDENTS AT THE ACADEMY, WHO IS LAID TO REST IN THE STABLE TO AWAIT BURIAL. GINA BECOMES A VAMPIRE AND RISES FROM HER COFFIN TO ATTACK MARIANNE. VAN HELSING INTERVENES TO SAVE HER, AND FOLLOWS GINA TO A DESERTED WINDMILL. THERE, HE IS BITTEN BY MEINSTER, BUT HE CAUTERIZES THE WOUND. WHEN THE BARON RETURNS WITH MARIANNE, VAN HELSING THROWS HOLY WATER IN HIS FACE. MEINSTER SETS FIRE TO THE MILL AND FLEES INTO THE COURTYARD. VAN HELSING LEAPS ONTO THE MILL SAIL AND TRAPS HIM IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS. THE BARON PERISHES, AND VAN HELSING LEADS MARIANNE OUT TO SAFETY.

> *Transylvania—land of dark forests, dread mountains and black, unfathomed lakes: still the home of magic and devilry as the nineteenth century draws to its close. . . . Count Dracula, monarch of all vampires, is dead. But his disciples live on—to spread the cult, and corrupt the world.*
>
> —opening narration, *The Brides of Dracula*

The Brides of Dracula begins at a breakneck pace, offering only a token résumé before pitching its audience into a frantic coach ride through the wilds of Transylvania. As events build inexorably toward the first-act climax, Marianne unwittingly frees the vampire from his chain. When she is confronted by what she has done, she flees—but the anticipated climax never comes, even in its *revised* form. The weight of all the addenda and the pressure of a deadline that demanded shooting be complete before the end of February had necessitated yet more changes. Along with other extraneous scenes, the crucial encounter had been struck on the floor. Removed along with it were some of the linking passages (Marianne's luggage comes and goes with alarming discontinuity; it is seen once and never reappears, yet mention of it persists) and the much more spectacular original ending, which had the debilitated baron finished off by the swarm of bats conjured by Van Helsing (this would also resurface in *The Kiss of the Vampire*, where it would form the climax). It had been too late to include a revised synopsis in publicity material, which would draw on the *Bryan* scenario, and these additional excisions only added to the resulting insolubles.

In the cutting room, Hinds had been able to revert the construction of the film to the tried-and-tested outlines of its enormously successful forerunner. The costly and time-consuming sequence in the woods (which had featured a clutch of "extras") had been replaced by the quicker, cheaper alternative of a "soliloquy" from Greta to her dead mistress—a process fade bringing the proceedings to a close, after she has flung back the curtain to reveal the baron's coffin.[13] Thus the film's first appearance of Meinster in vampire form now comes with him confronting Van Helsing in the great hall of the chateau (another substitution requiring the principals alone), emulating the library scene between the Count and Jonathan Harker in *Dracula*. But lost in the translation was how Marianne had come to be in the position to free the baron in the first place, when Greta could easily have done it for her.

In his attempt to plug this hole in the plot, Hinds had inadvertently compounded the faux pas. The dialogue he had written to explain it away had reprised the original script. Sangster's pragmatism had dictated that the baron would have required *nourishment*, and the "heroine" was to have provided that, not just the means of escape.

You've done what you could for him. Keeping him here . . . a prisoner. Bringing these young girls to him—keeping him alive with their blood.

—Greta, *The Brides of Dracula*

The attempt to soft-pedal Sangster's wild Freudian fantasy was, of necessity, cosmetic. The revisions may have been sufficient to erode Marianne's complicity in the affair, but her subsequent actions were to stay bewilderingly *similar*, and fallout from the changes can be detected throughout the film. Marianne can plainly be seen struggling with some conflicting emotions. She reacts with surprise when Meinster tells Frau Lang of his mother's death, yet she had seen the body for herself. She opens the window in Gina's room on a pretext and, on exiting, in flaps the baron to feast on her erstwhile companion. She appears consistently to be distracted, as if in possession of some secret knowledge just beyond the reach of memory. Much is resolved by coincidence: for example, Marianne's presence in the stable when Gina rises from her coffin (in Bryan's draft, *she* was to have released the locks). But the baron's emergent ability to turn into a bat skillfully pastes over the joins. Of the anomalies that remain, only Marianne's naive acceptance of the baron's proposal of marriage is ultimately untenable. Hinds's surgical strike had been effective enough, but it was not without casualties and was to leave some lasting scars on the landscape of the story.

In spite of everything, *The Brides of Dracula* is replete with some of the most bravura imagery in the history of the horror film: David Peel's modish designer Dracula (all blond Aryan good looks, gray opera cloak, and immaculate Oxbridge diction); Peter Cushing's modernist, man-for-all-contingencies vampire killer who, having been bitten by the bad baron, retains the presence of mind to burn out the virulence with a branding iron and cauterize the wound with a salve of holy water.

Peel's autocratic vampire is unique in the cinema. With his quintessential English manners and faculty for



Face of danger: *The Brides of Dracula* (Andree Melly, Yvonne Monlaur).

ice-cold sadism, he adds a chill streak to the old-world charm and underlying guile of the archetype as formulated by Lee, as adept in using a chain for a garrote as he is in delivering *bon-mots* to the tenants on his estate.

Paid scant regard by critics in general due to its conception as a commercially motivated successor to the original film (long before sequels became fashionable), *The Brides of Dracula* is nevertheless the one Hammer Horror that genuinely *looks* as though it had all the resources of a big Hollywood studio behind it. It is immaculately dressed, superbly mounted, and for the most part, flawlessly acted and directed. There are minor irritants in the form of some of the subordinate playing, one or two ill-conceived effects, and an anticlimax that would not have passed muster with a major studio, but they are blemishes on a canvas whose sheer pictorial sweep is a staggering achievement. Later Hammers would construct an entire narrative around sets equivalent in size to the coaching inn in *Brides*, yet here, in addition, are Bernard Robinson's and Thomas Goswell's most grandiose chateau interiors (a triumvirate of flying griffins gracing the great hall to further disguise the famous balcony), a graveyard, a stable-cum-crypt, the whole of the Lang Academy, and an entire mill precinct. These are further complemented by integrated miniatures (the chateau and the mill) and matte shots, all designed to make it wholly credible that the audaciously named village of Badstein is surely a long, long way from Water Oakley in Berkshire.

For once, the characters have an entire milieu to inhabit. Badstein is a locality extant in gloom: a twilight land of devils and angels, where vampires scrabble to escape their graves at dusk, huge bats soar overhead, and Disneyesque windmills reside on dark hilltops, bathed only in the glow of the odd, incongruous brazier. Terence Fisher conducts much of the action in this half-light. Despite Hammer's growing notoriety for splurging on color, *Brides* is strictly a film of shadow play. It thrives on darkness. Unlike *Dracula*, where the warrior sun ultimately interceded to extinguish the terror by night, *The Brides of Dracula* comes to a close without the purifying ingress of daybreak.

Hammer was continuing to attract notable talent to its films. Martita Hunt, a grande dame of the English theater and most fondly remembered as Miss Havisham in David Lean's *Great Expectations* (1946), attacks the part of Baroness Meinster with an intimidating gusto. She is imposingly sinister, and her commanding presence makes the most of some excellent lines: "We pray for death, he and I—at least I hope *he* does." Hunt died nine years later, but her role here is a standout in the glossary



Behind the scenes on *The Brides of Dracula,* with Peter Cushing out of the shot in a cardigan (David Peel, Yvonne Monlaur).

of tortured souls. The ever-dependable Miles Malleson contributes the very best of his comedic interludes as a hypochondriac doctor, afflicted with more ailments and cures than all his patients put together. Mona Washbourne (who three years later was to supply the head to occupy Albert Finney's hatbox in Karel Reisz's film of Emlyn Williams's *Night Must Fall*) pitches in with the bumbling but essentially well-meaning eccentric aunt, the like of whom no self-respecting fairy tale could be without. And Freda Jackson's Greta—a cross between Mrs. Danvers and Rochester's wife—has a line in mad laughter that is the very stuff of the night. (Jackson and Hunt generated tension on-screen *and* off, and the film is the better for their upstaging antics.)

On a print in pristine condition, the lushness of Jack Asher's vivid Technicolor photography defies description. The very hues are alive with a sensuality all their own. Yet this brilliant cinematographer would light no more Gothics for Hammer. Asher was "not a well man," Peter Cushing observed of the spinal problem that was to slow Asher down, but having already collected a number of awards, his independent streak and virtuoso pursuit of excellence put him in conflict with Hinds's desire keep within budget at all cost. Asher had been in the business since 1930 (he became a lighting cameraman in 1947, after completing his training at Gainsborough), and his departure would remove a range of expression from Hammer's palette which it would never quite be able to replace. Asher could have photographed a blank wall and given it the texture of an Old Master. Jack Asher

would return to Hammer twice more—for *The Scarlet Blade* (1963) and *The Secret of Blood Island* (1964)—but his career, like that of several others involved in the film, peaked with *The Brides of Dracula*.

Fisher would never direct better, fatigue and the stultifying effects of repetition had not yet begun to afflict Robinson, and Cushing would take his Van Helsing from here to film immortality. All that is lacking is the musical vision of James Bernard, though late substitute Malcolm Williamson (who was soon to become Master of the Queen's Musick) rarely lets the team down.

On a purely technical level, the changes in the script caused the plot to come apart at the seams, yet they also brought about an astonishing transformation. In the ensuing impenetrability of the events, the dream state Bryan had sought to create is actually heightened, and what emerges is a work of considerable persuasive power. With her conversion from willing acolyte to wide-eyed innocent in the thrall of unholy terrors, Marianne becomes a Grimms' heroine, with the baron standing in for the whole gamut of evil guardians. This fairy-tale quality was unintentional, but it works like a charm and would never be repeated.

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The genesis of *The Brides of Dracula* may have been more luck than judgment, but the film is the archetype of Hammer Gothic. It is *Brides*, more than any of the rest, that typifies the style, the content, the look, the plotting, the production values, and the players—all at the peak of performance. It is the high point of Hammer Horror. *Brides* confounded audience expectation; it found itself the center of a mild controversy; it suffers from being both forward-looking and yet somehow curiously dated; it is exquisite to behold—bloody and bold—yet it disappoints as a whole. But it functions in a universe that is entirely of its own making, separated from the mechanics of its creation. Like all good fairy tales, it is rooted in a reality of sorts, yet elements of it stay in the mind



The climax of *The Brides of Dracula*.

long after, garish and redolent as a dream. *The Brides of Dracula* is Hammer Horror's flawed masterpiece. There would be no other.

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VAN HELSING: Have you heard of the Cult of the Undead?

MARIANNE: The Undead?

VAN HELSING: It is most prevalent in Transylvania and the lower Danube.

MARIANNE: And . . . could it spread?

VAN HELSING: Unless it is stamped out.

—The Brides of Dracula

With *The Brides of Dracula*, Hammer was on the verge of creating mythic archetypes to replace the venerated models from Universal Studios, and had Jimmy Sangster stayed with the Gothic, that is just what would have happened. But Sangster had moved on to new areas of interest, and his vast storehouse of original ideas had moved with him. Sangster was irreplaceable, as Hammer was soon to find out.

The Brides of Dracula went on general release in the United States with the homegrown Universal offering *The Leech Woman*. Odious by comparison, *The Leech Woman* would prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the British were now the undisputed masters of the art of the horror film. But it would not be so for much longer.

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The next stop on the line would be in the Far East and involve a brace of action thrillers that were intended to feed off a common design, one of which would be another attempt at a television pilot. *Visa to Canton* even assumed contemporary relevance after the U-2 spy plane incident, as *Variety* pointed out: "Hammer Films fortuitously is first in the field with a film depicting the shooting down of Western planes over Red territory." By the time Francis Gary Powers was domiciled in a Soviet prison camp, that relevance had faded into memory, and when the film failed to sire the proposed series, it was consigned as support to the upcoming *Sword of Sherwood Forest*.

Visa to Canton was disposable, however. It was only the icing on a cake whose main component was to be a second stab at a historical horror in the style of *The Stranglers of Bombay*, but with the added benefit of color. Tony Keys nominated fellow Rank veteran Anthony Bushell to direct, and the net was trawled over the preceding feature to furnish some of the headliners in the cast. Since her accent had not seemed out of place in Transylvania, it was held to be credible in China, too, and Yvonne Monlaur—*The Brides of Dracula*'s Marianne and France's "newest sex-kitten"—was rushed into what was provisionally titled *Terror of the Hatchet-Men*. The film would give Christopher Lee star billing (or at least grant him pole position, for a change) and, in its story of one man's struggle against the acolytes of an evil and all-powerful enemy, it was a Hammer Gothic in all but place and time: Hong Kong at the turn of the century. What became *The Terror of the Tongs* commenced shooting on April 18, 1960.

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HONG KONG, 1910. A SECRET SECT, THE RED DRAGON TONG, MURDERS THE DAUGHTER OF BRITISH MERCHANT SKIPPER JACKSON SALE. SALE SETS OUT TO CRUSH THE TONG. AFTER RESCUING LEE, A TONG BOND SLAVE, SALE IS CAPTURED AND TORTURED, BUT HE ESCAPES. TONG HEAD CHUNG KING DECREES THAT SALE MUST DIE IN A CEREMONIAL KILLING ON THE WHARF. IN TRYING TO WARN HIM, LEE FALLS VICTIM TO THE EXECUTIONER'S HATCHET INSTEAD; HER LAST WORDS IMPLICATE AN EAST INDIA COMPANY OFFICIAL AS A TONG MEMBER. SALE AND OTHER AGENCY MEN ENCOURAGE A REVOLT ON THE WATERFRONT TO BREAK THE POWER OF THE RED DRAGON. CHUNG KING CHOOSES DEATH BY STABBING AT THE HANDS OF ONE OF HIS MEN.

Jimmy Sangster had written the new film for Ken Hyman, so he could earn his producer's spurs—but director Anthony Bushell had earned his long before, as an associate to Laurence Olivier on *Hamlet* (1948). Oxford-educated and an ex-Guards officer, Bushell's sidesteps into direction had been few and far between (he was best known for his acting stints on the small screen, notably as Colonel Breen in the BBC's "Quatermass and the Pit") and his work in *The Terror of the Tongs* is flat and functional, though Dr. Fu Chow's death by hypodermic is as effectively staged as anything in Hammer Horror. It is left to the script to deliver the requisite moments of shock and suspense, and this it does in a tightly plotted tale of revenge conducted along the lines of *The Stranglers*.

Christopher Lee's inscrutable Chung King is magisterially menacing in his black silk, though Sangster's aversion to research makes the Tong head's predilection for peppering his threats with Confucius-like proverbs



Face of hate: *The Terror of the Tongs* (Charles Lloyd Pack, Geoffrey Toone, Yvonne Monlaur). *Inset:* Milton Reid.

a more all-embracing affair than might otherwise have been the case. But whether quoting the *Rubaiyat* or, more anachronistically, Lord Hewart (or merely enquiring of Sale, "Have you ever had your bones *scraped*, Captain?"), Lee essays the role with deadpan relish, and it would serve as a dry run for the series of Fu Manchu films on which he was later to embark for producer Harry Alan Towers.

The Terror of the Tongs takes every opportunity to deploy its arsenal of knives, hatchets, and billhooks—though the actual depiction of blood was kept to a minimum at the request of the censor and, while scripted excesses (such as a decapitation and the lopping-off of a pair of hands) were also toned down in the shooting, an excruciating torture scene had to be shortened for American release. Correcting what it now considered to have been an error in granting the "A" certificate to Hyman's earlier *The Stranglers of Bombay*, the BBFC awarded *The Terror of the Tongs* an "X" regardless.

Both the film's opening shot (of the Hong Kong-to-Macao ferry) and its nominal heavy, wrestler Milton Reid, had seen service in Rank's *Ferry to Hong Kong* (1959). Indian-born Reid—the executioner in *The Camp on Blood Island* and epitome of the evil oriental thug, who fought professionally under the pseudonym of "the Mighty Chang"—would repeat his one-note performance in the following year's *Captain Clegg*. The standing set would subsequently do likewise for Michael Carreras and *Visa to Canton*.

At the time, Ken Hyman was also overseeing the U.K. operation of Seven Arts from offices at 24 Berkeley Square, and a conflict of interest was inevitable. It came when Hyman jetted off to Paris to finalize arrangements for *Gigot* during the filming of *The Terror of the Tongs*. The resulting contretemps with Michael sped the end of his direct involvement with Hammer and led him to concentrate his energies on independent production for Seven Arts, instead—*The Small World of*

Sammy Lee (produced by Frank Godwin; 1961) and *The Hill* (1964).

The Brides of Dracula opened at the Odeon, Marble Arch, on July 4, 1960. Tony Hinds's next job was to have been an *alternative* companion piece to *The Stranglers* (from his own script this time), which had been announced to the trades as *The Black Hole of Calcutta*. With the poor reception accorded its predecessor, any notion of a further feature with an Indian location had given way to Ken Hyman's idea of a variant set in Hong Kong. Hinds instead turned his attention to another Gothic from Universal's archives, which he had penciled in under the simple generic of *The Werewolf*. But like the character in that story, things had now begun to change.

A young Hollywood producer-director named Roger Corman had decided to take a leaf out of Hammer's book and abandon the mad-monster quickies that he had been churning out for the drive-in market in favor of rekindling the Gothic flame via the short stories of Edgar Allan Poe. Before filming was sanctioned on his new version of "The Fall of the House of Usher," Corman explained the absence of any composite fiend in the tale by declaring to his backers—American-International—that the house *itself* was the monster. That was good enough. Poe had reached the screen, and through the writing talent of Richard Matheson (and Vincent Price's studied portrayal of inherited evil), the metaphorical monsters of the subconscious were made flesh—the madness was made *human*. This crossbreeding of the demons of folklore with the extrapolated fantasies of a disordered psyche was to produce a more current idiom for the pathological obsessions of postanalytical man and create a rough-beast of ambiguity that would pave the way for the purely psychological horror film to come.

There had been intimations that it was coming: "Uncle Charlie," the sociopathic multiple murderer of Alfred Hitchcock's *Shadow of a Doubt* (1943), had already made plain—courtesy of screenwriter Thornton Wilder—where the philosophies of the alienated were inevitably to lead. "How do you know what the world is like?" Charlie (Joseph Cotten) had inquired of his niece (Teresa Wright) when boxed into a corner. "Do you know the world is a foul sty? Do you know if you ripped the fronts off houses, you'd find swine? The world's a hell; what does it matter what happens in it . . . ?" In line with this contention, increasing numbers of "modern" monsters had come to inhabit the dark avenues and dangerous alleyways of the noir thrillers of the 1950s, traumatized and scarred by their experiences in combat.

As the New England Gothic of Poe's mist-shrouded landscapes fused with the California Gothic and sun-drenched secret dreams of *Psycho*'s Bates Motel, a new generation of terrors was slouching toward the light, impatient to be born.

> *Where shall I begin my tale? This one has neither beginning nor end, but only a perpetual unfolding, a multi-petalled blossom of strange botany.*
>
> —Guy Endore, *The Werewolf of Paris*

Impressed by his screenplay of *Yesterday's Enemy*, Michael Carreras had set Peter Newman to work on what was to become *The Rape of Sabena*, a psychological thriller set in the Spain of 1560, in which a Torquemada-like Papal Inquisitor exploits the undercurrents in a small town to foster a climate of fear among its citizens. Although similar in style to *Yesterday's Enemy* (and in treatment to Tigon's later *Witchfinder General*), *The Rape of Sabena* was a more melodramatic affair, while still managing to harness its thrills to a typically Newmanesque tirade against intolerance and the abuse of power. Newman had also been allocated the task of scripting Hammer's first western, a project Michael had embarked on unilaterally in order to fulfill a cherished childhood ambition.[14] By the summer of 1960, an entire Spanish-Mexican townscape had been authorized for construction on the Bray lot, to accommodate them. As building got under way, Tony Hinds was handed the property that was to serve as the basis for his werewolf saga: (Samuel) Guy Endore's novel *The Werewolf of Paris*, to which Universal owned the screen rights. In the absence of Sangster—and after the trouble he had experienced on *The Brides of Dracula*—Hinds decided to script this one himself.

The Werewolf of Paris had been published in 1934, one year before Dennis Wheatley's *The Devil Rides Out*. The background for its convoluted tale of lycanthopy is the Franco-Prussian War, and it purports to recount the history of one Bertrand Chaillet (or Caillet—it is spelled both ways in the novel), the illegitimate progeny of a tainted line, as he grows from boy into wolfman and slakes his lust for human flesh during the Siege of Paris in 1871. Endore based his tale on a real case—that of Sgt. François Bertrand, the so-called vampire of Montparnasse, who was tried in Paris on charges of necrophilia in 1849.

In the novel, a convicted murderer named Jehan Pitamont is cast into the well of a medieval castle, where he is left to rot for decades. Centuries later, a servant girl is raped by a priest descended from Pitamont; she has a child, whom she christens Bertrand. The strange boy grows to manhood and encounters a prostitute, whom he bloodies but does not kill. He leaves for Paris, where a second prostitute is soon found murdered and grossly mutilated; Bertrand's involvement in the crime is revealed when he is discovered feasting upon the *arms* of the whore, which he had carried off with him after the murder. He is incarcerated as a result, but he ends his lycanthropic torment by leaping from the window of his tower prison cell.

In condensing the sprawling canvas of this awesome work, Hinds preserved most of the primary elements of the wolfman's life: the conception through rape; the birth on Christmas Eve and its related superstitious misgivings; the preying on the lambs; the attack on the prostitute; the uncle-father figure. The suicide of the wolfman was retained in the spirit, if not the letter, of the adaptation. There were two changes: the displacing of the action to Spain and the time period to 1760. But while Endore's polemic (which puts the werewolf's nocturnal proclivities in perspective amid a slaughter that allows them to go undetected) was reduced to the level of rudimentary melodrama, his strict linear construct would be adhered to. Thus the plot of *The Curse of the Werewolf* can be broken down into three distinct and separate "acts," in the manner of a theatrical adaptation, and if the film that it produced was static and slow moving, it was largely due to the stage-bound nature of this structure.

Endore had made great play of the connection between lycanthropy and sex (the word for "brothel" in Latin—*lupanar*—being derived from *lupus*, "wolf," for example), and the novel never shirks the implications of its controversial subject matter. Its most disturbing and erotic scene has its werewolf temporarily "saved" from his bestial urges by Sophie de Bloomenberg, who allows Bertrand to cut her flesh with a knife and appease his appetites in her own blood. Hinds made no attempt to emulate this in the script, however, and the "love of a good woman" was substituted instead. He did, nevertheless, have to confront the genealogy of the wolfman, and the depravity inherent in the concept consequently became embodied in the one character who was invented by Hinds with no parallel whatsoever in the book: Marqués Siniestro.

Hinds combined *two* characters from the novel: the castle lord, who is stabbed to death in his bed by Pitamont, and a vengeful son, who condemns the assassin to a living death in an oubliette. The result of this conflation was a *young*—in its first draft—and sadistic marqués (shades of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*), who *arranges* for the girl to be raped by the degenerate beggar for his own voyeuristic pleasure: a veritable Marqués de Sade.

All the horrors for Universal were effectively subcontractual (inasmuch as they were being made to a fixed price), and *Brides*, at a little over £125,000, had come near to eating into Hammer's slim profit margin. Hinds was looking for economies on his *Werewolf*, and not employing a screenwriter merely compensated for a payment against the book. The next logical step was to use existing sets, but a square of sun-bleached haciendas was hardly to be mistaken for the Parisian *bas-quartier*. There had been only one solution: the script was duly completed with the corresponding change of location, and both *The Rape of Sabena* and *The Curse of the Werewolf* were submitted to the BBFC in the usual way.

While all this was going on, Hammer began to cast around for its monster, and one young actor in particular was brought to the attention of Tony Keys. His eventual success in the part was to be his springboard to international stardom. Increasingly, the company was searching out new faces for its films because it was cheaper than employing established talent, and Hammer would acquire a reputation as a star builder in the process. With such considerations very much to the fore (and the fact that his smoldering looks exactly fitted Roy Ashton's bill), the roisterous, swaggering, playboy nephew of film director Sir Carol Reed was asked to undergo his one and only screen test for the role of the beast-man in *The Curse of the Werewolf*.

> *To think of* the Werewolf—*I was twenty-two. And to see this young fellow strutting down the road, whistling . . . and throwing stones. Black hair—lean body. You never grow old when you've got that.*
>
> —Oliver Reed, talking about *The Curse of the Werewolf*

Robert Oliver Reed had no formal training, but acting was in his blood. His paternal grandfather was Sir Herbert Draper Beerbohm Tree—the most successful of the Victorian actor-managers and half-brother to author Max Beerbohm. Tree had kept a mistress, and Beatrice May Reed had children by him. Carol Reed was born in 1906 and became an actor also, before the job of dialogue coach at Ealing led to a career as a director of films like



Oliver Reed as Leon in *The Curse of the Werewolf.*

Odd Man Out and *The Third Man* and a knighthood in 1952. Oliver's father Peter, a racing journalist and the last of five "Reed" children, was born in 1908, and Oliver himself had come into the world in 1938.

Despite his thespian connections, Reed's path to the stage had been a wayward one. He had smooth-talked his way into films by claiming to have worked in repertory in South Africa and Australia, countries beyond the ken of agents and casting directors of the time. A bout of national service, followed by a clutch of uninspiring jobs, had led him to act as master of ceremonies in a clip joint in St. Anne's Court, off Wardour Street. He came to the notice of agent Stuart Lyons and was offered a BBC serial—"The Golden Spur"—and work as an extra in several features, before being required by Hammer to mimic his former occupation as minder to a coterie of strippers in *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll.* "I just wore louder clothes in the film," Reed was to observe wryly.

Another cameo followed. In *Sword of Sherwood Forest*, Reed had assassinated Peter Cushing's Sheriff of Nottingham. This put him in the running for *The Curse of the Werewolf*, and by then, he had become something of a regular at Bray. "The bread-and-butter pudding, I remember, was *superb*!" Reed had been courteous, efficient, willing—but above all, keen to learn. "I'd been in the crowd, so I knew what a mark was and I knew what a key light was and I knew what cameras were, and I knew what lenses were, because I had *listened*. So I simply crossed my fingers and kissed the girls."

His enthusiasm had not gone unnoticed. "He was a marvelous chap with us," acknowledged Tony Hinds. "You'd say to him, 'Can you drive a car?' And he'd say yes, and he'd go off and *learn*—and learn to do it brilliantly" (with brother David acting as instructor while they drove to the studio, in this instance). But most important of all, he was cheap. *The Curse of the Werewolf* was to be four weeks' work at £120 per week! "I could pay the rent and have a beer," said Reed.

The film would afford the aspiring actor much more than that. Given the nature of its business, this was not the first time Hammer had stumbled upon emergent talent. James Carreras had tried to persuade Bob Lippert to put a young Diana Dors under contract following *The Last Page*, and Michael's tenure as casting director had launched Diane Cilento on her film career with a role in *Wings of Danger* and put the ill-fated Belinda Lee into *Murder by Proxy*. But Reed was to benefit from a concerted campaign and a speedy succession of leading roles, purposefully intended to groom him for stardom, in the way that Hammer had steered the career of its erstwhile "golden boy" Peter Cushing only three years before. *The Curse of the Werewolf* was to make Reed a name and remove him from Bray's egalitarian canteen, once and for all. "After *Werewolf*, I was asked to dine with the directors," he recollects. "Then you *knew* you'd made it, because that's where Christopher and Peter were."

By now, the BBFC was beginning to react with draconian ruthlessness against what it perceived to be the excesses of horror-film producers. The pendulum had swung too far, and the rule book was still being rewritten in the light of the furor that had erupted following the May 16 release of *Peeping Tom*.[15] By observing diplomatic niceties, including the novelty of an annual lunch, James Carreras had hoped to bend the censor to his way of thinking. But John Trevelyan was not a man to be bought, and with the sea change in what was considered acceptable on screen, he had now decided that Hammer should stop making horror films altogether.

"Obscene muck," the Board's appointed reader had opined of *The Curse of the Werewolf*. In response, Hinds had submitted a token rewrite of the offending passages

before flying off to the south of France, where he "time-shared" an apartment in a three-way split with his partner and Arthur Abeles, U.K. head of Warner Bros. In Hinds's absence, the situation escalated, and Trevelyan was in no mood for turning. Accordingly, the scripts for *The Rape of Sabena* and *The Curse of the Werewolf* were returned on August 22—two weeks before shooting was due to commence on the former—with extensive revisions requested on both films.[16]

As if to dispel any lingering doubt, Trevelyan had returned the script of *The Curse of the Werewolf* with a personal letter to Hinds, singling his screenplay out for the strongest condemnation yet deployed against a Hammer production. Referring to the forced degradation of the beggar and his subsequent rape of the servant girl, Trevelyan warned, "In our view these two incidents are deplorable and go beyond what is legitimate in a horror film. *Such scenes could only run into serious censorship trouble*."

Michael Carreras had already become reconciled to this conflict of interest. "If we hadn't *known* the censors—hadn't entertained them and so forth—I think we would have got away with a lot more," he said. But that was not his father's style. "He used to always give way—take the easy way," claimed Hinds. "Take the money and spend it." True to form, James Carreras took it upon himself to reply, saying that he agreed "entirely" with all the reservations that had been expressed and that he had discussed the situation with Michael and Tony. He finished by assuring the secretary that by the end of 1960, "subjects, *as per* the two above, will have been deleted from our programme." With the matter thus laid to rest, Trevelyan left on one of his increasingly frequent fact-finding trips to the United States.

There had been *no* meeting, but while James Carreras may have had his tongue firmly in his cheek when he penned his response, son Michael took the change of heart seriously enough to announce Hammer's new "dual" policy to the trades. The company was to concentrate on "serious but popular films, exploitable melodramas and comedies"—with one, possibly two horror films included in the schedule. Among the contenders would be *One More River*, *The Amorous Prawn* (from the West End stage hit), and his western, *The San Siado Killings*, intended to star Stanley Baker. In addition to a remake of *The Phantom of the Opera*, there was now to be a third Dracula.

Still smarting over the fiasco of *Jekyll*, Columbia gave the steamy contemporary drama *One More River* the thumbs down. Undaunted, Michael plowed ahead with *The Rape of Sabena*, now retitled *The Inquisitor*. But that was not to be, either. As Michael recalls, "I suddenly got a call from my father, and he said, 'I'm stopping the picture.' It was the rarest occasion of all—the only time that Hammer ever stopped a film that was in production. I think a flash of light went before his Catholic conscience."

The "flash of light" was actually more secular in origin: Hammer's relationship with Columbia was becoming decidedly frosty, and the decision had been made that Michael was to be reined in. At Columbia's "suggestion," there were to be no more comedies like *The Ugly Duckling* and no more items of "limited appeal" on the future Hammer slate. "All production is being slanted from now on in for acceptance in the important American market. Mike Frankovich watches the daily rushes of the Hammer output and pencils out the overly British material," an unusually deferential James Carreras informed *Variety*, before pulling the plug on *The Inquisitor*.[17]

This was all right as far as it went, but things had gone too far already. When he realized how much time and money had been spent on *The Inquisitor* (sets had been built and John Gilling had been slated to direct), James Carreras began to have second thoughts. Instead, he sanctioned a compromise: Hinds's *Werewolf* would be brought forward to fill the gap (since it was intended to share its design with *The Inquisitor*, in any event), Gilling would be written into the package that was being assembled by Hammer as its contribution toward the BHP production *The Shadow of the Cat*,[18] and the assurances to the censor would be quietly forgotten.

There are . . . werewolves that have but one body, in which the soul of man and of beast are at war. Then whatever weakens the human soul, either sin or darkness, solitude or cold, brings the wolf to the fore. And whatever weakens the beastly soul, either virtue or daylight, warmth or the companionship of man, raises up the human soul.

—Guy Endore, *The Werewolf of Paris*

A werewolf is a body where the soul and the spirit are constantly at war. The spirit is that of a wolf . . . and whatever weakens the human soul—vice, greed, hatred, solitude; especially during the cycle of the full moon when the forces of evil are at their strongest—these bring the spirit of the wolf to the fore. . . . And in turn, whatever weakens the spirit of the beast—warmth, fellowship, love—raise the human soul.

—the Priest, *The Curse of the Werewolf*

This maxim, originated in the Guy Endore novel and central to the film that was now to be adapted from it, epitomized the conflict between the forces of light and the powers of darkness—the self-proclaimed quintessential of the Hammer horror films of Terence Fisher. It restates the basic tenets of the Gothic: good and evil, love and death, terror and ecstasy. And in the romantic agony of Leon the werewolf,[19] it was to encapsulate an eternal truth. Under the pen name of John Elder—a corruption of James Elder Wills, the ex-Hammer art (and company) director—Tony Hinds would translate it intact for the screen. Fisher was to adore the concept, shoot it as a fatal love story, and end with a film that would set the tide to turn against Hammer and be instrumental in bringing the Gothic cycle of the previous four years to a premature close.

When Terence Fisher was brought onto the project, he was unaware that the original had been set against a background of the Paris Commune. Removed from this historical frame of reference, the mythic properties of the tale came to the fore. Devotees of the film find favor in its purity of narrative and rejoice in the fact that the work sacrifices some dramatic tension for the sake of its allegorical priorities. Its detractors point to that selfsame lack of pace as its greatest weakness. But it was this aspect that held particular appeal for Fisher, whose stated preoccupation with the battle between good and evil had led him to accentuate the abstraction in previous films whenever opportunity allowed. With *The Curse of the Werewolf*, opportunity was to allow on the grand scale.

The end result would be poorly received by press and public alike, partly because of what was felt to be its lack of sophistication. It has since found itself a band of admirers for whom critical admonition is mere grist to the mill when it comes to bestowing cause célèbre status, and the intervening decades have shown it to be as close as Hammer ever came to making a "cult movie." It even possessed the cachet of "lost" footage due to censorship. To ensure it pride of place in the bosoms of the faithful, *The Curse of the Werewolf* lost money, as well.



Face of fear: Yvonne Romain contemplates her fate in *The Curse of the Werewolf.*

SPAIN. A SERVANT GIRL IS RAPED BY A BEGGAR WHO HAS BEEN IMPRISONED IN THE DUNGEON OF AN EVIL MARQUÉS. SHE GIVES BIRTH TO A BOY, THEN DIES. THE CHILD IS ADOPTED BY DON ALFREDO, BUT A SERIES OF OCCURRENCES CONVINCE HIM THAT YOUNG LEON IS HALF WOLF. WHEN HE IS GROWN, LEON LEAVES HIS FOSTER HOME TO WORK AT A VINEYARD, WHERE HE FALLS IN LOVE WITH CRISTINA, DAUGHTER OF THE OWNER. ONE NIGHT, HE AND JOSÉ VISIT A LOCAL TAVERN. IN THE COMPANY OF A PROSTITUTE, LEON BECOMES A WEREWOLF AND KILLS BOTH THE GIRL AND JOSÉ. ON DISCOVERING THE TRUTH, LEON IS NURSED THROUGH THE NEXT NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON BY CRISTINA, BUT BEFORE THEY CAN ELOPE AND MARRY, THE POLICE ARREST LEON FOR MURDER; THE ALCALDE REFUSES TO BELIEVE THAT HE IS A WEREWOLF AND PUTS HIM IN A CELL. THAT NIGHT, LEON TRANSFORMS AGAIN AND KILLS A FELLOW PRISONER. HE BREAKS FREE OF THE JAIL AND MAKES FOR THE ROOFTOPS. DON ALFREDO LOADS HIS MUSKET WITH A SILVER BULLET AND CLIMBS TO THE BELL TOWER WHERE LEON HAS BEEN CORNERED. HE FIRES—AND LEON FALLS DYING. ALFREDO COVERS THE BODY WITH HIS COAT; THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF IS AT AN END.

The Curse of the Werewolf is a full-blown monster yarn in the old Universal tradition: a one-dimensional fable of original sin, devoid of the intellectual nuance of a Frankenstein or a Dracula. In quality, the film is far from Hammer's best, despite enjoying the identical virtues of a regular crew and well-entrenched teamwork behind the scenes. Excellence was being spread a little too thinly by the pressure of runaway success, and with *The Curse of the Werewolf*, the veneer had begun to peel. For once, Bernard Robinson's masterful economy of design failed him, and production values too often descend to the level of the downright shoddy. (A few authentic Spanish accoutrements and a pleasing adobe conurbation originally intended to serve the intentionally frugal design of the town of *Sabena* provide scant backdrop in this context.) But most jarring of all is the *casting*.

> *Strange things are abroad—things that should not be spoken of.*
>
> —Old Soak, *The Curse of the Werewolf*

The Curse of the Werewolf's roster is filled with able and familiar talent—Ripper, Woodbridge, de Wolff—but the trouble is their essential *Englishness*. Where previous Gothics had paraded the likes of Cushing, Lee, Gough, and Peel through a Germanic *mittel*-Europe with only the authority of the English theater tradition to aid them, the same cannot be said of *Werewolf*. The perception of the British character as cool and austere is in keeping with the Teutonic mold, but it is hardly a match for the fierier temperament of Pyreneesian peasants. This lapse is compounded by incidental roles that are also filled by British support actors. If more were needed to underpin the inadequacy, Hinds/Elder's dialogue is always on hand to fling anachronistic colloquialism in the face of actor and audience alike, with such native quotes as "'Ere—wot's all this then?" (Pepe) and "You alright, dear?" (Vera) offered up at the drop of every aitch.

That *The Curse of the Werewolf* was designed in disregard of the increasing sophistication of genre films and audiences can also be witnessed in the names of the protagonists: "The sinister marqués," "the beggar," "the servant girl," and so forth. One need only add "the ingénue" and "the wise man" to substitute for Cristina and Don Alfredo to make it abundantly clear at what level the story is pitched. (From this point on, a similar lethargy would begin to afflict character *names* in Hammer Gothics, as well as characterizations: "Fritz" would interchange with "Franz," and soon, hardly a film would go by that did not include at least one "Hans" in the cast roll.)

While its catalog of imperfections might single out *The Curse of the Werewolf* for more than its fair share of criticism, weighing in in its favor is the sheer power of the myth that the film embodies. The myth is the loser ultimately, but not before it produces a climax of lasting excitement. In his rage, the werewolf uses the rooftops to encircle the town, and Fisher uses every available angle on the restricted sets to capture a sequence that more than matches the climax of *Dracula* and still holds as one of the great monster chases in fantasy history. As the beast-man throws off the shackles of body and jail, he liberates *The Curse of the Werewolf* from the stultifying effect of much of what has gone before. Like the pounding score that bursts simultaneously from the bounds of a string section hitherto trapped in romantic cliché, a new momentum infects the film. Freed from the plodding contrivances of the screenplay and the dead weight of his own philosophical outpourings, Terence Fisher showed that he could direct high-action drama with the best of them.

The werewolf's dance of death atop the haciendas of Santa Vera finally captures the epic sweep of mythic ritual being played out, and it is on a level far more attuned to the emotional subconscious that the film had apparently been aiming for than all the pallid, mock-religious interplay that precedes it. This one sequence serves as

testament to the fact that if only the scenario had been different—if only Hammer's werewolf had been given its head of yak hair throughout, instead of for a mere six minutes—if only a writer of Sangster's narrative ability or Matheson's subtlety at delineating character could have mapped out its protagonist's nocturnal wanderings, then *The Curse of the Werewolf* could have been the greatest Hammer Horror of them all.

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Pepe's silver bullet—so it's come to that at last.

—Teresa, *The Curse of the Werewolf*

If the moral universe of the film was a simplistic one, it reflected the conceptual fundamentalism of the duo who had fashioned it. In the case of Tony Hinds, it was to be the start of more fatuous things to come. He was soon to reduce Frankenstein and Dracula to the same base icon, similarly cursed to wend their predestined ways through increasingly pointless ritual. As a product of the religious overtones in *The Curse of the Werewolf*, "John Elder" would continue to pit his monsters against Christianity's frontline troops, be they priest, monk, or bishop. It would be a characteristic of his scripts. In consequence, the conviction scientist would depart with Jimmy Sangster, and future films would be the poorer for it. From here on in, they would all be parodies of biblical parables; trite morality plays, with the bad guys wearing black and the good guys wearing cassocks, and the triumph of good over evil just a matter of running time. With Sangster, it was never so easy or so assured; he knew the virtue of uncertainty. But in the fictional worlds of Hinds, such uncertainty held no sway. *The Curse of the Werewolf* began Hammer Horror's inexorable descent into formula. As for Terence Fisher, having been afforded the opportunity to translate the Gothic archetypes into the language of his own ideological precepts, he had merely managed to show how dated they were becoming in the face of the more iconoclastic horror films of the sixties.

Hammer might have been content to continue ferreting around the musty corpses in the vaults of Universal toward the end of 1960, but for the sleeper success of Hitchcock's *Psycho*. The shattering impact of this Oedipal "old dark house" shocker—which was little more than Jekyll and Hyde for a postmodern audience—had made the demand for a reply in kind irresistible, and Sigmund Freud was now considered to be high on the mandate of requisite ingredients, if the fare in which Hammer specialized was to continue to find favor with the paying public.

Jimmy Sangster had already tired of the Gothic. In three years, he had penned almost as many period thrillers for other companies as for Hammer, and he had long since begun to feel that he had exhausted the form. His penchant for black humor and structural complexity had striven for supremacy since *The Curse of Frankenstein*, which (with a few minor adjustments) could easily have been constructed as a plot by Elizabeth and Paul Krempe to frame Victor for murders committed by *them*! A script he had sold to Sidney Box remained unmade, and with *The Curse of the Werewolf* under way at Bray, Sangster now bought it back and offered it to Hammer, on condition that he produce it himself. The psychological murder mystery was originally titled *Hell Hath No Fury*, but in the wake of *Psycho*, it was revised and retitled *Taste of Fear*, and it headed for Nice on October 24.

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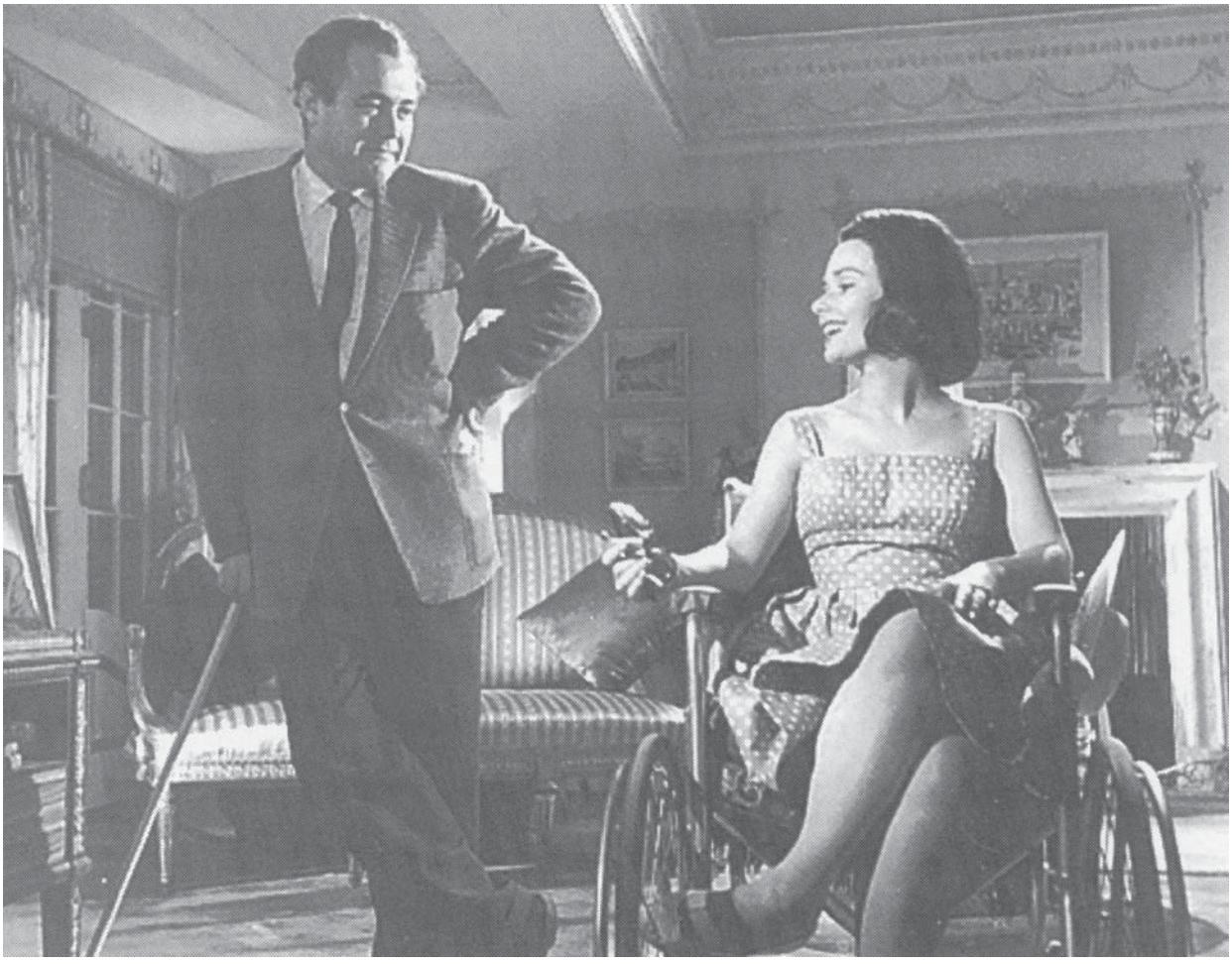
PENNY APPLEBY IS WHEELCHAIR BOUND. SHE HAS NOT SEEN HER FATHER FOR TEN YEARS AND DECIDES TO VISIT HIS VILLA ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA. HER STEPMOTHER, JANE, EXPLAINS THAT HE HAS BEEN CALLED AWAY ON URGENT BUSINESS. THAT NIGHT, PENNY THINKS SHE SEES HIS BODY IN THE SUMMERHOUSE. ONLY BOB THE CHAUFFEUR BELIEVES HER, AND AFTER SIMILAR APPARITIONS, PENNY BEGINS TO DOUBT HER SANITY. THE BODY IS EVENTUALLY DISCOVERED IN THE SWIMMING POOL, AND PENNY AND BOB AGREE TO GO FOR THE POLICE. EN ROUTE, PENNY IS TRAPPED IN THE CAR, AND IT HURTLES TOWARD THE EDGE OF A CLIFF. IT TRANSPIRES THAT BOB AND JANE HAD PLOTTED HER DEATH IN ORDER TO CLAIM THE INHERITANCE. BUT PENNY IS NOT DEAD. JANE IS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BY BOB, AND HE IS ARRESTED; IT IS THEN REVEALED THAT "PENNY" WAS AN IMPOSTER ALL ALONG, OUT TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF THE REAL HEIR.

Jimmy Sangster used his position as producer to jettison the usual flotilla of Hammer backroom boys in favor of a different combination of talents for *Taste of Fear*. The film was expertly directed by ex-Ealing editor Seth Holt, evocatively lit in luminous chiaroscuro by Desmond Dickinson (who had photographed *Hamlet*), tensely orchestrated by Clifton Parker (who had composed a memorable score for *Night of the Demon*), and nicely underplayed by a cast headed by twenty-two-year-old Susan Strasberg (daughter of revered acting teacher Lee Strasberg and fresh from the Broadway stage) and Ronald Lewis (fresh from a thriller called *The Full Treatment*, which had been partly financed by Hammer). It delivered its mixed bag of chills with professional grace.

There were some hidden novelties. The twist ending is actually revealed in the prologue (a sleight-of-hand ploy that subsequently would be refined by slasher director Dario Argento), and the Christopher Lee character has the same name (Dr. Gerrard) as the one he played in *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*. A clever ad campaign was designed to resonate of *Psycho*, but in concept, mood, and construction, *Taste of Fear* was more of a kissing cousin to *Les Diaboliques*. "Exactly—that's what it was," its author cheerfully admits. Divested of the grotesquery normally associated with Hammer Horror, it employed the repertoire of the *schauerromane* instead to memorable effect, and the sight of Fred Johnson's "corpse" popping up in shock cuts at judicious intervals was enough in itself to give thrill-seekers their money's worth. Once again, Sangster had shown the way. The film would do well at the box office and be equally well received by a critical fraternity relieved to be spared the usual visceral assault on its sensibilities.

Taste of Fear would see Hammer commence on a whole subcycle of "psycho-thrillers" (as they were to become known) and next up would be the much-postponed film version of Josephine Tey's *Brat Farrar*.[20] But only *Maniac* (of *Paranoiac*, *Nightmare*, *Hysteria*, *Fanatic*, and *Crescendo*—which was to reprise the Riviera setting and swimming-pool set piece of the Holt film) would be accorded anything like the polish and expertise that had been lavished on *Taste of Fear*, and the series soon descended into second-rate fare of uniformly undistinguished repetitiveness. *Taste of Fear* is unique in capturing the stark mood of noir horror that was to reach its zenith two years later in the camp Grand Guignol of Robert Aldrich's *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* It remains a classic of its kind: one of the only films to take on *Psycho* on its own terms and come perilously close to toppling Hitchcock's masterpiece from its perch of precision-engineered shock.

Taste of Fear was shot at Elstree and on location in Nice, France. While the unit was occupied with "pick-ups" in Black Park at Pinewood in January 1961, a fire broke out at Bray, and despite the swift arrival of the fire brigade, the house (with its integral Stage 3) suf-



Screenwriter Jimmy Sangster and Susan Strasberg on the set of *Taste of Fear*

fered widespread damage. Much of the first floor was destroyed, and lost in the blaze were costumes, props, and promotional materials from Hammer's golden age, as well as a library of 16mm prints and furniture and other personal items belonging to Michael Carreras (who was resident at Oakley Court at the time, having just sold his house at Boulter's Lock). In true Gothic fashion, a deus ex machina had intervened to erase many of the familiar motifs of the cinema's first horror renaissance. It was not without its significance, and for Michael, at least, it was portent enough. But for Hammer and Tony Hinds, more bad news was in the making.

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Why should I not end here? Why should you want to know of the death of this werewolf rather than another?

—Guy Endore, *The Werewolf of Paris*

A completed print of *The Curse of the Werewolf* had now been seen by the BBFC. The film had opened on a pair of demonic eyes, shedding tears behind the credits. On release, that one glimpse of the title creature would have to be made the most of. When the long-awaited transformation from man into wolf *did* eventually arrive, it was curtailed in a flurry of censorial activity.

The cuts were legion. Incensed at the changes forced on him by the BBFC prior to production, Hinds had jettisoned them and given Fisher his *original* to shoot—"for foreign versions," according to the producer. The outcome could hardly have been worse. John Trevelyan had demanded "acceptable" alternatives to the brutalization of the beggar and the rape (which in the script had been watched by the marqués) and had asked that the murder of the marqués—"The girl plunges the sconce deep into his chest, raises it, then plunges the now-bloody weapon again and again"—be revised, so that the blow could be struck off-screen. He had also insisted that shots of the werewolf "should not be too unpleasant or terrifying." Various compromises were agreed upon, yet the monochrome print submitted to the board at the end of November 1960 contained these and more, just as if nothing whatever had transpired in the interim.

Hinds expressed shock at the long list of excisions that resulted from his action, protested them in detail, and again used the ploy that he would have to score, dub, and edit the complete version, in view of the fact that it had been accepted without cuts in the United States. He suggested resubmitting the film in color when the postproduction work was complete.

On February 2, 1961, the Board screened the film again. This time, Trevelyan was having none of it. He had insisted on no contact between the parties during the rape; the scene was to be conveyed by suggestion alone. What was merely "The beggar springs . . ." in the script had been filmed with the beggar leaping onto the girl from behind, wresting her hands from the bars, then forcing her to the ground out of camera range. To make sure that the point is taken, a subsequent shot showed lacerations to her face and breasts ("These were not visible in the black-and-white version," noted Trevelyan).[21] "The way I shot it, you never saw them make contact," Fisher was later quoted as saying, "but there was a strong suggestion."

The uncensored print makes it all too obvious that exactly the opposite was the case and that it was Fisher's *handling* of this sequence that caused the problem. "I have always strenuously tried to avoid being blatant; wherever possible, I have used the camera to show things happening by implication," he was to assert. In this instance, "implication" seemed to have been satisfied by a teasing shot of Yvonne Romain (pretty in pink in her dungeon hellhole and lit with so many fill-ins by Arthur Grant that she might have been posing for a *Playboy* centerspread) seeking to shield her ample bosom from the old-fashioned look that she has seen in the beggar's eyes. If this was Terence Fisher's idea of subtlety, then it was certainly not the BBFC's; the entire episode was to be expunged: "The scene in the dungeon must stop as soon as the girl is thrown in the cell . . . and the scene can only resume with the shot of her being released."

From here on in, the cuts came thick and fast. The stabbing of the marqués was also removed in its entirety, despite the quoting of *Psycho* in precedent. "After seeing a recent 'X' film in which a young pervert stabs a naked girl to death in the bath to satisfy some queer lust of his own, I felt that we were reasonably safe in showing a normal, healthy girl protecting her honor by stabbing her would-be seducer," offered Hinds. That was Hitchcock and this is Hammer, was the implicit riposte, and *The Curse of the Werewolf* lost both of its first-act climaxes.

With the addition of color, earlier objections to the baptism scene (with its foaming font and gargoyle reflection) were waived, but not those to hair on the palm of the young Leon, which was deleted. Now the examiners had arrived at reel 7 and the first appearance of the werewolf.

Hinds ought to have known better. He had contrived to have his hero turn bestial in the boudoir of a prostitute and added injury to insult by having him nip her on the bosom in full view. The symbolism was unmistakable,



Face of death: *The Curse of the Werewolf* (Anthony Dawson, Yvonne Romain).

and he had been instructed, in no uncertain terms, that to have this man metamorphose into a wolf in a whore's bedroom would be out of the question. "We do not want 'brutal lovemaking' combined with a sadistic treatment of the girl, as the script suggests," Trevelyan advised. But Fisher's camera had been unwavering in its devotion to the full effrontery of horror *by implication*, and the protracted sequence (which culminates in the murder of the tart) was to be resolved in a welter of cuts as, true to his promise, the censor reduced it to a meaningless jumble. With it would go the single most graphic shot that Hammer had yet seen fit to film, as a shock cut to a broken and blood-spattered mirror tilts up to the body of the girl, lying with her throat ripped out. (The Board agreed to consider a substitute for this shot at Hinds's request, with the proviso that "anything approaching" it would be "quite impossible." As it happened, no alternative had been filmed.)

The killing of José had followed, but he was luckier. His demise had already been tempered in accordance with the wishes of the Board (he is, after all, a man, and thus is merely strangled and thrown in the bushes). But the murder of the "old soaker" in the jail was shorn of Reed's blood-caked visage, as Trevelyan dictated the *specifics* of what could remain to convey what had occurred. From here to the end of the film, all shots of the gore-stained features of the werewolf were to be removed, including a climactic final close-up, in which a tear forms in the comer of his eye. These were in addition to a variety of "minor" trims, one of which Fisher invariably quoted in interviews as an example of the *nominal* censorship problems he encountered—a syphilitic marqués scratching at his diseased nose.

There were fourteen cuts in all (two of them, whole sequences), totaling almost five minutes of film: a vivid illustration of the reality of Hammer's "good relations" with the British censor. So complete was the destruction wrought on the film that Trevelyan felt a word of explanation might be in order. *The Curse of the Werewolf* was the first of Hammer's Gothics to mix the "dangerous cocktail" of horror and sex, Hinds was informed. Commenting on the recent adverse criticism that had been directed at the industry on the release of *Peeping Tom*, Trevelyan confessed a reluctance to pass the film at all—"even in a heavily censored version"—and closed with the thinly veiled threat that if the cuts were not complied with in full, the film would be *banned* from exhibition in Britain.

Hinds was aghast, and he made a final appeal for clemency with regard to the close-up of the dying werewolf. "With regard to the shots of the Werewolf's dead face, with the tear trickling from the eye . . . it was only because I was once told by the psychiatrist, Dr. David Stafford-Clarke, that horror films were only dangerous if there were a complete lack of sympathy for the 'monster' that we put into the picture this shot and the shot of Alfredo looking down at him with *compassion*," he wrote. "We have a bad enough ending as it is, but without this shot we have no ending at all." Trevelyan required the BBFC to be defensible (as he had just found out, it had become increasingly necessary to defend it), and a hardening of attitude was the order of the day. The answer was still no. "Since we last had a horror picture from your company, there has grown up a quite considerable criticism of this Board for passing such pictures at all," he explained at length. "If then you think that we are treating your picture more roughly than we would have treated a similar picture two years ago you may have some justification, but you must realize that we stand between the industry and such pressures and that it is a part of our job to assess the potential danger of pressures at any given time."

In a last-ditch attempt to salvage something screenable, Hinds called James Carreras to the barricades. "Is

there not anything that we can put back?" Carreras urged. Trevelyan considered the request and allowed Hammer to reinstate the climactic bullet-hit to the werewolf's chest, with its accompanying fountain of blood. "We could not justifiably insist on this short shot being removed," he conceded on April 4, after nearly five months of acrimony.

Tony Hinds resigned himself to his fate. "I was always fighting the censor; Jim Carreras didn't back me at all on that," he said. But he had tired of the argument, and now he would begin to cast around for less contentious subjects to film. "We were running out of ideas," Michael Carreras reflected. "The butchering wasn't the reason, but it may have compounded our own thinking at the time. Even Tony was getting disenchanted." Hinds was not to forget the iniquities rained down on the film. Years later, he would still quote *The Curse of the Werewolf* with respect to his dealings with the censor. "It's got particularly difficult since Lord Morrison took over. We always submit the script, but we get back a *three*-page letter of things they're not prepared to pass."

"We were rather hard on this one," John Trevelyan subsequently was said to have admitted. But in 1960, in the immediate aftermath of *Peeping Tom* and the *Lady Chatterley* trial, *The Curse of the Werewolf* had been viewed as Sadean pornography: the degradation of the beggar, the rape, the lechery of the marqués, and the bloody retribution of his victim. Trevelyan and his Board, as well as many English film critics, could see this aspect of Hammer Horror all too clearly, and they were troubled by it. Only Hammer was blind. As such, its worst enemy was not the censor: it was itself.

Señor, I beseech you—don't make me stay here.

—Leon, *The Curse of the Werewolf*



Deleted scenes from *The Curse of the Werewolf* (Yvonne Romain, Sheila Brennan, Oliver Reed).

Oliver Reed would appear in six more Hammers after *The Curse of the Werewolf*, from *The Damned* to *The Brigand of Kandahar* ("The worst film I made in my life") before a call from director Michael Winner offered him the lead in *West 11* (1963) opposite Julie Christie. The film's producer had other ideas, though, and neither of them would make it. "Danny Angel said Christie was a B-picture artist and I was a *nothing*—but Danny Angel couldn't walk, so I couldn't knock him over," said Reed. The role went to Alfred Lynch, but Winner persisted. His next project was *The System* (1964), and this time, Reed *did* get the part. It was to be the road to bigger and better things, until a nightclub brawl left the famous features permanently scarred and the actor reduced to minicabbing to pay his way. Enter Ken Russell, making *his* name with a series of musical biopics for the BBC's art digest *Omnibus*. "What about the scars?" Reed asked. "What scars?" Russell replied, and "The Debussy Film" would follow, along with two others in the same vein. "People began to accept me—not just as a werewolf, but as someone who made art films," Reed acknowledges. These were to launch him into another, more lucrative spree with Winner, culminating in *The Jokers* (1966). By that time, Hammer would be left far behind, but its young star was not to forget it. "They gave me exposure in America"—for which he would be eternally grateful. As Reed puts it, "Michael [Winner] gave me my money, and Russell gave me my art. But *Hammer* gave me my technique."

The Curse of the Werewolf had begun production on September 12, 1960, but, typically, it was not released until July 1961, coupled with *The Shadow of the Cat*. When it opened, what remained of Hammer's film found itself up against American-International's first excursion into big-budget Gothic: Roger Corman's wide-screen version of *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Word of mouth had it that the *Poe*-pourri was a sophisticated shocker, and audiences were not about to visit two horrors in a single week. *Usher* won hands down.

The Curse of the Werewolf had been afforded one of the best trailers ever devised for a Hammer film—a specially-shot "teaser" intro; a trembling, pop-eyed Reed staring his fate in the face; much footage of the climax, with the raging werewolf on the roofs of the town, flinging fiery bales of hay at those below. Press advertising was full-page, more voluminous than ever. Yet for all of that, the film failed where its Universal forerunners had succeeded; denied Hammer's customary West End opening, it went on general release through Rank's Odeon chain. But Rank operated a split-release policy, whereby one of two Odeons or Gaumonts within striking distance of each other could opt instead to play that week's Associated British Cinemas (or other independent) booking, and ABC's booking was the Corman film.

The slower, more dated *Werewolf* held little appeal against the miasma of Eastmancolor madness that marked American-International Pictures' coming-of-age, and Hammer's exalted position as the uncrowned kings of horror now came under serious threat—initially, from the continuing series of Poe adaptations built on *Usher*'s success (*Pit and the Pendulum*, *The Premature Burial*, et al.)[22] and later, from the stylistically similar productions of Amicus.

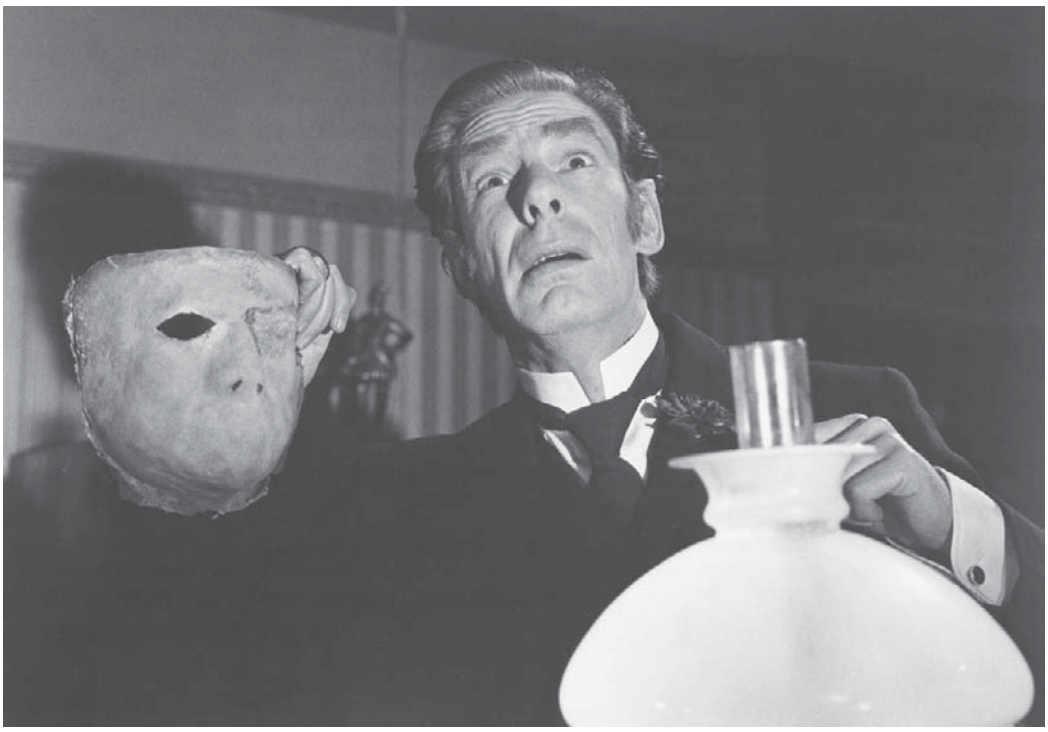
While not a Hammer "film" in the conventional sense, *Werewolf*'s stable-mate *The Shadow of the Cat* was nevertheless a Hammer *production*, in that it utilized a Hammer crew and cast, a soundstage at Bray, and exteriors at Oakley Court. The distinction is a subtle one, though distinction there was, and the film itself owes more to Grayson's Gilling-scripted *Room to Let* than it does to Hammer Horror, with its monochrome lensing, Poe-inspired scenario of "the Avenging Conscience," and clutch of mysterious deaths at the paws of the titular feline. Its bag of old-fashioned tricks would do little to help matters in release.

The poor showing for *The Curse of the Werewolf* was to be a turning point, though few would recognize it as such at the time. Its failure at the box office would see to it that no more werewolf films emanated from Bray, and it entrenched critics in their view of Terence Fisher as a pedestrian director, dull, long-winded, and prone to theatricality—the same qualities that endeared him to his fans. It is unlike any other Hammer Horror, and it would pay the price for that: *The Curse of the Werewolf* took in a bare one-tenth of the money that had accrued from *Dracula* or *The Curse of Frankenstein*.

The bubble was bursting. The heyday of Hammer Horror was coming to a close. In a few short years, Hammer—indeed, the world—would be marching to the beat of a different drum. "It was a depressing period," said Michael Carreras. "I think they had lost their spirit—all of them—by that time." Even before *The Phantom of the Opera* was to end Hammer's hold on the affections of the faithful, *The Curse of the Werewolf* had started the ball rolling imperceptibly away.

CHAPTER FIVE

Diminishing Returns, 1961–1962



The Phantom of the Opera.

> *All he wanted to do was pump up the leading ladies. I was doing* The Trap *in Vancouver and learned he was in town. I called him up to ask if he wanted to meet me for a drink. He said he was busy on top of a large-bosomed lady and could we do it later in the evening. I didn't call back because it was obvious that he was more interested in the birds than in me.*
>
> —Oliver Reed, talking about James Carreras

On the release of *Dracula* in 1958, James Carreras had been dubbed "the King of Nausea" by a dismissive press—and he had reveled in every minute of it, declaring to the *Daily Express*, "We've found a formula for spine-chillers that never misses. All the other boys in the horror business are beating their brains out trying to think of new monstrosities to frighten their customers—things from outer space, creatures from another world, two-headed men and faceless women. And what happens? The more horrible they make them, the more the fans yawn. That sort of thing doesn't make them shudder any longer; you make the villain of your story like the good-looking man, or the pretty girl, you might see on the Underground any evening. You imagine you could trust him anywhere. Then suddenly, when you find yourself alone with him—wham! He starts to do terrible, awful, ghastly things." He elaborated further in the *Daily Herald*: "They called me a damn fool when I decided to remake Frankenstein. Now it's my turn to laugh. I try to make the films as believable as possible. None of these silly monster insects—you can always see the wires working. My Draculas and things are real, they have quality. That's why my pictures are successful in America. That's why *The Curse of Frankenstein* did better business in the States than probably any other British film has ever done. Quality, that's what counts."

Not any longer. Quality alone was not enough. New diversions were counting for more to a teen audience that sensed itself to have been christened by the Cliff Richards film *The Young Ones*, and to whom the gorier excesses of a Hammer product, which otherwise they might have found enticing, were currently being denied. The famous Carreras charm could do little to halt the daily effects of impending recession within the industry, and original thinking had never been part of the Hammer repertoire. Bray regular Michael Ripper recalled an audition as a young actor for one of Exclusive's early "quota quickies," which typified Carreras's apathetic attitude toward the films that his company made even then: "I was at a casting meeting and I went into the room where they all were, and one of them started to ask me questions—when Jim Carreras said, 'No, it's all right—he's fine—he'll do it. Goodbye.' And that was that; I was in." "He just had a nice smile," Oliver Reed said of the colonel's winning way. By 1961, however, the "nice smile" was proving insufficient by itself to keep the wolves from Hammer's door. *Ideas* were what mattered now. And ideas were in short supply at Bray.

After the successes of *Hell Is a City* and *Yesterday's Enemy*, both of which had starred Stanley Baker, Michael Carreras desired to repeat the performance. He offered Baker a Jimmy Sangster script called *The Criminal*, but Baker wanted Joe Losey to direct, and Losey hated the screenplay. Consequently, the film was rewritten by Alun Owen and produced elsewhere. On completion of *The Criminal*, and after another period of isolation for Losey, Columbia asked Tony Hinds to hire him for the science-fiction film that Hinds had proposed as a less contentious offering from Hammer after the trauma of *The Curse of the Werewolf*, based on the H. L. Lawrence novel *The Children of Light*. Hinds had worked with Losey on *A Man on the Beach*, also at Columbia's request, and the experience had not been unpleasant. He was delighted—though not for long. Losey's career in exile prior to *The Criminal* had been marked by inconsequential highlights such as directing a promotional film for the new Ford Anglia—"I thought I was doing him a favor," Hinds said. "*He* thought he was doing *me* one."

I've seen you before. You're the man who knows all about violence, aren't you?—You're the man who knows all the answers, aren't you? Why are you doing this? What's it all for?

—Simon Wells, *The Damned*

With Cold War tensions on the increase as a result of the shooting down by the Russians of an American U-2 spy plane, and with work beginning on the construction of the Berlin Wall, *The Damned*, a fable of strategic planning for the aftermath of an atomic holocaust, seemed like a good bet, though Hammer added security in the form of box-office attractions Shirley Anne Field and Oliver Reed. "All I was doing was riding around on motorcycles," said the latter.

When the unit decamped to Weymouth in Dorset in May 1961 (scene of some location shooting for *Four Sided Triangle*), Losey's first action was to scrap the script that Columbia had approved—written by his one-time collaborator Ben Barzman—and start again with scenarist Evan Jones. Tony Hinds was horrified and, true to form, he promptly disappeared from the scene. "Tony couldn't take things like that—he couldn't take temperamental blackmail," said Michael Carreras, who had to pick up the reins of the production and see through the remainder, though no one except Losey and Jones now knew what the film was actually to be about.

The Damned (or *The Brink*, as Losey preferred) was to be about a group of irradiated (and therefore radiation-proof) children, kept under lock and key by a government planning for the postnuclear rebirth of the world. Despite being pretty much "written on the hoof," the film is rarely less than interesting, often electrifying, and sometimes quite brilliant. More than once, Jones's script echoes *Things to Come*, with the roles reversed: The artist is now the visionary, and the scientist (in the guise of the bureaucrats of *Quatermass 2*) is the unthinking, unfeeling ideologue. "My children are the buried seeds of life," Bernard, the all-powerful civil servant, explains. "When that time comes, the thing itself will open up the door—and my children will go out, to inherit the Earth." The sculptress, Freya, his lover and philosophical counterweight, is appalled. "*What* Earth, Bernard? What Earth will you leave them? After all that man has made, and still has to make. . . . Is this the extent of your dream? To set nine ice-cold children free in the ashes of the universe?"

The Damned was an elegant and elegiac discourse on the Big Question of the day, and by the time of the Cuban Missile Crisis, it would begin to look remarkably prophetic, but its conclusions (in both senses) were somber and depressing, and Columbia's Mike Frankovich took the whole affair personally and refused the film a release. What Raymond Durgnat would consider "undoubtedly one of the most important British films of the year, even, perhaps, of the '60s" would eventually be sneaked out in May 1963 on the lower half of a double bill with *Ma-*

niac—a film the same critic would refer to as one whose "macabre ideas are worked out in a style as creative as the operation of a meat-grinder." It was an unhappy pairing and would do little to advance the company's aspirations to legitimacy, but *The Damned* is probably the finest film that Hammer ever produced.

Losey may have brought an unruly and undisciplined approach to the shooting—at least by Hammer's standards—but it is doubtful if any of the company's house directors, whatever their individual merits or technical skills, could have supplied the intellectual weight that suffuses the piece. *The Damned* would go on to win the "Golden Asteroid" at the International Festival of Science Fiction Films in Trieste in 1964, but like *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*, the cohesion of the original is now less easy to gauge. The film was cut in distribution from ninety-six to eighty-seven minutes (and to seventy-seven in the United States, where it was retitled *These Are the Damned*).

Losey was grateful to Michael, but he never worked for Hammer again, despite the latter's ongoing attempts to encourage him. "The man who rescued the situation for me then was Michael Carreras," Losey would later recall.[1] "Michael . . . has been trying to get me to do another picture with him, and I think he is a good producer. But he always gives me things that have so much overt violence in them that I just can't bring myself to consider them seriously."

If only *Hammer* had paired Baker and Losey, or Bogarde and Losey—but then, what price glory?

Evidence which you cannot refute has been brought against you!

—Perez the Inquisitor, *The Rape of Sabena*

Michael Carreras still had the yen to diversify the Hammer product into other areas, but the failure of *Jekyll* had irrevocably damaged his standing in the company. None of his films since then—*Visa to Canton* (his second abortive TV pilot) and *Cash on Demand* (a second-feature



Cash on Demand (Peter Cushing, André Morell).

adaptation of a television play)—amounted to anything like the box-office winners the Gothics continued to be, as his father was often quick to point out through a comparison of the take between *his* films and those of Hinds. In the past, Hammer's strategy had always been dictated by prior success, but now there was tension in the air over the direction in which the company was going. There were increasing disagreements—a sense that an irresistible force had at last come within sight of an immovable object. Michael continued to develop different projects for Hammer (including a plan to turn *Hell Is a City* into a TV series), but much of this was a sop to his artistic pretensions rather than any serious attempt to find something new. Not only was new thinking not encouraged, it was fiscally frowned upon. James Carreras knew the virtue of a successful formula, and he had no intention whatever of deviating from it.

While Hammer's program of horrors had been wending its bloody way, the ailing Italian film industry—spurred by the huge international success of *Ben-Hur* in 1959 (much of which had been shot at Cinecittà in Rome) and the surprise hit that Joseph E. Levine had nurtured from the low-budget *Hercules* (1958)—had embarked on a cycle of historical-mythological spectaculars that were proving surprisingly popular with audiences on both sides of the Atlantic. Epics were suddenly in, and exploitation companies had been quick to realize it. The cycle of so-called epics offered the opportunity of an alternative line of supply for Hammer, and since the type of film it embraced invariably slotted into the "U" bracket, it also promised to reopen a market that had been all but closed off in the company's dedicated pursuit of more adult material. American-International Pictures (AIP) and others had contented themselves by buying original Italian product and redubbing it, relying on saturation advertising to do the rest. Conscious of British Board of Film Censors secretary John Trevelyan's recent remarks, James Carreras decided that Hammer should make some spectaculars of its own.

Sword of Sherwood Forest had already hinted at the potential in this area, although that had been more the result of the traditional policy of spinning-off a success-



Glenn Corbett, Marla Landi, and producer Anthony Nelson Keys on the set of *Pirates of Blood River.*

ful television series than responding to a mood. (The film had been coproduced by TV "Robin Hood" Richard Greene and filmed at Ardmore Studios in Ireland.) But the box-office returns were good, and Hammer was now to go the route again. "This is the day of the colossal spectacle and the gimmick picture," Carreras heralded. "Straight routine productions no longer attract audiences." Steve "Hercules" Reeves had starred as *Morgan the Pirate* the year before, so the usual crew was rounded up. With half a galleon and the services of Christopher Lee, *Pirates of Blood River* set sail on July 3, 1961.

I have to travel where no one has ever been before. . . . I want to lift the curtain of life, and see what lies beyond.

—Georges Bonnet, *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*

Sensing a new trend, James Carreras further proposed to add a second pirate adventure to the roster for good measure—this one trading on the equally familiar attributes of Peter Cushing. For Michael Carreras, it was the last straw. His disillusionment with Hammer and the strictures that were imposed by the need to guarantee success was complete. "We forced too many ill-prepared projects onto the floor," he would note in later years. "If we'd been more sparing, the company would *still* be going." By the end of the following year, that opinion would seem only too valid—although not permanently damaging at this stage. But it was a lesson that Hammer—and James Carreras—would never learn. Having finished *The Damned* and served his term before the mast on *Pirates of Blood River*, Michael cleared his desk and left the company. The previous December, after *The Inquisitor* had followed *One More River* into oblivion, he had formed the astrologically apt Capricorn Productions from his new home at 21 Hyde Park Street as a contingency; he was thirty-three years old. Unlike his father, Michael was a gambler, and he was now to gamble on making his fortune, his western, *and* his musical far from the rigid confines of Bray.

Michael had one great characteristic, and it was that if he put the talent together, he never messed with it. He never tried to control it or manipulate it—he just directed it, very gently. And he could have done that very well if it hadn't been for the "old man" up there, and the remorseless mills of Hammer.

—Wolf Mankowitz

The project that was supposed to have inaugurated Capricorn Productions was originally purchased for Hammer. Michael Carreras had bought *The Whites Grew Pale* (a drama of racial intolerance set in the Dutch East Indies) from first-time author Hugo Lous, with the intention that Peter Newman should turn it into a play, a novel, and ultimately a film, in the fashion of *Yesterday's Enemy*. Michael's growing awareness that he would never be allowed to produce such a story at Hammer had persuaded him to transfer the rights to his own company in December 1960. But fears over the existing relationship between



Capricorn days: *L–R from top: The Savage Guns* (Richard Basehart; Michael Carreras on-set with Don Taylor; Jimmy Sangster, Michael Carreras, and cinematographer Alfredo Fraile); *What a Crazy World* (Joe Brown and Susan Maughan; Michael Carreras on location in London with Joe Brown).

Hammer and Columbia Pictures had inspired the tyro outfit to adopt a more cautious policy of producing only "short and second-feature films" initially, and although Newman had written his play, neither novel nor film were to make it off the drawing board. When *The Whites Grew Pale* failed to materialize, Michael turned his attention instead to a western Newman had written.

The San Siado Killings went through a change of title—to *Tierra brutal* ("The Brutal Land")—and a number of drafts before Newman's name was removed and screenplay credit went ultimately to Edmund Morris, cowriter of *A Walk on the Wild Side* (1962). Michael persuaded old friends Richard Basehart (*Visa to Canton*) and Alex Nicol (*Face the Music*) to participate, but Kerwin Mathews pulled out of the starring role of Mike Summers at the last minute, to be replaced by Don Taylor. *Tierra brutal* went before the cameras as a U.S.-Spanish coproduction, partly financed through Lawrence Bachmann (author of *The Phoenix* and now an executive at MGM), in October 1961. "The film was made in Almeria—which stood in for Sonora—on a very modest budget, but nothing to be ashamed of in the end result," its director declared with pride. However, it was not *Michael's* pride that was in danger of being dented.

When shooting finally commenced on *Tierra brutal*, James Carreras decided to pay his errant son a flying visit, the idea being to "heal the rift" in his own way and *literally* buy Michael back into the family business. "We were shooting in Spain and he came out to see us," Josephine Carreras recalled. "He had all sorts of deals lined up for the film. He couldn't stand the idea that we were doing it without him. 'I'll do this; I'll do that.' He wanted it to go out as a Hammer film. I said, Jimmy—let him have this one. Just this one. He needs to know that he can do it on his own. Jimmy flew into a rage. He threw his bags down on the floor in the middle of the airport lounge—a busy airport lounge—and turned round and went home." The die was cast; Michael was to have his day in the sun. But it was to be a long, dry one.

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You needn't watch, if it upsets you.

—Georges Beynat, *Maniac*

MGM's participation in *Tierra brutal* had necessitated a British producer in addition to José G. ("Pepé") Maesso, owner of the coproduction company, Tecisa. Michael nominated Jimmy Sangster (now also a director of Capricorn) for the job, and Sangster returned the favor by suggesting to James Carreras that Michael direct the psycho-thriller he had been preparing for Hammer, *Maniac*. As Michael now seemed intent on remaining in the general vicinity, his father agreed—it saved on the airfare.

Maniac was shot on location in the Camargue, in the south of France, and at MGM's studios in Borehamwood. The focus of its narrative is a typically seductive Sangster femme fatale, appropriately named Eve (Nadia Gray), who entices gullible American drifter Paul Farrell (Kerwin Mathews) to help her free her husband from the asylum into which he was incarcerated four years previously for the murder (by acetylene torch!) of the rapist who attacked his daughter Annette (Liliane Brousse). This plot is actually a double-bluff, in which the "freed" husband turns out to be Eve's jailer lover instead, and it makes no sense whatever in retrospect when she could as easily have run off with him in her husband's absence—but the twist in its tale is slick enough, even if story and dialogue throughout are functional at best.

Sangster wrote *Maniac* mostly on spec, during a trip with Michael to scout locations, and both men were clearly marking time for Hammer at this point in their respective careers. The thriller elements are efficiently handled through claustrophobic close-ups, but the human drama is less effective, with Mathews miscast in a role that attempts to rid him of his juvenile appeal from the likes of *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* (1957) and *Jack the Giant Killer* (1961). Michael appended some adroit shock touches, but he allowed the first half of the film to meander aimlessly as Farrell's sexual loyalties are split between the Sangster polar opposites of predatory wife and naive stepdaughter, and the duo's concept of rural France is equally skewed: "What do you do around here? Don't you find it dull?" Farrell inquires of Annette, after they have spent the evening incongruously jukebox-jiving in the local café. Georges Beynat (Donald Houston)—the homicidal "maniac" of the title—is intended to represent a palpable background threat, but it is one that goes unrealized by both script and direction, neither of which engenders much in the way of atmosphere and consequently little suspense. Even the spooky goings-on in the Beynat woodshed, lit mysteriously by the flame from a phantom blowtorch, carry no *frisson* and echo palely of a similar contrivance in *Paranoiac*. The New York *Film Daily* termed it a "modest melodrama . . . well made its category" but after an attention-grabbing opening, *Maniac* quickly descends into thriller-making by the numbers, as those involved in its production continued to bide their time in the wait for the next big thing on which to hang their respective commercial hats.



Maniac (Donald Houston).

Dad's gone down the dog-track,
Muvver's playing bingo,
Grannie's boozin' up the corner,
You wanna see the gin go,
No one seems to notice me,
Isn't it a sin,
What a crazy world we're living in.

—Alan Klein, "What a Crazy World"

Maniac may have been assured of A-feature distribution (eventually) by virtue of its source, but *Tierra brutal* was retitled *The Savage Guns* by MGM and cobilled with *The Thief of Baghdad*, starring Steve Reeves. Despite favorable reviews ("Acting is above the level seen in most better-than-average westerns; so is the direction by Michael Carreras," said New York's *Daily News*), a second Capricorn western—*A Good Day for a Hanging*—was not even that lucky; no one could be found to throw it some rope.

After eighteen months in European exile, Michael was finally enabled to mount his musical in the United Kingdom, on a meager budget of £98,000 and through the good offices of Associated British Cinemas' Bill Cartlidge—whose son acted occasionally as an assistant director for Hammer. *What a Crazy World* was based on the Theatre Workshop play of the same name by Alan Klein, and it showcased the pop talents of Joe Brown, Susan Maughan, and Marty Wilde, as well as the comedy talents of Hammer regular Michael Ripper. Michael Carreras cowrote, produced, and directed the film, which the *News of the World* praised for its "youthful enthusiasm," while the *Sunday Telegraph* saw in it the salvation of the whole ailing industry: "The plot is skimpy and rough edges abound, but Joe Brown and Marty Wilde . . . show the sort of charm and vitality that could pump new life into British studios. All they need is half a chance." Events would dictate that they were not to get it.

What a Crazy World was supported on release by an Audie Murphy western called *Gunfight at Comanche*



More Hammer erotica: Kerwin Mathews gets up close and personal with Nadia Gray in *Maniac*.

Creek, but also on the bill was a ten-minute Pathé News special featuring the "Fab Four" in concert at the ABC Regal in Manchester. The Capricorn film played to good crowds, but two "sequels" planned by Klein—*What a Marvelous World*, with the Crystals and Bobby Rydell, and *Grab Me a Gondola*, with Michael once again in the producer's chair—were to be swept away on a tide of "Beatlemania."

"Mr. Carreras . . . is suave and sociable but sometimes seems a little haunted," Elspeth Grant noted in an article for the *Tatler* in October 1962, entitled "What's Happening to British Cinema?" Michael's defection to Capricorn had now lasted just over two years, and in that time, the great and good of the industry had set their collective face against involvement with the "ungrateful" son of friend and fellow Variety Clubber James Carreras, for fear of offending the man who maintained powerful allies in the United States and who still supplied much of their popular product. An approach to Anglo's Nat Cohen drew a blank, and a sex comedy called *Love in Smokey Regions*—announced for a December 1962 start—had also gone the way of all flesh. In its place came an opportunity for Michael to spend a year in Kenya on preproduction of a thirty-six-part series for Screen Gems: *The Last Frontier*. The project initially promised much, but that, too, was stillborn, and by December 1963, with *What a Crazy World* still doing the rounds, he was to find himself in the shadow of Hammer again, contemplating an uncertain dawn. "That was the last film we made," Josephine Carreras said. "Jimmy had to have control. He controlled everybody; he bought everybody. And he never forgave. He always had his revenge, no matter how long it took."

Then the conversation gradually drifted into the Southern Seas, and the Captain began telling stirring tales of Clegg, the pirate, who had been hanged at Rye.

—Russell Thorndike, *Doctor Syn*

The ubiquitous Jimmy Sangster had provided the story line for *Pirates of Blood River*, the last project that Michael Carreras had overseen for Hammer before temporarily departing the fold—though even as scripted by John Gilling, a veteran of such Boy's Own yarns, the film was considered "X" certificate material by the BBFC. Alterations were made, and Hammer agreed to content itself with an "A." In the interim, the opportunity had arisen for *Pirates* to cofeature with surefire Columbia winner *Mysterious Island*, and the film was sent back to the Board for further pasteurization.

John Trevelyan takes up the story himself in his biography, *What The Censor Saw*.[2] "We looked at it again, asked for further cuts and put it into the U category. This is the only film I can remember that started as an X film and went out as a U film." He gives an example of the distinction between the three versions:

In the early part of the film a young girl, escaping from a villain, plunged into a river and set out to swim to the other bank. In the X version a shoal of piranha fish rushed through the water and attacked the girl who struggled and was apparently dragged under the water which then became tinged with blood; in the A version the piranha fish rushed through the water but the scene stopped as they reached the girl; in the U version the piranha fish never appeared at all.

Pirates of Blood River may have been emasculated for the greater good, but what originally was meant to have cofeatured with it, and to star Peter Cushing, was now to go begging for a running mate as a result. This was to be a remake of (Arthur) Russell Thorndike's 1915 novel *Doctor Syn: A Smuggler Tale of the Romney Marsh*, an idea brought to Hammer by John Temple-Smith and his Major Productions.

No sooner did the company announce its intention than the Walt Disney organization slapped an injunction on the use of the title (Disney was lining up its own version). With Michael gone, Tony Hinds had taken on the wages of *Syn*, and discovering that the Disney copyright extended to the *name* only—and specifically to *Christopher Syn* (a noncanonical 1960 novel written by American author William Buchanan with Thorndike's blessing)—he did the obvious. The character's name was changed to Dr. Blyss, and the film lensed at the end of September under the working title of *The Curse of Captain Clegg*—Syn's piratical alter ego.

While not a horror film in the conventional sense, *Captain Clegg*—as it was eventually titled in release (*Night Creatures* in the United States)—nevertheless was sold as Hammer Horror. ("Their oath—Terror! Their cry—Blood!" the poster would scream.) Certainly it is closer in spirit to the Thorndike novel than the bland version of the story which simultaneously was being mounted by Disney. *Doctor Syn* is pure Gothic horror, for which we have the word of Russell's more famous acting sister, Dame Sybil, in testimony. It had been inspired by the two witnessing a murder in Spartanburg, South Carolina, during a theatrical tour, when an irate stepfather had shot his stepson dead on the steps of their hotel. The body had been left on the sidewalk for several hours, to await the arrival of the authorities, and the gruesome sight had been the catalyst for the idea of the smuggler-parson. Subsequently, Sybil wrote, "That dreadful night we piled horror upon horror's head, and after each new horror was invented, we took another squint at the corpse to encourage us."

Romney Marshes. . . . Many legends have come from this corner of England—but none so widely believed or widely feared—as the legend of the marsh phantoms—who rode the land on dark misty nights, and struck fear into the hearts of all who crossed their paths.

—screen caption, *Captain Clegg*

There were seven *Doctor Syn* novels in all (not including the contribution by Buchanan), but their hero had been killed off at the end of the first, so the following six had to be written as retrospective adventures. When Gaumont-British Pictures tackled the subject in 1936, the rumor was that Thorndike had sold the rights for a mere £20, which, being something of a bon vivant, he had promptly disposed of in a single night, wining and dining at the Pier Hotel in Chelsea.

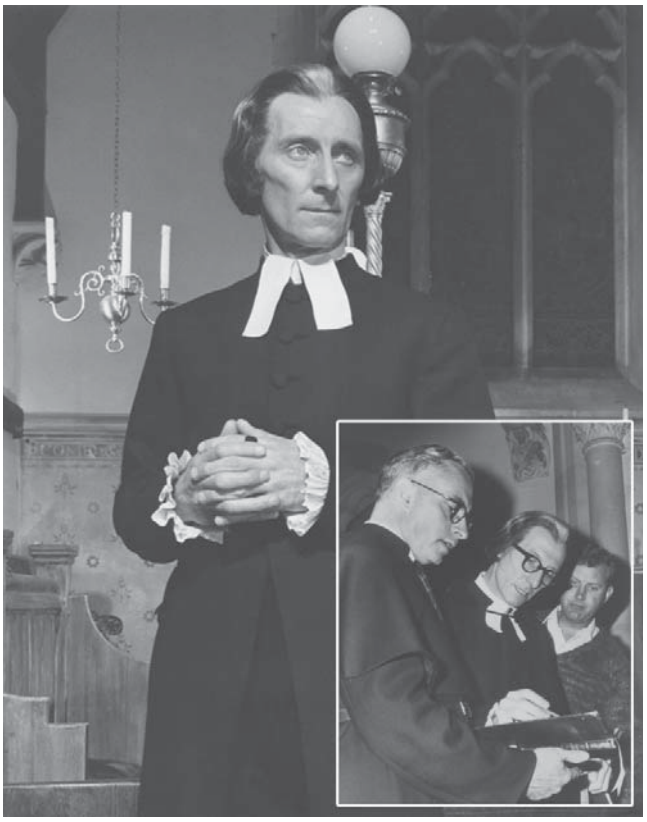
Gaumont's Dr. Syn had been eminent stage actor George Arliss, who was in his sixty-ninth year at the time of the film's production (it was his last screen role). The role of Clegg's daughter provided an early showcase for Margaret Lockwood, who was to find more lasting fame in bodice-ripping period pieces like Gainsborough's *The Man in Grey* (1943) and *The Wicked Lady* (1945), and the tale's "mulatto" had been played by the same Meinhart Maur who had essayed the role of Volkoff in Hammer's own *Dick Barton Strikes Back*.

The version Temple-Smith and TV director Peter Graham Scott had brought to Hinds was not so much an adaptation of the novel as a remake of Roy William Neill's 1936 film. Hinds had little sympathy with the submission and felt that the pair had done nothing more than watch the original on a Movieola and transcribe the dialogue; consequently, he decided to write the script himself. Under the circumstances, he was able to utilize *all* of the plot of Thorndike's *Doctor Syn*, including the critical back-story about Captain Clegg. His fastidiousness paid off in the face of opposition from an American major, and *Clegg* even beat Disney's *Dr. Syn, alias the Scarecrow* to the box-office. There is no record of what the smuggler-parson's creator thought of the film (Thorndike was seventy-seven years old at the time of its release), but he surely would have approved.

1792. CAPTAIN COLLIER AND HIS MEN ARRIVE IN DYMCHURCH TO INVESTIGATE SMUGGLING IN THE VIL-

LAGE. WITH THEM IS A MULATTO RESCUED FROM MAROONING AT THE HANDS OF PIRATE, CAPTAIN CLEGG, WHO HAD SINCE BEEN HANGED. WHEN THE MULATTO SEES DR. BLYSS, THE PARSON, HE ATTACKS HIM. COLLIER BECOMES SUSPICIOUS. THE SMUGGLERS ARE LED BY BLYSS, AND DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS THE "MARSH PHANTOMS" TO DIVERT ATTENTION AWAY FROM THEIR ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES. EVENTUALLY, THE MULATTO BREAKS OPEN CLEGG'S GRAVE AND FINDS IT EMPTY. COLLIER ACCUSES BLYSS OF BEING CLEGG. BLYSS DENIES IT, BUT THE MARK OF THE HANGMAN'S ROPE TELLS ITS OWN STORY. THE VILLAGERS RALLY TO SAVE HIM FROM CAPTURE, BUT HE IS KILLED BY THE MULATTO, WHO IS THEN SHOT BY BOSUN MIPPS. CLEGG'S BODY IS FINALLY LAID TO REST IN THE GRAVE THAT HE HAD ELUDED ALL THOSE YEARS BEFORE.

The contretemps with Disney was apt. Certainly, it seemed to inspire director Peter Graham Scott to steer a new course for Hammer Horror. The film opens like a live-action version of *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, with its ghostly vision of the Marsh Phantoms in full flight against dark, overcast skies, to the accompaniment of mock-eerie music. This curtain-raiser is superbly atmospheric and comes close to capturing that spirit of "magic and devilry" that the mise-en-scène of *The Brides of Dracula* had conjured so vividly. Russell Thorndike's wonderfully Melvillian monickers are all in evidence, bar the titular one—Mipps, Rash, Clegg, Ketch, and Wurzel—and Hammer's stock troupe turned out in force to give them form: Ripper, Reed (Oliver), Romain, and Reid (Milton).



Face of a saint: *Captain Clegg* (Peter Cushing). *Inset:* Cushing takes a lesson in scripture as director Peter Graham Scott looks on.

Peter Cushing's acting in *Captain Clegg* provides his single best performance for Hammer. When Blyss is finally unmasked as one of the skeletal smuggling band and revealed to be Clegg himself, it is to Cushing's credit that an element of surprise still pertains, despite the fact that this dénouement has been guessed long before. Cushing "loved" the film, read Thorndike as a precursor to taking on the role (it was he who suggested to Roy Ashton that Blyss should be adorned with the literary Syn's Ahab-like shock of white hair),[3] and his natural athleticism was used to the full in a realistic bruising with Milton Reid and another Fairbanks-style leap from a chandelier (performed by Cushing's long-time stunt double, Barry du Boulay).

Hammer newcomer Scott brought a spritely television pace to the proceedings and, given the quality of Cushing's performance in the dual role of ironman Clegg and his clerical counterpart, Dr. Blyss, it is all the more surprising that he and Scott did not get on during the filming. Scott had his own clear ideas about how things should be done, which were eventually to draw a chastening response from Cushing to cameraman Len Harris: "Take no notice, Len. We've done enough of these now to know what we're doing." But despite occasional evidence of an unsteady hand on the tiller, Scott does bring a new eye and fresh approach to the piece, though his awareness that this was a *Hammer* production clearly encouraged him to treat the story's violent content with a relish for detail that the censor would find impossible to subdue to a "U."

Captain Clegg provides many good moments of shock and suspense, and manages some quite delicious *frissons* into the bargain. While the Marsh Phantoms may be a highly volatile lot (the process photography is distinctly variable), Cushing's expression, as it twists from the fear and loathing that has been prompted by his fight with the mulatto into the rictus grin that erupts into silent laughter when he realizes that the king's men have fallen for his ruse, is the single most hideous apparition of this or any other Hammer horror film of the sixties.

You're wrong, Captain; Clegg was *hanged—but not "hanged till he was dead." He had many friends, and*

the rope was rotted with strong acid. No man can stand on the gallows without coming face to face with his soul. On that day, truly, the old Clegg died. But what the new Clegg has done, you all know.

—Dr. Syn, *Doctor Syn*

You're right, Captain Collier; Clegg was *hanged—at the least the rope was placed around his neck, and the trap was sprung. But he had many friends: the hangman was in the plot to rescue him, and Clegg escaped. But no man can stand upon the gallows without coming face to face with his soul.*

—Dr. Blyss, *Captain Clegg*

Captain Clegg has something that no other Hammer Horror is possessed of: heart. This is what marks it. In an extraordinarily moving finale, Michael Ripper's Bosun Mipps carries the dead Clegg to the grave he should have occupied sixteen years before. The slab is put in place over Cushing's ashen face, and the end titles fill the screen. Had it but known it, Hammer was burying its own immediate past, as well. Mipps's tears flow not only for a fallen comrade but for Hammer's golden age. For reasons that were just becoming clear at the time, it was now at an end. For Clegg—and for Hammer Horror in its original incarnation—the game was up.

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In 1958, Christopher Lee had remarked that his ambition in horror films was "to star in a remake of *The Phantom of the Opera*. This film would give me a chance to prove that I can sing." Just such a remake had first been touted only one year later, and Lee had made his approach. "I felt I should have played the Phantom," he said. "I did speak to Michael about that." Michael, however, had long since stopped listening, and now that the time had finally come, Lee was making ready to leave the country, with new wife Birgit, for a villa in Vaud and a view over the northern slopes of Lake Geneva. This time, he intended it to be on a more permanent basis.

By spring 1962, Lee was domiciled in Switzerland. The villa overlooking the valley of the Rhône was to be his base of operations for two years, during which time he would commence his autobiography, avoid what he had described as Britain's "vicious and crippling tax system," and pursue his quest for international stardom by accepting every offer that came his way. "I could only hope that they would serve some purpose, and that perhaps a reputation might come in the same way as a coral formation, which is made up of a deposit of countless tiny corpses," he later wrote. Not that his departure made any difference to the casting of *The Phantom of the Opera*. Hammer had in mind a bigger fish from the very beginning.

The Fall of the House of Usher had ridden to glory on the back of a major Hollywood star, and the opportunity had arisen for Hammer to do the same thing with the last of Universal's monster classics to remain unfilmed. *The Phantom of the Opera* had been mounted in deference to an approach by—of all people—Cary Grant, who had expressed interest in appearing in a Hammer film during his sojourn in England for Stanley Donen's *The Grass Is Greener* (1960). With a star of Grant's stature knocking at Bray's door, Tony Hinds had been instructed to write the film especially for him. Hinds was unconvinced, but he went through the motions. "It worked for *him* because it was all very lighthearted and humorous," he said. But not lighthearted enough, apparently. Grant's agent turned it down flat, and the notion of attracting an A-list star promptly collapsed with it.

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Maria: I saw him, I tell you. . . . Standing just over here—just here. Black—all over. . . . Black. . . . And his eye—staring at me—

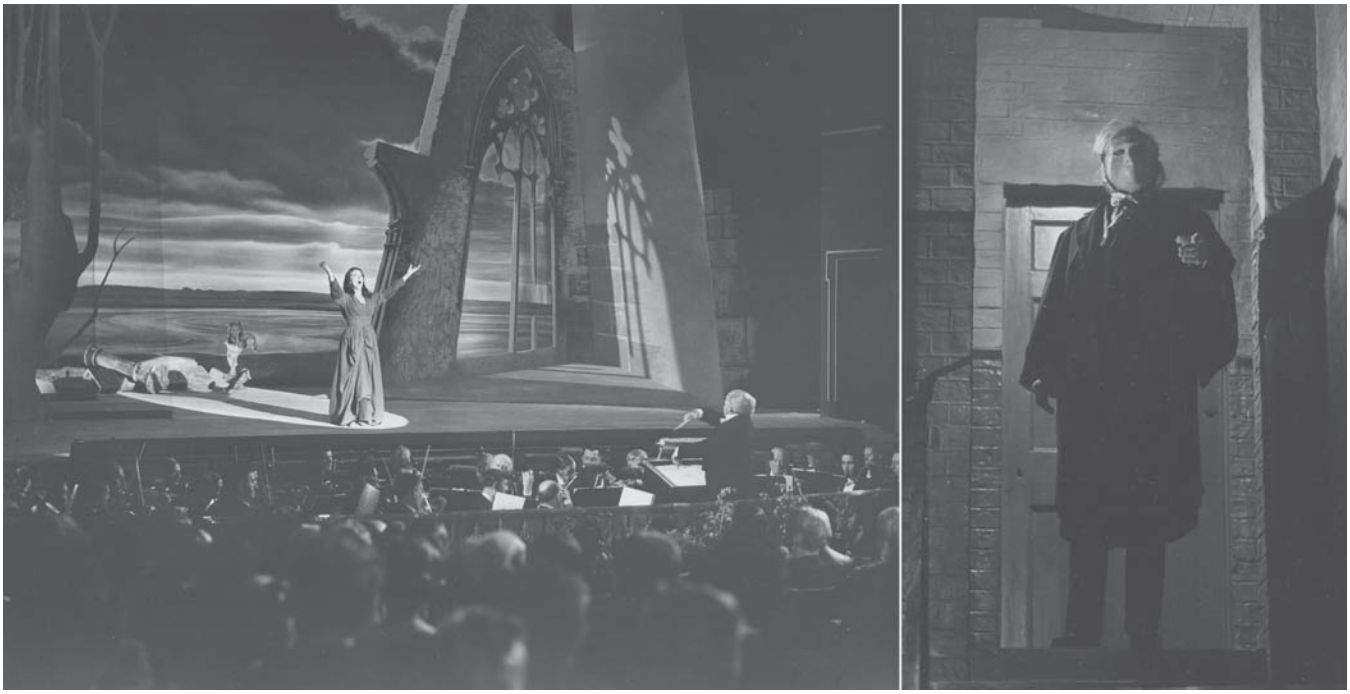
Harry: His eye—?

Maria: Eye!—One eye . . . in the middle of his forehead. And his face, Harry—it was horrible!

—The Phantom of the Opera

In touting *The Phantom of the Opera* as its major release for 1962, Hammer was going right back to where Tony Hinds thought it belonged. In common with most of the previous "remakes," *The Phantom* had sprung from a literary source. Gaston Leroux's 1911 novel was not well known, and in the wake of the first film version of it (starring Lon Chaney Sr.), was all but forgotten. As a result, the tale is perceived as a product of the Hollywood machine, and any prospective remake has had to take this earlier adaptation very much into account. *The Phantom of the Opera* had been the silent screen's most spectacular horror fantasy.

The original 1925 Universal production had been remarkably faithful to Leroux, whose "Phantom" was a criminal lunatic, disfigured from birth, who used his civil engineering prowess to construct himself a subterranean home in the depths of the Paris Opera House, slept in



Death in the wings: *Left:* Liane Aukin causes a stir in *The Phantom of the Opera. Right:* Herbert Lom as the Phantom.

a coffin ("It keeps me reminded of that other dreamless sleep that cures all ills—forever!"), and was oddly disposed to litter his strange abode with all manner of booby traps and devices of torture. In the film, as in the book, Gounod's *Faust* was the opera in question.

The same company's respectful Technicolor remake of 1943 removed the serialized melodrama of the original and simplified the Phantom's genesis by recasting him as violinist Erique Claudin, a frustrated (rather than mad) composer who is disfigured by acid while attempting to save his concerto from the clutches of a plagiarist. The relationship between Phantom and singer (not fully explained in the novel and ignored altogether in the silent version) now became implicitly paternal, and *Faust* was sidestepped for the more popular melodics of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony and Flotow's *Martha*, in keeping with the fact that the film had been designed as a vehicle for Nelson Eddy and Susanna Foster. Universal had been aware that they could not hope to top the Chaney Phantom's unmasking—arguably the single most frightening scene in the history of horror films—so the fall of the great chandelier (a minor highlight in the original) was moved to center stage instead.

Not only had the Rupert Julian, Edward Sedgewick, and Lon Chaney–directed original benefited from a cast of thousands, but it had also been the recipient of some massive sets left over from Chaney's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1923), such as the cathedral. And Hammer was remaking a film that had already been remade in (exquisite) color, so it could hardly score there, either. In addition, the story is a starring role for the monster, and with Cary Grant having been persuaded to withdraw, Hammer's monster was now packing his bags for the Continent. Nevertheless, with the company committed to the production, James Carreras saw *The Phantom of the Opera* as his big opportunity to backpedal on the gore and move Hammer's product more substantially into the mainstream.

Under these circumstances, and with the limited resources available at Bray, *The Phantom of the Opera* was full of pitfalls. Hammer's success had been built on outdoing the originals it chose to remake. With the crude theatrics and dated appeal of Universal's other horror properties, that task had been relatively easy, but *The Phantom* contained two legendary sequences. The fall of the chandelier and the unmasking *would* be included, but by reducing the remainder of the narrative to the mandatory half-dozen characters, Hinds (again doing the screenwriting as "John Elder") could retain only the bare bones of the previous films. The Parisian locale devolved into the more prosaic backwater of London's Wimbledon Theatre—a move that raised critical hackles even before *The Phantom* was released. To simplify the musical proceedings, the opera and the stolen composition became

one and the same, so Edwin Astley had to depart from Gounod and engineer an original music score of his own for the new version.

In July 1962, the BBFC advised Hinds about the production on the basis that he would be aiming for the usual "X" certificate. "The script as it stands has quite a bit of 'X' stuff," said the reader's report. "Probably they want this category anyway." Even so, there had been a proviso from John Trevelyan. "Criticism of the 'X' category horror films has increased in the last two years. In the circumstances I must ask you to take special care in the shooting of all shock sequences." Hinds duly altered the film's first shock shot: In the script, the murdered sceneshifter in the opening sequence is described as hanging *upside-down*. But the rest would be as had been mutually agreed, and shooting began on November 20, immediately after the close of production on *Captain Clegg*.

Hammer's *Phantom* was hyped as its most expensive Gothic to date, at some £400,000. "The most costly and spectacular thriller of its kind ever filmed in Britain," said the press book. Since little of this was to be apparent on-screen, the publicists must have decided to use inflation to their own advantage—or they simply thought of a number and doubled it. "We cut the budget down, and it didn't quite work," Hinds understated.



The Phantom of the Opera (Heather Sears, Edward de Souza).

THE YEAR IS 1900, AND THE FIRST NIGHT OF A NEW OPERA BY LORD AMBROSE D'ARCY AT THE ALBANY THEATRE ENDS WITH THE DEATH OF A STAGEHAND. THE PRIMA DONNA REFUSES TO GO ON, AND PRODUCER HARRY HUNTER AUDITIONS FOR A SINGER TO REPLACE HER. HE SEES A PROMISING ALTERNATIVE IN CHRISTINE AND, AT HER LODGINGS, DISCOVERS EVIDENCE THAT THE OPERA WAS STOLEN FROM A PROFESSOR PETRIE, WHO HAD BEEN KILLED IN A FIRE. THEY SUBSEQUENTLY LEARN THAT PETRIE SURVIVED THE BLAZE BUT WAS DISFIGURED BY ACID. BACK IN HER ROOM, CHRISTINE IS CONFRONTED BY A HIDEOUS DWARF AND CARRIED OFF TO AN UNDERGROUND LAIR BELOW THE OPERA HOUSE, WHERE A FIGURE PLAYS AT THE ORGAN—THE "PHANTOM" INTENDS TO TRAIN HER TO BE A GREAT SINGER. HUNTER FINDS THE LAIR AND EXPOSES THE PHANTOM AS PETRIE. THE PHANTOM EXPLAINS HOW D'ARCY STOLE HIS MUSIC AND BEGS HUNTER TO LET HIM FINISH THE TASK IN HAND. HUNTER AGREES, AND THE OPERA IS STAGED WITH CHRISTINE SINGING THE LEAD. DURING THE PERFORMANCE, THE DWARF IS SPOTTED IN THE EAVES AND CHASED; HE JUMPS TO A CHANDELIER, BUT HIS WEIGHT SNAPS THE ROPE. THE PHANTOM SPOTS THE DANGER AND LEAPS ONTO THE STAGE, THROWING CHRISTINE ASIDE—BUT HE IS TOO LATE TO SAVE HIMSELF: THE CHANDELIER FALLS, CRUSHING HIM TO DEATH.

With Cary Grant out of the picture, Tony Hinds thought to salvage the project with Herbert Lom. Lom hailed originally from Prague and had made a career out of playing sleazy gangsters of mid-European or Mediterranean origin. In 1959, he had been a pimp in Alvin Rakoff's *Passport to Shame*. Lom was also intent on changing his image. In *Mysterious Island*, he had played Nemo, and he was soon to become the memorable Inspector Dreyfus in *A Shot in the Dark* (1964). Lom was known to Hinds as an actor of repute, but in director Terence Fisher's hands, Lom's Phantom becomes an ineffectual absentminded professor inhabiting a grotesquely unreal Eastmancolor grotto filled with idiosyncratic delights, not to mention a music-loving dwarf! So insipid is he that his self-sacrificing leap onto the stage at the climax seems more like a last act in a life of accident-proneness than the *grande geste* it is intended to be.

In addition, the script is dramatically unstable and morally confused. In line with the notion that a star like Grant would not have played the part unless an element

of audience empathy existed, Lord D'Arcy is nominated to be the actual villain of the piece, with the sympathetic Phantom subordinated to a supporting role. But D'Arcy does not get his comeuppance (unless you count being unexpectedly confronted by a sight that may have caused a measure of hysteria in Mary Philbin in 1925, but barely produced a shudder in Susanna Foster in 1943), yet the dwarf and Petrie do—a case of two wrongs, clearly.

Elder's dialogue is more rounded than in *The Curse of the Werewolf*, but there are still *longeurs*, and much of it simply directs and dictates the action. Fisher is obliging in this and has people walk aimlessly around to fill in the blanks. "I think there is something evil in this theater, Christine," says Harry, at which point an innocent rat catcher is stabbed in the eye by the opera-loving dwarf in a last-minute attempt to spice up the proceedings. That scene was not enough to save an ill-conceived production, and it was to end up among the BBFC's outtakes, anyway.

Like *The Curse of the Werewolf*, *The Phantom* has its advocates, but no amount of apology can alter the fact that the story is puerile, the staging crass, the production overlit, the drama bogus, and the poverty of ideas apparent. Against that, *The Phantom of the Opera* is *beautiful* to look at, Heather Sears (whose singing voice was supplied by soprano Patricia Clark) and Edward de Souza as heroine and hero are both excellent, Astley's opera is particularly fine (especially at the climax), and one or two of the supporting players—such as Thorley Walters—are worth the price of a ticket by themselves. But after a rousing opening reel, it is downhill all the way.

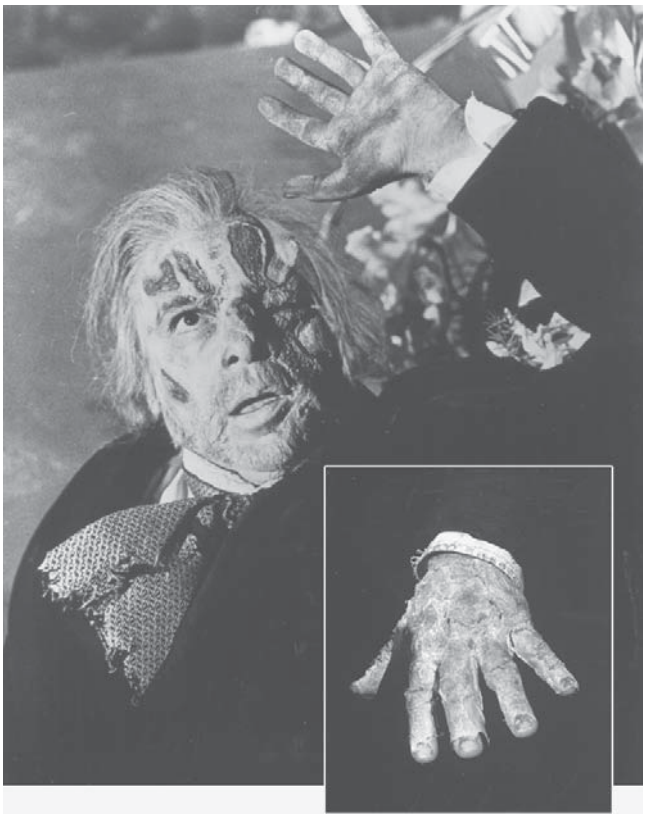
There are forces of evil at large in the Opera tonight.

—Professor Petrie (the Phantom),
The Phantom of the Opera

Despite its customary surface gloss and token injection of gore, *The Phantom of the Opera* turned out to be an old-fashioned melodrama, ill-constructed and -executed, and ultimately disappointing on almost every level. But not all its failings could be laid at the feet of Terence Fisher. The cardinal sin was a genuine sin of omission: on his British release, Hammer's Phantom was not unmasked *at all!*

By April 1962, with the final figures on his desk, James Carreras began to have misgivings about the scale of Hammer's investment in *The Phantom of the Opera*. The film had come in at a little under £171,000, even with Tony Hinds taking only a nominal £200 for providing the script, and the expected U.K. gross (which went direct to Hammer) was no longer looking so good in the more restricted market available to the "X" certificate.

With its catalog of torture, brutality, murder, grave robbing, and attempted rape, *Captain Clegg* had been sold to Universal as Hammer Horror (under a new title of *Night Creatures*), which meant pairing it with *The Phantom*. Since the reader's report of the previous July had offered, "I think the makers should be told that they could make it in an 'A' way if they liked," Carreras and Rank decided to ask for *The Phantom of the Opera* to be cut to an "A" to match *Clegg* and increase the appeal of both. Consequently, the film paid another *two* visits to the BBFC in May, each one leaving it more bereft than the one before. Out went the hanged scene-shifter swinging into the camera. Out went the stabbing of the rat catcher from where the dwarf raises the knife. Out went close-ups of the Phantom with the mask on. But most critically—in spite of Trevelyan opining, "I do not think that further cutting will damage the film"—out went the Phantom tearing the mask *off* to reveal his "hideously scarred face."



The climax of *The Phantom of the Opera* (Herbert Lom). *Inset:* The makeup for the Phantom's acid-scarred hands.

On release, one critic—under a headline heralding a "funny" phantom, commented, "Keep it dark, but something's gone sadly wrong with *The Phantom of the Opera*." That something had been the decision to broaden the acceptability of Gothic horror by diluting its very essence. Rank had been instrumental in putting the squeeze on, and Hammer had dutifully obliged. Michael Carreras was dismissive—"It was a half-speed film." But director Fisher sought to justify the farrago in later interviews: "I've never isolated the monster from the world around, or tried to avoid showing him. The *exception* is *Phantom*; there was no reason to show his face there; you'd seen the acid go into his face, you knew how pitifully he was in agony all the time."

No reason? Hammer Horror was breathing its last and *The Phantom of the Opera* was to be its death rattle. It was certainly not about to compete with the likes of *From Russia with Love* and what *Sight and Sound* would call "the new brutalism" at the box office. *Phantom* was no fairy tale for adults; it was a fable for children, as the "A" certificate and its superior cofeature seemed to testify. Hammer had lost its way. The arch-proponent of screen horror had become respectable, to the disdain of audiences and the hypocritical ire of the critics.

The August 28 opening of *The Phantom of the Opera* had done Hammer no favors, and so evident was the disappointing reception accorded the film that the company felt obliged to comment. It would correct its mistake and "include" an unmasking scene for the U.S. market, even though American audiences would see the unmasking, anyway! By the time *The Phantom of the Opera* and *Captain Clegg* went out through Rank during September, *Pirates of Blood River* and *Mysterious Island* would already have opened on the ABC circuit, backed by a television campaign that not only helped put them into the Top Ten for the year, but unwittingly hanged Fisher's lame-duck *Phantom* in the process.

Ha!—You can't frighten me; I know what you're trying to do. It won't work. It won't work!

—Grace Maddox, *Nightmare*

In the meanwhile, the last drop of blood was being wrung out of the remaining cadavers in the corridors of Bray. *Brat Farrar* was jolted back into life as *Paranoiac* for Oliver Reed, and schlock-king William Castle was encouraged to pool his talents with Hammer for a spoof remake of *The Old Dark House* after Castle's *Homicidal*—another *Psycho* variant—had been successfully paired with *The Terror of the Tongs*. Both would end up back in the freezer, however, where they would be followed by *Nightmare*, when Jimmy Sangster tapped into the same empty vein.

Paranoiac utilized the familiar plot of the heir to a fortune—"Brat Farrar," or Tony Ashby (Alexander Davion) in this instance—who turns up to claim his inheritance, even though his family had thought him dead: is he or is he not an imposter? *Nightmare*, on the other hand, was pure Sangster, in which the Boileau-Narcejac mechanics of the *Taste of Fear* formula were pressed into service once more for another convoluted plan, orchestrated to drive a young girl (Jennie Linden) insane. The insidious scheme backfires spectacularly on the plotters (Moira Redmond and David Knight), however, when the same tactics are employed against them by a coterie of interested parties who secretly have become privy to Linden's plight.

Paranoiac's pedigree as postwar melodrama (Tey's novel had been published in 1949) was barely disguised by Scope treatment and an isolated moment of shock, and horror is largely absent until the final reel, when Roy Ashton's moldering corpse of the real Tony is uncovered behind a bricked-up wall in the family chapel and Reed goes chillingly off his rocker as a result. *Nightmare* did not even manage to reach those modest heights, despite the Bavaesque approach to its spooky trappings of cinematographer-turned-director Freddie Francis (who helmed *Paranoiac* also), relying for horror-effect on shots of a body on a bed with a knife plunged into its bosom, and the energetic screaming of Linden upon her discovery of same. *Variety* would consider the former "a suspenseful and smartly-paced opus" when eventually it found a release, though the latter would pass (after only four months were to go by) with barely a mention by anyone.

Sangster's ongoing *affaire* with France had seen him set his first follow-up to *Taste of Fear* there, and while *Maniac* was being produced in the Camargue, Tony Hinds had pressed ahead with his stumbling program of Gothic horrors. "We shall continue to make them as long as we can find subjects," Hinds said, "but it's getting a bit difficult now."

Ladies and gentlemen. May I introduce a new disciple?

—Dr. Ravna, *The Kiss of the Vampire*



Nightmare (Jennie Linden, Clytie Jessop).

"*Brides of Dracula* is taking a packet in the USA . . . which makes me think that we can start another one for Universal sometime in 1962," James Carreras had advised Hinds in a memo two years earlier. Universal now wanted that other Dracula to compensate for the lackluster performance of *The Curse of the Werewolf*. To appease them, Hinds concocted a lukewarm mystery with supernatural overtones from the familiar intrigue of *So Long at the Fair* (1951) and a sauce of ingredients left over from *The Disciple of Dracula*, in a further attempt to find a formula that would substitute for the current unavailability of Christopher Lee. But he was not without reservations and requested a meeting to discuss future policy. "I was thinking in terms of beer and sandwiches," Hinds recalls, "but the meeting is at one of the best restaurants in London; there was just Brian Lawrence, Jim and myself, and there was the three of us and *six* waiters! That was the only policy meeting we had—and we talked about nothing. Nothing."

In the crisis days of 1955, Hammer had found itself with a logjam of unwanted features. Now it was in danger of creating that situation all over again. Nevertheless, the third Dracula was to go into production as planned on September 17, 1962. Hinds decided on his own that an injection of fresh blood *behind* the lens might make Hammer Horror more current and had already called upon the newfound directorial talent of cinematographer Freddie Francis to helm *Paranoiac*. Since Fisher had been nominated to take the fall over *The Phantom of the Opera*, second-feature director Don Sharp was assigned to what would become *The Kiss of the Vampire*.

The cinema's monsters of terror had now shaken off the manacles of the creature and the silver chain of the vampire, however. The brute-man had taken on the form of Max Cady in *Cape Fear* (1962), while phantoms in the night came in the shape of the asthmatic Red Lynch in *The Grip of Fear* (aka *Experiment in Terror*, 1962). *The Kiss of the Vampire* was to be Sharp's debut in main fea-



Face of a sinner: *The Kiss of the Vampire* (Noel Willman).

tures, but it would be more than a year before he would hear the applause. The last Gothic of the old school was to open to a more positive critical reception, but by then, it would seem to belong to a different era altogether.

WHILE HONEYMOONING IN BAVARIA, GERALD HARCOURT AND HIS WIFE, MARIANNE, ARE INVITED TO A BALL AT THE CHATEAU OF DR. RAVNA. DURING THE FESTIVITIES, GERALD IS DRUGGED AND MARIANNE ABDUCTED. WHEN GERALD COMES TO, RAVNA INFORMS HIM THAT HE ARRIVED ALONE, AND HE IS THROWN OUT. WHEN HE CAN FIND NO TRACE OF MARIANNE, GERALD IS DISTRAUGHT, BUT HE IS EVENTUALLY CONSOLED BY PROFESSOR ZIMMER, WHO REVEALS THAT MARIANNE HAS FALLEN INTO THE CLUTCHES OF A CULT OF VAMPIRES; ZIMMER'S OWN DAUGHTER HAD BEEN ONE OF RAVNA'S VICTIMS. GERALD RETURNS TO THE CHATEAU AND IS CAPTURED, BUT WITH ZIMMER'S HELP, HE FREES MARIANNE AND THEY BOTH ESCAPE. AS ZIMMER PERFORMS A MAGIC RITUAL TO INVOKE THE POWERS OF DARKNESS, MARIANNE AGAIN SUCCUMBS TO RAVNA'S HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE. A SWARM OF BATS INVADES THE CHATEAU AND DESTROYS THE CULT. WITH RAVNA'S DEATH, THE SPELL IS BROKEN AND THE COUPLE IS REUNITED.

The Kiss of the Vampire turned the clock back to the days before *The Curse of Frankenstein*. Under Don Sharp's eclectic direction (except for the befanged appearance of Tania in a mist-laden graveyard), its first hour is more like the horror-by-suggestion thrillers of RKO's Val Lewton. The film's small scale aids the impression, as does Sharp's predilection for swinging shutters and swaying trees. He had come to *The Kiss of the Vampire* unfamiliar with the house style of Hammer Horror, and much of the film harks back to an earlier age. It is not so much a continuation of Hammer Gothic as an homage to it.

For the most part, the pace is leisurely. The action is constantly punctuated by fades or dissolves. But throughout, Sharp's grip on the narrative is faultless. Unlike Fisher, he is clearly aware that there is more to atmosphere than décor alone. Sharp's mastery at evoking mise-en-scène is exhibited to good effect in an early sequence in a forest, when an anxious Marianne waits in the out-of-gas de Dion-Bouton while her husband goes foraging for fuel. (This unsettling episode was filmed in fern-carpeted Black Park, a location that would be used with increasing frequency in Hammer Horror.)

The plot is of the spider-and-fly variety, spun out as a mystery. The vampires in the film are very low-key, and a dinner scene where Dr. Ravna explains his unusual circumstances was revised to incorporate an extra sequence more in keeping with the Hammer that Universal had been led to expect—Tania, the hoteliers' "missing" daughter, inflicting the "kiss" of the vampire on Professor Zimmer.[4] Having drawn inspiration from the plot device of *So Long at the Fair* and *The Lady Vanishes*—where the contrived disappearance of a character is later shown to be part of an elaborate deceit—Hinds had originally invested his film with the air of a whodunit. But in so doing, he had been hoist by his own pétard. Tania was intended to remain an enigma, until her appearance at the *bal masque* in the chateau revealed the truth about Ravna and acted as a catalyst for the disappearance of Marianne. But the whole concept of Hammer Horror was so indelible in the public mind by this time that the villains in *The Kiss of the Vampire* are never in doubt, so the conceit of such a "surprise" was a non sequitur to begin with ("Welcome to my house," says *Herr Doktor* in true Dracula fashion). In its first draft, the screenplay had been more subtle, but, without the added scene in the graveyard, the film might have looked *decades* out of date, rather than mere years.

To Universal, however, it looked that way, anyway. While *The Fall of the House of Usher* and other AIP Poe films were regularly formatted in both color and Scope,



The Kiss of the Vampire (Isobel Black, Clifford Evans).

Hammer had chosen to stay with the Academy ratio of 1.37:1. *The Kiss of the Vampire* had many virtues, yet it was a portrait in miniature, and its old-fashioned style (and BBFC-fearing reticence—though little was ultimately cut) would tarnish it with a curious ambiguity that *Films and Filming* referred to as "the appearance of being done tongue-in-cheek." Almost without realizing it, Hammer had conceded defeat in the battle of the Gothics. Roger Corman had won.

By the time *Nightmare* was added to the stack in December, Hammer had six films piled up awaiting release. Only two of them (*Maniac* and *The Damned*) would make it into theaters before 1964. The company was staring retrenchment in the face. Money from overseas sales had been slow in coming in, and British film production had gone into one of its habitual declines following the inflationary boom of 1959–1960. The promises about the future prospects of Bray Studios took on a hollow ring. "When Phase Two has been completed, we can go on developing," Michael Carreras had been projecting only three years earlier. "There is ample room—should the need arise—for continued expansion." As Phase Two had *not* been completed, the need was unlikely to arise. Of the two new stages originally proposed, only one had been built, and the new workshops got no further than the drawing board. With production being eased into a lower gear, work would begin on the long-awaited repairs that had been necessitated by the fire, and existing facilities could be upgraded instead.

Rationalization was the order of the day, and economies were sought. Lighting cameraman Jack Asher would be the first sacrificial lamb on the altar of expediency—but not the last. The shooting of *The Phantom of the Opera* had been beset by rumor and a vague sense of unease. New coproduction deals with Robert B. Radnitz and, more recently, Roberto Dandi (for *The Kiss of the Vampire*) had gone by the wayside. The permanent staff at Bray was assembled and informed of the worst: their numbers were to be cut until the situation showed signs of improvement, advised general manager Tony Keys.



Death on the wing: *The Kiss of the Vampire* (Clifford Evans).

What Hammer had to do was to cut its cloth in line with the tastes of a new generation of buyers—and predominantly American buyers at that, since two-thirds of the potential box office was now being accounted for by foreign markets (as opposed to only 20 percent ten years previously). But what were those tastes to be?

James Bond had already shown the way, although it would be some years before the message sank in. Sixties cinema was to be escapist in tone and iconographic in tenor. The cult of personality, whether fact or fancy, would be the "in" thing. The parochial English horror film would soon be required to transmogrify into the international fantasy epic, where substance became subjugated to spectacle and story mattered less than special effects.

An ambivalence was creeping into Hammer's films. Some, like *The Kiss of the Vampire*, would surface to find the mark again, while others would go wider still. Things had come a long way from the days when British films unfolded to the spring-fresh strains of Walton, Elgar, or Vaughan Williams. The new dawn was marching to the modern jazz of Henry Mancini or the strident brass of John Barry. The thrills in *The Phantom of the Opera* were sparse compared with the rough-and-tumble catharsis of Bond. Times were changing, and Hammer had signally failed to notice. Now it would be forced to.

As the year drew to a close, the outlook was bleak. With Trevelyan's warnings still ringing in its ears, Hammer's career as a purveyor of top-quality horror films seemed to have run its course. When eventually it was over for real, Jimmy Sangster would say of the company's cinematic reign of terror that Hammer was "just very, very lucky for a long time." By the close of 1962, that luck seemed to have run out. Hammer's first glorious, golden summer was at an end.

CHAPTER SIX

The House of Horror, 1963–1969



The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb.

The Hammer relationship phased out on the acquisition of Warners. There was such a responsibility in relation to the whole studio thing that the Hammer thing just sort of phased out. There were the pressures, and I think the market changed. The material just tailed off, as far as public acceptability was concerned.

—Kenneth Hyman, on the end of Hammer's tie with Associated Artists

Hammer was down, but it was far from out. The search for new worlds to conquer may have proved to be singularly uninspiring—both *The Damned* and *The Old Dark House* had ended up on the Columbia shelf (though the former had since gone into release with *Maniac*)—but, by 1963, the company was appealing to the trade and public alike for help: "Got an idea you think would make a good film? One with an exciting title to match? If you have, contact James Carreras. Because good, compulsive selling ideas with the right titles are what Hammer are looking for right now." This exhortation in the *Daily Cinema* was repeated in the classified columns of selected national newspapers, with the same predictable result: more monsters. To those who responded, the name of Hammer remained linked inextricably with horror. With this in mind, Carreras bowed to the inevitable and announced six films, the first of which was to commence at Bray on August 17: *The Devil-Ship Pirates*. The next four were *Quatermass and the Pit* (to be directed by Freddie Francis), *She*, *Blood of the Foreign Legion*, and *Brainstorm*. Of these, only *Blood of the Foreign Legion* would fail to reach the screen. But it was the sixth and final title on the list that removed all doubt about the direction in which Hammer's ship was now to sail.

Hammer was "back in the horror business," trumpeted press publicist Dennison Thornton, in fanfare for a feature that originally was to have been produced by Jimmy

Sangster. "After a two-year interlude devoted largely to straight thrillers and swashbuckling adventure films, they have brought back to the screen that notorious gothic scientist and monster maker—Baron Frankenstein."

Well, not quite. With Herbert Morrison still presiding over the British Board of Film Censors, the horror content was to be proscribed and the baron rehabilitated. Accordingly, the publicity became even more frantic. "One of the most horrific films even Hammer has ever made," screamed the advance blurb as the press was judiciously barred from the set of *The Evil of Frankenstein*.

BERNARD: We don't yet know how to repeat the exact conditions that produced these children—

FREYA: You mean you would if you could?

BERNARD: Certainly.

—The Damned

After an excursion to Germany to codirect Christopher Lee in *Sherlock Holmes and the Deadly Necklace*, Terence Fisher had contracted to do a brace of films for Bob Lippert, so when *Quatermass and the Pit* was postponed (again), Tony Hinds nominated the younger Freddie Francis to helm the baron's overdue revival. "Hammer didn't want to get involved in anything important, or anything there could be any discussion about," said Francis, who, in his former capacity as a lighting cameraman, had photographed *Never Take Sweets from a Stranger*. Peter Cushing was welcomed back with open arms, and the film went before the cameras in October.

In the summer of 1964, Morrison retired from the BBFC due to continuing ill health (he died in 1965) and was replaced by the less intimidating Lord Harlech. By then, *The Kiss of the Vampire* and *The Evil of Frankenstein* both had rung the bell and, with a more liberal regime in place at Soho Square, Hammer would be back in the horror business for good.



Further mad-lab mayhem: *The Evil of Frankenstein* (Peter Cushing). *Inset:* A Roy Ashton concept mask for the monster.

BARON FRANKENSTEIN IS FORCED TO RETURN TO HIS ANCESTRAL HOME AT KARLSTAAD WITH HIS ASSISTANT, HANS. FINDING THE CASTLE RANSACKED, THEY FOLLOW A YOUNG BEGGAR GIRL TO A CAVE IN THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE THEY DISCOVER THE CREATURE THE BARON CREATED, ENCASED IN A BLOCK OF ICE. THEY THAW IT OUT, BUT ITS BRAIN REMAINS DORMANT, AND FRANKENSTEIN ENLISTS THE AID OF A FAIRGROUND MESMERIST TO AWAKEN IT. WITH THE CREATURE IN HIS POWER, THE SCHEMING ZOLTAN DETERMINES TO USE IT AS A WEAPON OF REVENGE—HE SENDS IT TO MURDER THE BURGOMASTER AND THE CHIEF OF POLICE. WHEN FRANKENSTEIN LEARNS OF THE SUBTERFUGE, HE THROWS ZOLTAN OUT, BUT THE MESMERIST INCITES THE CREATURE TO KILL THE BARON ALSO. DURING A STRUGGLE, ZOLTAN IS SPEARED TO DEATH INSTEAD. FRANKENSTEIN IS IMPRISONED FOR THE MURDER OF THE BURGOMASTER, BUT HE ESCAPES FROM JAIL AND RACES BACK TO THE CASTLE. IN THE MEANWHILE, THE CREATURE MISTAKENLY DRINKS FROM A BOTTLE OF CHLOROFORM. ENRAGED WITH PAIN, IT SETS FIRE TO THE LABORATORY, TRAPPING FRANKENSTEIN INSIDE. HANS AND THE GIRL FLEE TO SAFETY AND THE CASTLE EXPLODES, BURYING ITS OCCUPANTS IN THE RUBBLE.

In common with Italian cinematographer-turned-director Mario Bava, Freddie Francis showed himself to be more concerned with style than content. He admitted to having no particular affinity with the Gothic, and his foray into Fisher's territory was the result of friendship with Hinds rather than a feeling for the genre. In *The Evil of Frankenstein*, the spectacle is all, and the director invested a large part of his frugal budget on a laboratory for the baron. There are some beautiful compositional effects in the film—more color, light, and life in every frame. The apparatus that galvanizes the monster into action is eye-catchingly extravagant, and the creation sequence is lavish enough to more than make up for the fact that the previous episodes in the series had skimped on it. There is also a splendid fiery climax. But while there is thunder, there is precious little blood.

In this first Frankenstein by Hinds, writing again as John Elder, the baron is unashamedly transformed into a persecuted victim of circumstance. "Why can't they leave me alone? Why can't they ever leave me alone?" Any pretext of a connection to *The Revenge of Frankenstein* is dispensed with in a brazen display of contempt for continuity. A flashback creates a prior history that is wholly unrelated to the dictates of the last Sangster script and is instead plundered from the plot of Universal's *Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman*. If Frankenstein remains recognizable, the credit must go to Cushing, who rewrote "quite a bit here and there" to keep him "basically the same chap." But he was fighting a losing battle. "We are putting more compassion into our horror films," Hinds said at the time; he was putting elements of the scripts devised for the aborted *Tales of Frankenstein* television series into them, as well (by rights, Peter Bryan should have received cocredit for the story in this instance). But as Elder's baron cut himself adrift from his own history, so Hammer was severing the links with its own Gothic beginnings.

The most telling sequence in *The Evil of Frankenstein* (tentatively titled *The Fear of Frankenstein* at an earlier stage) is the prologue. A little girl witnesses a body snatcher spiriting away a corpse in the dead of night and flees in terror. In the woods, she is confronted by Baron Frankenstein. He sneers in mild rebuke, momentarily distracted from his task, and proceeds on his way (to perform a perfectly timed heart removal behind the credit titles). Since these events are perceived from the girl's point of view, the impression that the bad baron has been reduced, in the interval between *Revenge* and *Evil*, to the level of a bogeyman in a child's nightmare is inescapable.

With Universal's blessing, the monster is unequivocally of the bolts-and-all variety, in caricature makeup and the automaton form of wrestler Kiwi Kingston. The plot is also a partial retread of another Universal product—*The Son of Frankenstein*—with Zoltan and his mesmerism replacing Ygor and his pied pipes. There are some nice lines: "There isn't a man born of woman that I can't put under," brags the mesmerist, unaware that his next subject has been stitched together. "Then this experiment should prove very interesting," observes Frankenstein, tartly. And the climax, if somewhat contrived, is a scorcher. "In the end, Kiwi and I had to shout, '*That's enough!*'" Cushing remembers. "They didn't realize the enormous heat that was building up." But in the final analysis, *The Evil of Frankenstein* is no more than a respectable Gothic thriller, at best.

Behind the scenes, there were more comings and goings at Hammer. Musical director John Hollingsworth died while working on the film and was replaced by Philip Martell, and a young production accountant named Roy Skeggs enrolled for a three-week stint and stayed to inherit the company. Baron Frankenstein may have condemned himself to a life outside society, but Hammer Horror was now part of the establishment, and so it would remain for the duration.

They beat him after all.

—Hans, *The Evil of Frankenstein*

On completion of *The Evil of Frankenstein*—nominally his fiftieth film as a producer—Tony Hinds, at forty-one, was accorded the honor of an elaborate celebration dinner at the Savoy Hotel on Wednesday, November 13, 1963. With the banqueting suite at the Savoy expensively decked out in giant-sized hoardings depicting Hinds's most famous horrors, the wearing of a "Dracula" cape was a condition of entry. Everyone who was a key figure in Hammer's continuing success had been placed on the list of sixty invitations (in addition to Hinds himself), from corporate heads to studio hands: the presence of Mike Frankovich was considered de rigueur, but Anthony Bray, Kenneth Maidment, Jack Goodlatte, and Arthur Abeles were also part of the industry's heavyweight contingent, while James Needs, Peter Bryan, Moray Grant, and Arthur Grant represented the technical hoi polloi. Bill Cartlidge of Associated British Cinemas (ABC) was there, as was George Pinches of Rank. Alongside them were Nat Cohen and Stuart Levy. The BBFC's John Trevelyan rubbed shoulders with Jimmy Sangster and producers Tony and Basil Keys, who in turn were joined by directors Terence Fisher, Freddie Francis, and Vernon Sewell.[1] But it was hardly an eclectic mix: with Christopher Lee still domiciled in Switzerland, Peter Cushing was the only actor at the table. Nevertheless, it was a timely tribute: Hinds would produce only three more films for the company.

Hinds was the quiet man of Hammer. Before the war, he had spent a year at film school, with the intention of becoming a cameraman. After serving with the Royal Air Force, he had been persuaded to join Exclusive by his father: "He knew that if I was in the firm, his money would be secure." When he convinced Carreras to return to Down Place in 1951 on a permanent basis, Hinds never wanted to leave it again. "I was always for keeping us small," he said. "I didn't want to get big. I was probably frightened." (Hinds "knew his limitations"—and those of Hammer—in the opinion of Hugh Harlow.) When he returned to Hammer as a producer (on *The Glass Cage*) after failing in his attempt to get union recognition,



Brian Lawrence and James Carreras welcome Anthony Hinds to his tribute dinner at London's Savoy Hotel.



The great and the good of the British film industry assemble in the banqueting hall of the Savoy Hotel in honor of Anthony Hinds's fiftieth Hammer production.

Hinds had been surprised to discover that his colleagues in the industry considered him to be among the most successful producers in the land (well before the company hit the big time). He was just as surprised to find them turned out in force to honor him at a dinner whose cost "exceeded my average picture budget!"

Tony's father Will Hinds had died in 1959 as a result of a freak cycling accident, and his will had virtually disinherited the rest of his family in favor of his youngest son, making Tony a man of "independent means" from that point on. While the flamboyant James Carreras put an increasingly public face on the company's activities, Hinds remained steadfastly in the background, inspiring, cajoling, and maintaining consistency in the product that his partner could sell so well. If Carreras was the showman, Anthony Hinds was exactly the opposite: introverted—insecure, even—and modest to a fault. Like his father, he had little time for the clamor of show business. Unlike his partner, he had no time at all for the Variety Club and involved himself in its affairs "as little as possible." Always a very private individual, with interests far removed from the world of films, Hinds was well known and equally well respected. He was the power behind the throne, and *his* was the creative philosophy that Hammer had enshrined: to make films economically and effectively, only the *best* people were good enough. But all that was about to change.

Before Carreras elected to reestablish Hammer's Gothic credentials through the dependable channel of *The Evil of Frankenstein* in the summer of 1963, Tony Hinds had sought inspiration from the mail that had arrived after the company's public plea for help. One submission had shown promise, and when Hinds was diverted to Hammer's third Frankenstein instead, he asked its author, John Llewellyn Devine, to flesh out his story in script form. He then engaged John Gilling, who was fresh from writing a new costume romp, *The Scarlet Blade*, to give the screenplay a more professional glaze. The Gilling draft made extensive changes in characterization and construction, though most of the essential action remained the same. It also opted to call the piece by another name: *Supernatural*. With one eye on an already-squeezed budget, Hinds was less than impressed with the result, and under the baleful influence of John Elder, he reverted the Gilling script to the shape and title of Devine's original for the film that was to follow *The Evil of Frankenstein* into Bray. Gilling kept his credit, but he vehemently disowned any responsibility for the only Hammer Horror ever to reach the screen via such a route: *The Gorgon*.

> *Overshadowing the village of Vandorf stands the Castle Borski. From the turn of the century a monster from an ancient age of history came to live here, no living thing survived and the specter of death hovered in waiting for her next victim.*
>
> —screen caption, *The Gorgon*

The imbroglio over *The Gorgon* would inadvertently turn out to be the last act of Tony Hinds's stewardship of Hammer Horror, as the executive gap left by Michael Carreras's departure became an increasing irritation in James Carreras's busy schedule. From this film on, Tony Nelson Keys would take over the producer's chair, and

Hinds would effectively retire from studio life to take up the very desk job he had declined almost ten years before. It would be the end of an era, both for Hammer and for Hinds, but he had set the standard that others would now be required to follow, and his influence would be enduring. The vision of the tremulous damsel, bosom heaving expectantly as she waits in the warning shadows of the baroque baronial hall hung with "yards and yards of red plush" (in Ken Hyman's words), would be the legacy of Anthony Hinds to the cinema of the macabre. "I set the *tone* for the Gothic Hammers—Jimmy Sangster and I," is Hinds's own appraisal of his contribution. "There was nobody else involved. Nobody else had anything to do with it."

Tony Keys was a first-class pupil, however. He had been in the business from way back, along with his brothers Basil Keys (an occasional associate producer for Hammer) and director-screenwriter-artist-novelist John Paddy Carstairs. Tony himself had worked on *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman* (1951), *Albert R.N.* (1953), and *The Sea Shall Not Have Them* (1954), among others, and he had breezed in and out of Hammer on an irregular basis before being persuaded to join the company full-time in 1957. Smooth and unflappable, he was epitomized by Dennison Thornton in one of his "potted" biographies: "Sandy-haired, fast-talking and immaculately *Saville-Rowed*"—although a more acid judgment was delivered by John Gilling: "He was an efficient hatchet-man." Tony Keys had already exerted considerable influence at Hammer (his hand had been there to steady the tiller on Michael's second accredited film as producer, *Never Look Back*), and it was he who had brought Bernard Robinson and Jack Asher into the fold. He ran Bray Studios with thoroughgoing professionalism, but he had still found time to personally produce Hammer's excursions onto the high seas and into the English Civil War (two of which had been with Gilling as director). His slick diplomacy in the field was now to ensure that the remainder of Gilling's work for the company would be a good deal more trouble-free than his participation in *The Gorgon* had been.

WHEN HIS SON IS THE LATEST IN A LONG LINE OF VICTIMS TO BE DISCOVERED DEAD NEAR CASTLE BORSKI, PROFESSOR HEITZ DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE. HE VISITS THE CASTLE, ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF STARING INTO THE FACE OF THE GORGON—MEGAERA. HEITZ MANAGES TO SEND FOR HIS OTHER SON, PAUL, BEFORE TURNING TO STONE. PAUL ASKS FOR HELP FROM PROFESSOR MEISTER, WHO SUSPECTS DR. NAMAROFF AND HIS ASSISTANT, CARLA, OF COMPLICITY IN THE DEATHS. PAUL BECOMES ATTRACTED TO CARLA, BUT SHE SEEMS STRANGELY TROUBLED AND IS WATCHED OVER BY NAMAROFF, WHO BELIEVES THAT THE SPIRIT OF THE GORGON POSSESSES HER ON NIGHTS OF THE FULL MOON. AGAINST MEISTER'S ADVICE, PAUL VENTURES TO THE CASTLE TO LEARN THE TRUTH. HE IS CONFRONTED BY NAMAROFF, SWORD IN HAND, AND THEY DUEL. SUDDENLY, THE GORGON APPEARS AND NAMAROFF IS PETRIFIED BY HER GAZE. PAUL CATCHES SIGHT OF THE MONSTER, JUST BEFORE MEISTER DECAPITATES HER. AS PAUL ALSO TURNS TO STONE, HE WATCHES MEGAERA'S FEATURES BECOME THOSE OF CARLA ONCE MORE.

With *The Earth Dies Screaming* and *The Horror of It All* happily behind him, *The Gorgon* had been Terence Fisher's welcome back to Hammer Horror. And with Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee joining him on the floor at Bray to complete the lineup, it was much like old times. Too much like old times, as it transpired.

The attraction of the original story for Hinds had been the narrow confine in which the action was required to unfold. His distaste of Gilling's script was for exactly the opposite reason. But Gilling was a natural filmmaker, and he had expanded the original to make it more *cinematic*. Devine's script, while able, had betrayed an amateur's disregard for montage—a trait it shared with the screenwritings of John Elder; Hinds the writer could never quite escape the clutches of Hinds the producer, and his screenplays were invariably written with the twin dictates of speed and efficiency very much in mind. With *The Gorgon* would come the first signs that this approach was growing staid and repetitive.

Previously, the films had always convinced by design that more money had been expended on them than was ever the case. Now the opposite seemed to be true. Though it would be released less than five months after *The Evil of Frankenstein*, *The Gorgon* opens on a glass shot that had just done service in its predecessor (an economy already dangerously reminiscent of the overuse of stock shots in Roger Corman's Poe series), exteriors are self-evidently interiors, and the action is typically restricted to interchanges between sundry village habitats and the weird castle on the hill.[2]

The Gorgon was a brave attempt at an original monster in the tradition of Baron Meinster, Massie's Hyde, or Dr. Ravna, but in its tale of a pagan demon pitted against Christian science, none of the obvious possibilities are explored. The film as a whole is stiff, slow, and devoid of any excitement (bar the final *Prisoner of Zenda*–style confrontation between Namaroff and Paul Heitz), and



Shadows and night: *The Gorgon* (Michael Goodliffe). *Inset:* Prudence Hyman in a makeup test as Megaera.

the banality of entrapping the Gorgon Megaera within the constraints of a flat, one-dimensional melodrama quite saps the potential. It is *The Curse of the Werewolf* in drag, since the plot requires nothing more of its protagonist than that her spirit should reside in Barbara Shelley at times of the full moon; in a further confusion, this intrigue of possession is played as a mystery, but since there is only one female among the leading members of the cast, guessing whodunit is hardly a challenge.

Shelley is majestic—even serene at times—but she completely lacks the enigmatic quality required of the role. She is too modern a miss, and yet Alfred Shaugnessy had extracted just such an ethereal air of otherworldliness from her in his *The Cat Girl* (1957). As her serpentine alter ego, Prudence Hyman (an extra in *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*) comes on more like Kiwi Kingston in the preceding opus.

The sort of budgetary concerns that were exemplified by the treatment meted out to Gilling's script were never so misplaced as in the attitude taken to the monster in this film. On the use of *two* actresses to play the role of the Gorgon, Tony Keys was diplomatic. "No matter how well Barbara Shelley was made up, she might still have been recognizable."[3] The truth was



Unused calcification makeup for Michael Goodliffe in *The Gorgon.*

simpler: it was a saving in *time* (with the two, scenes could be shot concurrently). But cost-effectiveness did not stop there. The Gorgon head is a construct of stupefying ineptitude. Roy Ashton's mask (with help from Richard Mills on this occasion) contributes little enough to the mood, but the wig is worse than useless, showing all too clearly exactly what it was composed of: toy snakes. Effects artist Syd Pearson was quoted in *Kine Weekly* during production as saying, "I'm going to use artificial snakes and they're going to writhe, spit, and strike; they will be remotely controlled."

On the other hand, Michael Reed's color photography is exemplary, indistinguishable from the best work of Jack Asher, and the production design is similarly excellent. The project undoubtedly looked good on paper, but it is a static tableau in the flesh. And not only the characters were calcifying. *The Gorgon* was a tale of the supernatural as Gilling had decreed, yet in Fisher's uninvolving and prosaic style, not a modicum of imagination is in play in scenes that attempt to depict the unearthly. The thrill was gone. By this time, Hammer's horrors were widely perceived to be rooted in a reality of sorts; it was not Cushing and Lee (as villain and hero here) who were playing against type, it was Fisher. Ironically, it would fall to Gilling to reverse the trend to mortification that so imbued *The Gorgon* and fan the Gothic flame into life again entirely on his own account.

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> *Herbert Spencer once said that every myth and legend known to mankind is not without its authentic foundation.*
>
> —Dr. Namaroff, *The Gorgon*

Myths and legends were precisely what Hammer now had in mind, and this time, neither Terence Fisher nor Tony Hinds was to figure prominently in the strategy.

Michael Carreras's absence had turned out to be coincident with a period of treading water for the company. When production on *The Gorgon* was complete in January 1964, Bray closed its doors for another bout of overdue renovation, but in the eighteen months that had passed between the release of *The Phantom of the Opera* and that of *The Kiss of the Vampire*, the teen audience that had burst onto the scene in the interim was turning out by the tens of thousands for a first U.K. tour by a group calling themselves the Rolling Stones. *The Kiss of the Vampire* (which opened on January 17, the week after Robert Wise's much-vaunted but fundamentally unsound *The Haunting*, from Shirley Jackson's *The Haunting of Hill House*) and Hammer were to benefit from the fallout—but at Capricorn, it was what created this explosion in the first place that would be of more interest.

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Michael Carreras's thirty months in the wilderness had produced one film that was disposed of summarily as a second feature, another awaiting release, and *Maniac*—a Hammer hand-me-down that had been used to lay a ghost from Columbia's past: *The Damned* collected some critical kudos, but the pairing failed to pay its way—*Maniac*'s thunder (though there was precious little of it) had been stolen by the earlier release of the much-hyped *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?*, produced by Ken Hyman at Seven Arts. But the bottom, in any event, had begun to drop out of so-called realistic horror in favor of what the pundits at *Films and Filming* were calling the "tuppence-colored variety," which now seemed to them to be "catching its second wind." Carreras decided to be pragmatic. Having been invited to do so by Tony Hinds, he renewed his reluctant association with Hammer by agreeing to direct, produce, *and* write another Mummy movie (with a little help from director Alvin Rakoff), to provide a backup feature for *The Gorgon*.

As 1964 got under way, Hammer appended the following to its roster for future production: *Hysteria*, *The Fanatic*, *The Disciple of Dracula*, *The Secret of Blood Island*, and now Carreras's *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb*. (For 1965, there was to be *The Zombie* and *The Reptiles*, as well.)

While associate producer Bill Hill consented to undertake the actual production in return for a bonus payment and a crate of champagne, Carreras concentrated on cowriting a tongue-in-cheek reprise of old-style Hammer Horror. Unable to resist at least a token display of defiance, he gnawed playfully at the hand that had fed him by fulfilling the task under the pen name of Henry Younger, a thinly veiled pastiche of Hinds's own pen name. When the film went onto the floor at Elstree on February 24, another teen musical was shooting at Pinewood under the quirky direction of Richard Lester: *Beatlemania*. On release, its title would be changed to *A Hard Day's Night*, which is just what Michael Carreras had experienced in his fleeting pursuit of independence.

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AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION HAS UNCOVERED THE SARCOPHAGUS OF RA-ANTEF, WHICH AMERICAN SHOWMAN ALEXANDER KING INTENDS TO PUT ON EXHIBITION

TO A PAYING PUBLIC. ON THE OPENING NIGHT, THE MUMMIFORM COFFIN IS FOUND TO BE EMPTY. SOON, THOSE INVOLVED START TO FALL VICTIM TO THE VENGEANCE OF A LIVING MUMMY, WHO APPEARS TO BE ENACTING THE CURSE OF THE PHARAOHS IN SEARCH OF THE PIECES OF A MEDALLION INSCRIBED WITH THE SECRETS OF LIFE AND DEATH. THE MYSTERIOUS ADAM BEAUCHAMP IS ALSO AFTER THE MEDALLION, AND IT TRANSPIRES THAT HE IS ACTUALLY RE, BROTHER OF THE MUMMY AND HIMSELF CURSED TO ETERNAL LIFE. HAVING RESTORED THE MEDALLION, ADAM KIDNAPS ANNETTE DUBOIS, DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS; HE INTENDS THAT SHE SHOULD SHARE HIS IMMORTALITY. THE MUMMY WILL NOT STRIKE THE FATAL BLOW, HOWEVER, AND WHEN ADAM MAKES FOR THE SEWERS WITH ANNETTE, RA-ANTEF BRINGS THE ROOF DOWN ON HIMSELF AND HIS BROTHER, AND ANNETTE IS ENABLED TO ESCAPE INTO THE ARMS OF HER FIANCÉ.

The mixture of laughs and thrills that stamps *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* may be an uneasy coalition, but at least it attempted to keep pace with recent changes in taste, and the film seemed to have its finger more firmly on the pulse than did *The Gorgon*. "Hand it to Hammer. . . . They've got this kind of scarey hokum down to a grisly art," praised the *Daily Cinema*. "The blood looks redder, the décor weirder, the cobwebs older, the corners darker, the screams sound richer in a Hammer job." As with *Maniac*, Michael Carreras's direction is assured, if not particularly distinctive. His was a hand versed in cinema, and there are some neat Hitchcockian touches in the film, though the surprise climax is telegraphed to a degree by the casting of Terence Morgan, an actor best known for his role as the sadistic stepfather in *The Scamp* (1957). Morgan's career was in decline and he was grateful for the opportunity, but Burmese-born female lead Jeanne Roland, who had already suffered the indignity of a change of name from her own Jean Rollins, was to find herself revoiced as well, before production was complete (as had Rhodesian-born Norma Marla in *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*).

Even with the now-familiar Carreras use of Scope, the restrictions imposed by a budget of £103,000 (as opposed to the £190,000 allocated to the Beatles' film, for instance) gave *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* a certain disposable air, and not simply because of Dickie Owen's patched-up mummy suit. The reuse of Franz Reizenstein's score from the first film had been decided on to save commissioning a new one, rather than to foster any notions of series identity. But if it appeared to be a lightweight piece, a more heavyweight version *had* been intended.

Carreras had received the censor's instructions via Tony Hinds. Despite the relatively innocuous nature of the material, there were still three pages of comments. Strong objections had been raised to all scenes depicting the severing of hands and the "spurting" of blood, and much that had previously been allowed in Hammer's horrors was called into question now, such as the graphic throttling of King and the breaking of Sir Giles Dalrymple's back (a death which was softened to a bludgeoning in the film); mention was also made of a short scene in which a beetle was to be seen crawling over a roasted pig, which Trevelyan noted "sounds a bit disgusting." All of this was recognized as par for the course, though Hinds's attitude remained little changed. Eight minor deletions were advised, but as to the rest, "I should take a chance, if I were you," he suggested.

You can't run away from the curse of the mummy's tomb. We're all doomed to die for this act of desecration.

—Hashmi, *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb*

Michael's reappearance on Hammer stages had not meant the end of his Capricorn company, as reviews for *What a Crazy World* (which also opened in January 1964) were to ensure. "One of the best British teenage musicals yet" was typical, and even Peter Cushing was moved to send a missive of congratulation to the man behind the film. "If you'd been given the budget to make it in color, it would have beaten *West Side Story*," Cushing enthused (*West Side Story* had gone on general release the same month). Another Alan Klein idea, *Grab Me a Gondola*, had been planned in the afterglow, this time with the Venice Film Festival acting as a backdrop, but that had already gone adrift. With *The Whites Grew Pale* and other key projects also abandoned due to a lack of interest, Michael finally capitulated and constructed a horror of his own: *The Werewolf of Moravia*.

Begun as *Lady Bathory* (from a folktale that Hammer would itself embrace in 1971), and again intended as a Spanish coproduction venture, the project was offered to James Carreras for Hammer to produce. He turned it down and the idea came to naught, though three more years would be expended in the attempt to turn it into celluloid. Then there was the matter of the Rolling Stones, whose potential to carry a film with teen appeal had been underlined for Michael by the reception accorded to *A Hard Day's Night*, as well as that for his own *What a Crazy World*. *No One . . . Nowhere . . . Nothing* was to be written especially for them in June 1965, but

by February of the following year, the Stones' agent Tito Burns would have turned that down, also. The prospect of bringing Peter O'Donnell's cartoon heroine *Modesty Blaise* to the screen, announced on completion of *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb*, proved similarly elusive (the film would eventually be made by Joseph Losey). By the summer of 1964, Michael was in the arms of Hammer once more, consoling himself with a new blue Maserati 305GT Berlinetta and pleased to be tossed the first of what were to be two tasty morsels from Ken Hyman's table at Seven Arts: *She*.

Part of the problem with regard to Michael's fate was that he could, on occasion, be guilty of a certain hauteur. Having been born into the family business, he felt able to dispense with the diplomatic niceties for which Carreras *père* was so renowned—this was a trait that encouraged intellectual impatience and a sometimes abrasive manner, and it did not always endear him to associates. In response to a plea from Cushing that *The Werewolf of Moravia* be filmed in Wales (as Cushing did not wish to leave the country at the time), Michael was curt: "Wales is not in Spain," he told his prospective star. When independent producer Raymond Stross was similarly informed that his own involvement in the same film was to be terminated in favor of a more attractive alternative (after he had spent much time and effort on its behalf), Michael was the recipient of a bitter letter: "There is more to life than one's *self*," Stross wrote. Michael inclined to be hotheaded and impetuous, acting on the belief that so long as his father was able to pass off filial indiscretions by soft-soaping industry high-rollers, he could afford enemies. He had discovered, in his dealings with Capricorn, how shaky that belief actually was. In another decade, he was to find out how costly it could be, also.

Originally intended for Universal, *She* had landed on Tony Hinds's desk the previous year with the promise of Seven Arts participation if Hammer decided to proceed.



Stepping out: Jack L. Warner, James Carreras, Nat Cohen, and Mike Frankovich strut their stuff in the Variety Club.

Hinds had assigned both the scriptwriting and producing duties to John Temple-Smith, in the hope of an epic adventure with broad appeal. But Temple-Smith's script (which was dark, violent, and true to the H. Rider Haggard novel) had left Universal cold. They preferred the long-overdue sequel to *The Camp on Blood Island*, if anything.[4] Hinds tried again with crime writer Berkely Mather, but with a similar result, and promptly caught the same chill in sympathy. The project was then passed on to Michael, who turned to David Chantler (Chantler had coscripted *Cash on Demand*). This time, adventure was to the fore and MGM would be to the back of it, courtesy of an existing arrangement with Seven Arts—and smack in the middle was the "Honeyed" allure of Ursula Andress, fresh from the clutches of *Dr. No*.

Hammer had made its last film for Universal, but MGM's involvement would bring about a tripling of the customary budget. At £312,000, *She* would become the company's most expensive production ever. *She* moved into MGM-Elstree Studios on September 7, 1964, after two weeks of location filming in Israel. For Hammer, about to shut Bray for yet another extensive period of renovation, it was to be the beginning of a whole new ball game.

If money is the yardstick, then I fear for the future.

—Sir Giles Dalrymple, *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb*

By 1965, ABC was having difficulty placing all the "X" films waiting for release, and producers were looking for gimmick subjects—preferably with international appeal. The newly formed Amicus Productions of Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky had already found one in *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors*, a palliative portmanteau piece that had harnessed the talents of Cushing, Lee, Francis, and others so effectively that its success at the box office inspired the company to repeat the formula (not to mention the actors and technicians), almost without variation, for many years to come.

Hammer's most recent offering, on the other hand, was *Fanatic*, a half-hearted exercise in camp Guignol (from Anne Blaisdell's novel *Nightmare*) that brought silent-screen star Tallulah Bankhead out of an eleven-year retirement. The sixty-two-year-old Bankhead was the latest former Hollywood diva to make a reappearance on-screen in the fad for "Norma Desmond" vehicles that had begun with the sleeper successes of *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* and its follow-up, *Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte*. Better known in her glory days for her sexual exploits than for her acting ability, Bankhead was ironic casting as Mrs. Trefoile, a religious "fanatic" who imprisons her dead son Stephen's ex-fiancée (Stefanie Powers) in her creepy old mansion to safeguard her "purity"—"You are a virgin, aren't you?" she inquires imprudently of her charge. Support for her mania is provided by the obligatory staff of social misfits, including Donald Sutherland, making his third European horror in a row after *Castle of the Living Dead* and the aforementioned *Dr. Terror*.

The situation in which Powers finds herself is hackneyed and melodramatic, and even a Richard Matheson screenplay does little to lift a tale that was better suited to television to begin with. Bankhead cuts a tragic figure as Mrs. Trefoile, isolated by grief and delusion, despite her madness leading ultimately to murder: "He who sheddeth man's blood, so shall his blood be shed," the matriarch declares in the film's high spot of horror, before proceeding (unseen) to carve chunks out of the lecherous handyman whom she has just shot in the face. But for all her ripe dialogue and attempts at malice, she remained too benign a screen icon to fully flesh out the role, and *Fanatic* might have been better served by *Baby Jane*'s Bette Davis—who was also to sign with Hammer for one of the same. TV director Silvio Narrizano failed to make the most of the few opportunities on offer (nods to *Psycho* and *Les Diaboliques* notwithstanding), and an intrusive score (by Wilfred Josephs) undercuts any possibility of suspense by loudly trumpeting every nuance in the action.

Fanatic was second-feature fare accorded first-feature status, with neither shocks nor scares in sufficient measure to attract the crowd—and it had required *both* to hold any chance of standing out from the burgeoning competition now gathering around it.

You and Stephen must be reunited now. You must die—die!—my darling.

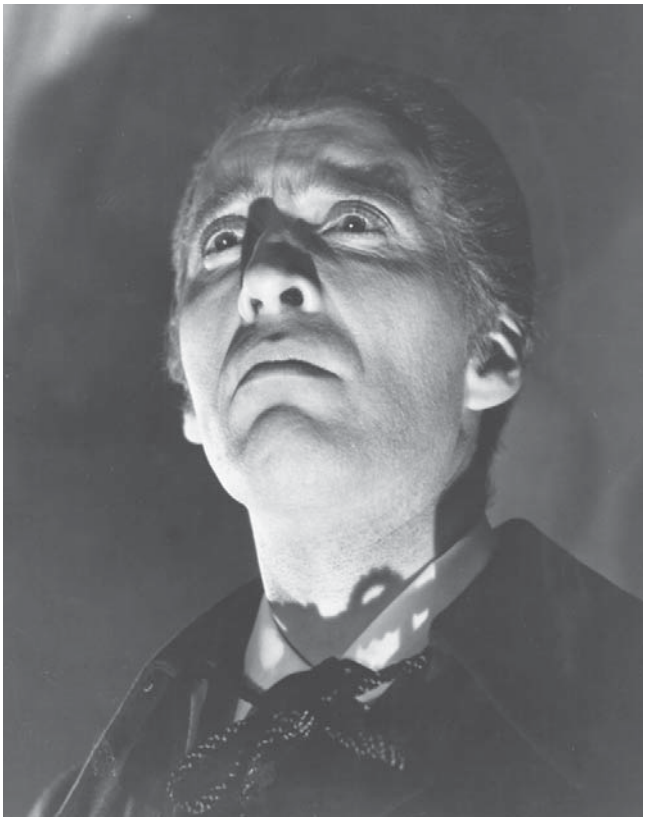
—Mrs. Trefoile, *Fanatic*

As *Fanatic* went into release on March 21, Seth Holt took charge of Davis herself for *The Nanny*, in another diva-driven attempt to revive the flagging psycho-thriller subgenre—this time involving the titular villainess's subtle terrorizing of the household foolish enough to employ her dubious services. But it was to no better effect. "The

characters and atmosphere are as lifeless as the corpse in the bathwater," Allen Eyles would comment.

During Hammer's eighteen-month absence from the field, the Gothic gap had been plugged by imitators many and various. In addition to American-International Pictures' Poe series (and in answer to *Psycho*), there had been the more psychologically based Italian sex-and-sadism romps of Mario Bava and Riccardo Freda (*The Terror of Dr. Hichcock* [aka *The Horrible Dr. Hichcock*, 1962], *Night Is the Phantom* [aka *What!*, 1963]), Compton Films' *The Black Torment* (1964), and an American outing, *The Curse of the Living Corpse* (1964). Amicus had now established itself as a potential rival, and Tigon was about to follow—and both would produce films with so many of the same faces on *both* sides of the camera that they would soon become indistinguishable from the Hammer product.

In the meantime, Christopher Lee's flirtation with the Swiss Alps had turned out to be not quite the idyll that he had imagined: "The mountains got closer every day. . . . It could be quite claustrophobic, beautiful as it was." After three years in solitary, during which time only the occasional excursion to appear in *The Devil-Ship Pirates* ("It's like home from home," he told studio publicist Brian Doyle on arriving at Bray for the first time since *Pirates of Blood River*), *The Gorgon*, or *She* could be countenanced under British tax law, and with seven forgettable Continental productions under his belt (including the above-mentioned *Night Is the Phantom*), he decided that the price of income-tax avoidance was too high. His permanent return from self-imposed exile opened a window of opportunity for Hammer to combat the increasing threat from competition, and the prospect of a fourth Dracula—one that would actually feature the Count himself—was now not only possible, but vital.



Drac's back: Christopher Lee in *Dracula: Prince of Darkness.*

"I had misgivings about it, because of the screenplay," Lee said of the offer for him to reprise the role. But with the assurance of a second, more substantial, star part included in the package to help offset any suggestion of a reversion to type, he agreed to revisit the scene of his greatest triumph in what was to become *Dracula: Prince of Darkness*—"although this will probably be the last time," he told *Films and Filming*'s Robin Bean. Hammer now required a vehicle of sufficient gravitas to honor its commitment to Lee, and an idea that had been put forward to Tony Hinds by actor George Woodbridge was pressed into service. Prince Felix Youssoupoff's memoir *I Killed Rasputin* (*Lost Splendor*, 1953) would form the basis of the supplementary film and, despite the specter of the litigation that had plagued a previous version of the events leading up to the murder of the infamous Siberian *staretz* (holy man) on the night of December 17, 1916, *The Mad Monk* was also sanctioned for production.

> *After a reign of hideous terror spanning more than a century, the King of the Undead was finally traced to his lair, high in the Carpathian mountains.*
>
> *Thousands had been enslaved by the obscene cult of vampirism—now, the fountainhead himself perished. Only the memory remained—the memory of the most evil and terrible creature who ever set his seal on civilization.*
>
> —opening narration, *Dracula: Prince of Darkness*

When Bray reopened in April 1965, Hammer had four features crammed into a midsummer start. At the suggestion of Tony Keys, it was decided to shoot them all back-to-back in two pairs of two, using many of the same cast and crew for each individual pair, and the same producer—Keys himself—for all four. Apart from help-

ing to make up for lost time, there were considerable economies to be had. The films would be designed to benefit as much as possible from their commonalities, and participants on both sides of the camera would be hired for a single twelve-week stint.

The lion's share of the budget was to be allocated to the first of the four—*Dracula: Prince of Darkness*—where new sets would be constructed that could then be redressed to accommodate *The Mad Monk*. The principle would apply equally to the two supporting features: *The Zombies* and *The Reptiles*. The main features were to be shot in Scope by way of compensating for their thinner veneer, and all would ride on the back of the largest advertising campaign in the company's history.

With the delay in production of *Prince of Darkness* caused by the refurbishment, Peter Cushing was no longer available to reprise the character of Van Helsing, as originally planned. The role was rewritten as Father Sandor and given to Andrew Keir, with Cushing's appearance limited to a pre-credits replay of the finale from *Dracula*.[5] The clip was released to television for promotional purposes, which helped imply that Cushing was actually in the film, and although the actor had waived any residual payment for his contribution, a grateful Hammer nevertheless picked up the check on some urgent repairs to his cottage at Seaway, Whitstable.

Confusingly, *Prince of Darkness* had been announced to the trades as *The Disciple of Dracula*—the title of Jimmy Sangster's draft for *The Brides of Dracula*. In reality, it was the outline for *The Revenge of Dracula* (which had been intended as the sequel to the *original* film) that had been dusted off to act as a vehicle for Lee's encore as the Count. This was overhauled by Hinds to accommodate Cushing's absence before being handed to Sangster to develop and bring up to a more appropriate length for the mid-sixties, but final screenplay credit would go to "John Sansom," the pseudonym Sangster had already devised for just such jobbing work.

The Nanny had been the first of six films to be produced as part of a four-way concordat among Hammer, old ally Seven Arts, Twentieth Century–Fox, and the Associated British Picture Corporation (ABPC)—which was to handle U.K. rights through its distribution affiliate, Warner-Pathé (Warner Bros. held 37.5 percent of ABPC). The quartet that was to begin on April 26, 1965, with *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* would now form the next four.

With Fox/Seven Arts had come a harder-sell approach to advertising and the notion of corporate-identity marketing. From this point on, Hammer was literally to become the "House of Horror," as a first step toward product merchandising (soon to be more fully explored in two "horror omnibuses" published in association with Pan Books). The filming of *Prince of Darkness* would be something of a "media event," as a result. Interested parties (and there were many) were welcomed to Bray to watch the shoot and tour the sets, with Tony Keys acting as genial host. No stranger to the virtue of publicity, Hammer now courted it as never before on behalf of a film that it confidently expected would be one of its biggest money-spinners since the original feature.

1895. On a trip to the Carpathians, two English couples find themselves stranded at an eerie castle, where they are greeted by Klove and offered shelter. In the night, Alan Kent investigates the activities of the mysterious manservant and is stabbed to death by Klove. Klove suspends the body above a coffin and slits Alan's throat, the blood spills on the ashes within, and reconstitutes Count Dracula! The next day, Charles Kent and his wife, Diana, go in search of the others. Charles finds Alan's dismembered body and Diana is confronted by Alan's wife, Helen, who is now a vampire. Charles is attacked by Dracula, but he manages to outwit the Count and escape with Diana to a nearby monastery. Klove arrives, bringing Dracula and Helen. Helen is captured and put to the stake by Father Sandor, but Dracula kidnaps Diana and is driven back to the castle by Klove. Charles and Sandor set off in pursuit. Klove is shot, and Dracula's coffin slips from the carriage onto the icy moat; he awakes and seizes Charles. Sandor fires at the ice, cracking it. Charles is freed as the ice gives way, and the Count is consigned to the moat—destroyed by running water.

The best thing about *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* is the prologue, which is merely a replay of the climax of the first film, enclosed in a swirling mist to mask its different aspect ratio on the Scope screen.[6] Be that as it may, there *were* some shudders in store. And even a graphic decapitation in its running mate was not sufficient to prepare the unsuspecting viewer for what was to follow from the main feature, as Klove first murders Alan Kent, then suspends him upside-down over Dracula's coffin before slashing his throat open with a knife, to shower the contents with his blood.

This ritual slaying was considered shocking enough in critical circles for it to prompt echoes of the outrage that had greeted *Dracula*, and Hammer was duly condemned for pandering to the worst possible taste,

despite the censor having reduced the flow of blood by the removal of some intermediate shots. But audiences would think otherwise—as far as they were concerned, Dracula's resurrection amid a welter of gore was thoroughly appropriate.

Close on fifty minutes of *Prince of Darkness* elapse before the Count makes his appearance, and when he does—his hand scuttling, spiderlike, from out of a seething mass of reconstituting flesh—it is in a significantly altered form. Entirely deprived of the power of speech (at Hinds's insistence, after complaints from Lee over the quality of Dracula's dialogue), and subject to a dependence on the ministrations of his manservant, Dracula is no longer a man, but merely the *shell* of his earlier self. With all trace of his erstwhile humanity having apparently been lost somewhere on the floor of the throne room after the close of the first film, he is little more than an animate corpse, completely in the thrall of the devil within. Here, the Count is the very personification of evil—an "abhuman entity" (in Lee's words), more spirit than substance, though still capable of bouts of "tigerish ferocity" when the blood lust is upon him. It was a signal change for Hammer's archmonster, and it was not to last.

The attempt to reconstruct the Count is only partially successful. Any proper metaphysical interpretation would have required to lean in part on sympathetic special effects, and Hammer's aversion to expensive opticals is instrumental in undercutting the concept. Lee's Dracula is too clearly a man (as Hammer precedent intended), and his lack of speech diminishes rather than enhances the strength of his portrayal. It was a valiant effort, nonetheless, and it was aided by whatever means Terence Fisher could put at its disposal: Dracula's entrance is unexpectedly low-key, his gaunt face alone appearing in the shot, framed in a sea of shadows. Cinematographer Michael Reed does his bit, altering the lighting in the main hall during the Count's more explosive second entrance to bathe everything in a deep red glow. (Dracula's appearance on the minstrels' gallery was an afterthought in shooting, as Lee's close-up betrays the fact that he was originally intended to have entered the hall from the corridor at the rear, in mimicry of the original.) Anachronistic it may be, but it adds a modicum of crude atmosphere and helps lessen the culture shock of the pantomimic red lining that Hammer now saw fit to include in the cape of its demon-king.

Had Dracula's encore taken place as intended, some eighteen months after his first bow, it might have had a more meaningful appeal. All the familiar ingredients are in place here. Unwary travelers arrive at the castle to be confronted by the vampire; on home ground, the "family" is subjected to a sustained assault; a savant steps in to save the day by pursuing the Count to his lair and destroying him. Even motifs from the first film are reintroduced to satisfy the expectations of an audience keen to sup of the same wine for a second time: Dracula's ferocious appearance on the balcony and his attack on Charles; his stride across the castle drawbridge; the staking of Helen; the hot-pursuit chase at the climax. There is some evident padding for length (as when Charles and Diana, having failed to find their companions, inexplicably leave the castle—only to return to it some minutes later to continue the search). But in all other respects, *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* is the archetypal cloned sequel.

With the intervention of the best part of a decade between the two films, what once might have been *superior* to the original now seemed to be a poor imitation of it. The breadth of imagination that had been brought to Hammer's first sequel—*The Revenge of Frankenstein*—can still be sensed, but in paring down the film to its bare essentials for economy's sake and filming it out of time, it emerged as a pale shadow of its former self. Had it been produced seven years earlier, *Prince of Darkness* would have been powerful, indeed; now, it was just a colorful confetti of memories.

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> *If you wish to see the destruction of the horror spawned by Count Dracula, come with me. . . . But I warn you—it is not a sight for the squeamish!*
>
> —Father Sandor, *Dracula: Prince of Darkness*

Apparently it was. A cut eliminated the close-up of the stake being driven home, which was covered by a reaction shot, as in the original film. But it did not end there. Most of the intended violence had been softened up at the script stage—the *decapitation* of Alan and the subsequent casting aside of his head refused "on grounds of disgust" by the BBFC—but Hinds had gone back to Stoker for a later scene:

> With that he pulled open his shirt, and with his long sharp nails opened a vein in his breast. When the blood began to spurt out, he took my hands in one of his, holding them tight, and with the other seized my neck and pressed my mouth to the wound, so that I must suffocate or swallow some of the—Oh, my God, my God!—what have I done?

Committed a symbolic act of fellatio, according to the Freudians. The British print stopped short of making it overt, though Fisher's direction and Lee's expression as he draws Suzan Farmer to within a nose of the drawn blood see to it that the implication is unmistakable. Trevelyan saw to it that the action was truncated before Dracula so much as laid his hands on the girl's shoulders.

The sex *was* overt in *The Mad Monk*, but it was also less effective. Barbara Shelley's cool detachment clung to her stubbornly, even though her ermine robe did not, thanks to the roughhouse attentions of the charismatic holy man from Tobolsk province, and Farmer's wide-eyed vulnerability was never even threatened on this occasion, symbolically or otherwise.

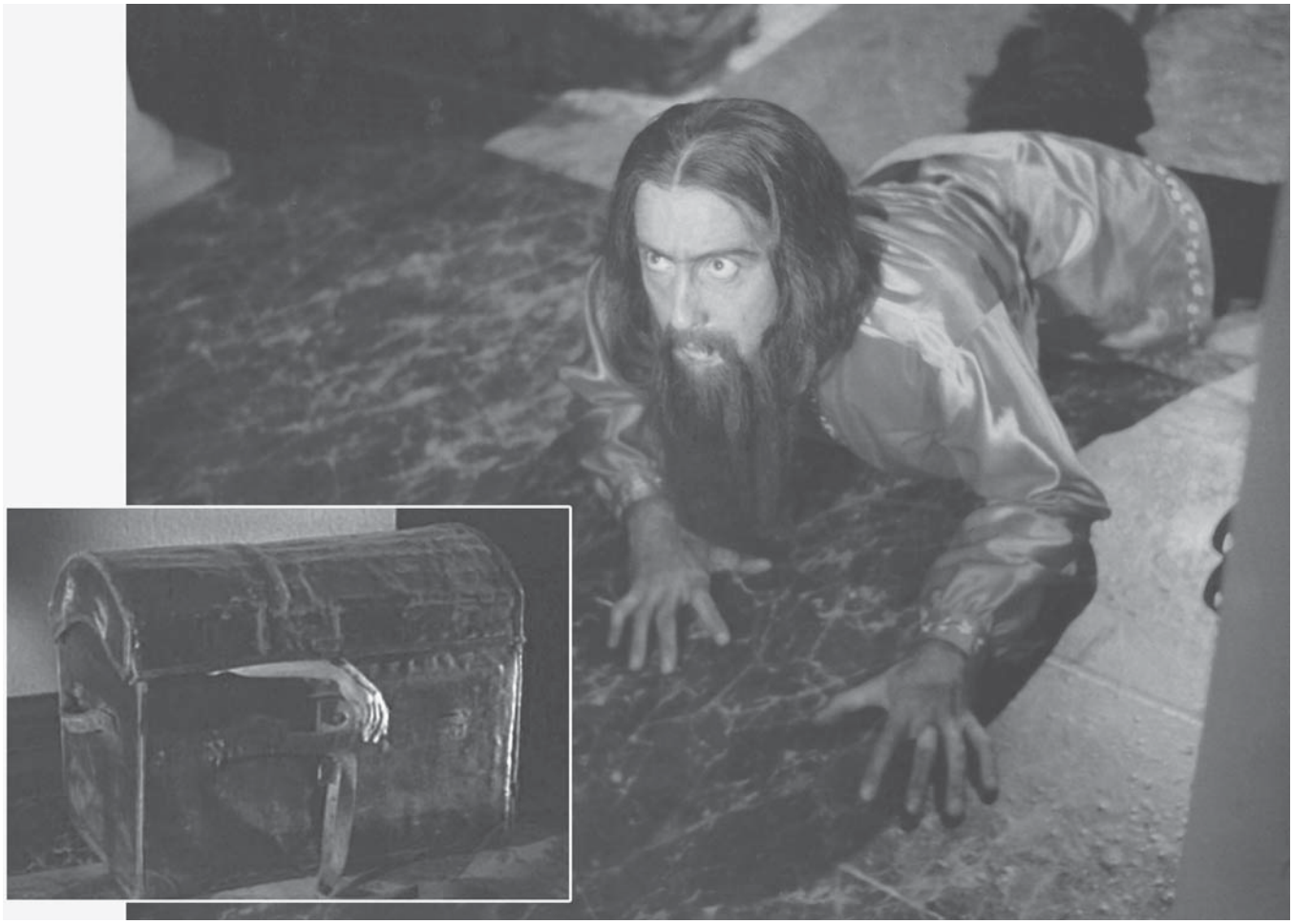
Look deep into my eyes . . . and think only of me.

—Rasputin, *The Mad Monk*

Rasputin was Lee's prize for agreeing to reprise the role of the Count (additional to the small percentage of the producers' gross that he had secured from both—"two or three thousand pounds," he would calculate). While Fox/Seven Arts was looking the other way, *Dracula*'s sets were quickly redressed to represent the avenues and alleyways of tsarist Russia, stomping ground of *The Mad Monk*.

For the first time in five years, Hammer was taking on a subject with literary pedigree and a cinematic antecedent—MGM's *Rasputin and the Empress*, which had been made in 1932 as a vehicle for the Barrymores, and was released in Britain as *Rasputin: The Mad Monk*. The original production had been a lengthy and detailed affair, but since this new version was to be Hammer Horror, the spectacle was waived in favor of "some incidents" from Rasputin's life, intended to act as a preamble to the raison d'être of the piece—the protracted murder of said "monk" at the climax.

Rasputin and the Empress had been hit with a $1 million lawsuit (which it lost) as a result of the liberties it



A truncated end for *The Mad Monk* (Christopher Lee). *Inset:* An end in a trunk for one of the guests of the Count in *Dracula: Prince of Darkness*.

had taken with the historical record and the reputation of Youssoupoff's wife Irina, but Hinds was careful to avoid any repeat performance. "We had to get the okay from Rasputin's murderer," he explained. Youssoupoff personally sanctioned the script by signing each and every page! Just to make sure that they were all in the clear, both Lee and *The Mad Monk*'s director, Don Sharp, were at pains to point out in interviews that Hammer's film was really nothing more than "an entertainment."

Apologies were in order. As a biography of Rasputin's rise to power and influence in the Russia of the Romanoffs, the film was certainly nothing more than a retread of a saucy Italian romp called *The Nights of Rasputin* (1962), which had starred Edmund Purdom and been cobilled three years previously with *Corridors of Blood* (aka *The Doctor of Seven Dials*). This spin-off from the cycle of epics that had enjoyed brief popularity in the years following *Hercules Unchained* had featured a larger cast, more sexual shenanigans, and a set-piece murder with as much brutality as the Hammer film—but so did MGM's version, thirty years before it.

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RENEGADE MONK GRIGORI RASPUTIN ARRIVES AT ST. PETERSBURG AND INVEIGLES HIMSELF INTO THE COURT OF THE TSARINA VIA AN AFFAIR WITH SONIA, HER LADY-IN-WAITING. SONIA HELPS IN CONTRIVING AN ACCIDENT TO THE YOUNG TSAREVITCH IN ORDER THAT RASPUTIN CAN RESTORE THE BOY TO HEALTH; IN RETURN, THE TSARINA ENSURES HIM WEALTH AND POWER. NOW TIRING OF SONIA, RASPUTIN WILLS HER TO KILL HERSELF. SHE DOES. IN REVENGE, SONIA'S BROTHER PETER DETERMINES TO KILL RASPUTIN, BUT A FIGHT BETWEEN THE TWO ENDS WITH PETER DISFIGURED BY ACID. PETER'S FRIEND, IVAN, NOW CONSPIRES WITH DR. ZARGO TO ASSASSINATE THE MONK. ON THE PROMISE OF A NIGHT WITH IVAN'S SISTER, RASPUTIN ARRIVES AT THE PALACE, WHERE HE IS FED POISONED CHOCOLATES. WHEN THIS FAILS, THE DOCTOR PLUNGES A HYPODERMIC SYRINGE INTO HIM. THE MONK REFUSES TO SUBMIT AND STABS ZARGO; HE THEN ATTACKS IVAN. DYING, ZARGO TOPPLES RASPUTIN FROM THE PARAPET, AND HE FALLS TO HIS DEATH ON THE FROZEN RIVER BELOW.

The Mad Monk is a thoroughly functional piece, devised to serve a single end. John Elder's script supplies much incident but little thrill, and whatever sense of period it attempts to evoke is swamped by garish Technicolor and exposed by threadbare set design and the clear need for the occasional stock shot. Direction and playing are wholly without subtlety, and only a single lap dissolve sequence of Rasputin staring out over St. Petersburg (a simple diorama of rooftops) from a snow-speckled window contrives to show what might have been. With even the murder scene deprived of some of its action to meet the running-time requirements and bring the ill-considered proceedings to an abrupt end, the sole attraction of what was released as *Rasputin: The Mad Monk* would be Christopher Lee's virtuoso performance in a role that had been designed specifically for him and which he unsurprisingly heralded as "probably my best screen part to date."

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Someone in this village is practicing witchcraft.

—Sir James Forbes, *The Plague of the Zombies*

While Rasputin lay dying on the same ice floe that had just put an end to Dracula, the back lot at Bray had been magically transformed into a Cornish Everytown for the next set of features, now refined as *The Plague of the Zombies* and *The Reptile*.

If the first two films had belonged to Christopher Lee, the second two were to belong to John Gilling. The fifty-three-year-old writer-director had done competent journeyman work for Hammer since the very beginning, including *Room to Let*. He was never allocated much of substance, outside of all-action costume dramas, and his career had peaked in the early sixties, with *Fury at Smugglers Bay* (which had starred Peter Cushing) and Hammer's own *Pirates of Blood River* (both 1961). He was a robust character and much feared for his abrasive approach on the set. First assistant Douglas Hermes had walked off *The Scarlet Blade* because of an argument with him, and on *Pirates of Blood River*, he had fired a whole stunt crew for refusing to perform a particular fall. Gilling was renowned for having a "short fuse" and made few friends in the ranks, but Michael Ripper was one of them, as was Oliver Reed. "People loathed John, because they said he was a bully," Reed explains. "He was brash—gruff. . . . But I liked him."

Gilling did *not* like Tony Hinds, however—or his "abysmal" screenplays. "I don't think he was a very subscriptional member of the triad," Gilling said of him, in relation to James and Michael Carreras. (Hinds had made the mistake of joking at the director's expense, to the effect that he would "shoot himself into a corner" from which "John Elder" invariably had to provide the means of escape. Unfortunately, Gilling had no sense of humor.) But Gilling did profess a liking for Michael (though he would change his mind; "He was wounded



Back to back: *The Reptile* (Jacqueline Pearce) and *The Plague of the Zombies* (John Carson).

rather savagely in the forehead during the war," Reed adds—which might have had something to do with it), and he had a healthy regard for the "salesmanship, showmanship and drive" of James and the ad hoc nature of the Hammer setup generally, so the idea of shooting "back-to-back" appealed to his improvisational nature. Being offered *The Reptile* also appealed to his Liverpudlian sense of natural justice.

Gilling had accepted the Cornish duo, provided he could rewrite the scripts as he pleased. The *Plague of the Zombies* was filmed almost word for word from a Peter Bryan screenplay, but Elder's *The Reptile* was considerably revised on the floor—*The Gorgon* was avenged!

A CALL FOR HELP FINDS SIR JAMES FORBES AND HIS DAUGHTER SYLVIA VISITING PETER TOMPSON IN A CORNISH VILLAGE. THE DOCTOR EXPLAINS THAT THE VILLAGE IS PLAGUED BY INEXPLICABLE DEATHS. FORBES SUGGESTS THAT THEY DISINTER A BODY FOR EXAMINATION, BUT THE GRAVE IS EMPTY. WHEN TOMPSON'S WIFE IS FOUND DEAD, FORBES SUSPECTS WITCHCRAFT. AS THEY WATCH OVER THE GRAVE, SHE RISES FROM HER COFFIN: A ZOMBIE! FORBES DECAPITATES HER. THE OTHER GRAVES ARE EMPTY, TOO. FORBES DISCOVERS THAT THE VILLAGE SQUIRE HAS SPENT TIME IN HAITI. HE BREAKS INTO SQUIRE HAMILTON'S HOUSE, BUT IS CAUGHT; DURING THE STRUGGLE, HE SETS THE HOUSE ON FIRE. IN AN ALTAR ROOM DEEP INSIDE AN OLD MINESHAFT, HAMILTON IS NOW PREPARING TO SACRIFICE SYLVIA. AS THEIR WAXEN EFFIGIES ARE CONSUMED BY THE FIRE, THE ZOMBIES BURST INTO FLAMES AND BEGIN TO RUN AMOK. FORBES AND TOMPSON RESCUE SYLVIA, AND ALL THREE FLEE THE BLAZE AS THE SQUIRE FALLS VICTIM TO THE ENRAGED ZOMBIES.

In *The Plague of the Zombies*, Gilling confined his alterations to the staging. True to form, he enlarged on the dynamic of a number of scenes—the dislodging of the coffin into the riverbed; the fight between Forbes and Denver in the Hamilton house; the casting down of Alice's body by the zombie; the attack on the vicar. But he would so embellish a nominal "nightmare-sequence" in the script (an idea stolen from Roger Corman) that it has since become a classic in its own right.

The central set piece of *The Plague of the Zombies* is a model of its kind. Gilling builds superbly from a midnight exhumation to the slow dissolve transformation of Alice's disinterred corpse into ravening zombie; the walking-dead girl is then dispatched by having her head lopped off with a shovel (in a sequence that would give the film "a deserved X" according to *Films and Filming*) and her husband collapses in a faint. But there is more to come. Another dissolve turns the screen a sickly green, and as James Bernard's insistent rhythms intrude on the sound track, the graves open, one by one, to give up their dead. Tompson awakes in a shock-cut, and with a shriek of terror. So startling was the imagery of this sequence—and so all-embracing the iconography—that it was entirely to submerge the base theatrics of the melodrama that had inspired it (despite its impact being muted by release

to television for promotional play). Not only was it to give *The Plague of the Zombies* the stamp of an instant classic—as well as anticipating the seminal *Night of the Living Dead*—but it was to serve as a symbol of Hammer Horror throughout the rest of the sixties, all by itself.

By such bravura tactics, *The Plague of the Zombies* manages to surmount a supporting cast that seems to have wandered in from the Windsor amateur dramatic society. Brook Williams consistently plays to the gallery (a failing made all the more conspicuous by the wry performance of André Morell), while Diane Clare might have been better hung from one, so ill-at-ease is she in a period role. Clare had come from the Fox-Lippert quickie *Witchcraft* (1964), and Don Sharp had coaxed a more natural performance out of her in modern dress (as well as using her own voice).

For reasons of cachet, Lee's (horror) star status, and the timely provision of Techniscope, *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* was made the A-side of the double bill with *Zombies*. It endowed the pair with a sense of anticlimax (though Hammer had the good sense to reverse polarity on the allocation of the aspect ratios, this time around—which it had not done with *The Gorgon* and *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb*). *The Plague of the Zombies* was the better film—better paced, more exciting, and more seat-gripping in every way. Only a certain shoddiness in its execution resulting from the haste of its production subdued enthusiasm. Nevertheless, it contained enough of the stuff of nightmare to become a paragon of horror cinema—in a film that was *not* directed by Fisher, written by Elder, or entrusted to Cushing or Lee. It *was* the work of most of Hammer's other talents, however, and proved beyond doubt that Hammer Horror was the product of all the people who functioned at Bray, not just a select few of them.[7]

If *The Plague of the Zombies* was a perfect example of synchronicity, *The Reptile* would smack a little too much of close harmony. *The Reptile* was an unconscious borrowing from Bram Stoker's *The Lair of the White Worm*, and once again, the cast would consist of friendly faces: Noel Willman and Jennifer Daniel, reunited from *The Kiss of the Vampire*, were to be joined by Jacqueline Pearce from *The Plague of the Zombies*, in addition to regulars like Michael Ripper, Marne Maitland, George Woodbridge, and Charles Lloyd Pack—this in a film whose cofeature had included four of the leading players from *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* among *its* leading players! Even Oakley Court was becoming as familiar to audiences as to the actors who paraded its grounds. All might have been well, or at least better, were not greed to urge *all* four films onto an unsuspecting public within the same quarter of 1966.

The Reptile would be one Gothic too many. Hammer Horror was becoming as predictable as the *Carry On* comedies. But while predictability can often be a virtue in comedy, it is always a vice in more serious fare. Things were becoming too recognizable now, and if Hammer's films of the sixties were guilty of one thing above all else, it was the complete absence of any remaining element of surprise.

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HARRY SPALDING[8] INHERITS A CORNISH COTTAGE ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HIS BROTHER. WHEN LOCAL ECCENTRIC MAD PETER IS ATTACKED AND KILLED NEARBY, SPALDING AND PUBLICAN TOM BAILEY DISINTER THE BODIES AND FIND FANG MARKS. HARRY RESPONDS TO A CALL FOR HELP FROM ANNA, THE DAUGHTER OF A NEIGHBOR, DR. FRANKLYN. ON ENTERING THE HOUSE, HARRY IS ATTACKED BY A REPTILIAN CREATURE IN THE FORM OF ANNA, BUT WITH THE FACE OF A SNAKE. HE MANAGES TO STAGGER HOME AND HIS WIFE, VALERIE, LANCES THE BITE. WHILE HARRY IS RECOVERING, VALERIE ENTERS THE HOUSE AND SEES DR. FRANKLYN KILL HIS MALAY SERVANT. AN OIL LAMP IS OVERTURNED, AND THE HOUSE CATCHES FIRE. FRANKLYN SEIZES VALERIE; HE EXPLAINS HOW ANNA HAD BEEN CURSED BY A BORNEO SNAKE CULT AND NOW TURNS INTO A REPTILE AT PERIODIC INTERVALS. ANNA APPEARS AND STRIKES DOWN HER FATHER. AS SHE CLOSES ON VALERIE, HARRY AND TOM ARRIVE AND BREAK A WINDOW; THE COLD HAS A FATAL EFFECT ON THE REPTILE, AND VALERIE IS RESCUED FROM THE INFERNO.

With *The Reptile*, Gilling was not so fortunate. If the script for *The Plague of the Zombies* provided ample scope for visual invention, that of its companion piece offered the opposite. Hinds thought in theatrical mode, whereas Gilling's flair was fundamentally *filmic*. He was an instinctive director, and he worked best with a minimum of dialogue. The Elder script was verbose and undramatic, and Gilling had to cut a swath through it. The climax in particular was tightened up. In its original form, *Harry* had thrown the Malay into the sulfur stream (only to see him pop out of it again later), and Franklyn had indulged in a longer explanation of Anna's predicament before leaving *both* the Spaldings locked in the house while he organized their demise. Gilling had Franklyn fight the Malay instead of Harry (who was left out of the action at this juncture) and added a fire to tie up the loose ends.

But even reduced to its required ninety minutes, *The Reptile* seems unduly labored and has too many elements in common with the preceding film: midnight grave robbing, peculiar goings-on at the manor house, a single sympathetic local (Ripper, in both cases), and the usual blaze to usher in the *Kia-Ora*. The whole Cornish-village-harbors-a-dark-secret scenario proved incapable of suspending audience disbelief for a second time, and Keys's four-card trick was exposed as a fraud. The Cornish duo had turned into the Emperor's New Clothes.

What had begun as an economic masterstroke ended in disenchantment for many of those involved. Bernard Robinson's skill at disguising sets had been laid bare for all to see, and Roy Ashton's expertise in the makeup-chair had been unable to conceal the ragged edge of corner-cutting. "People with real talent will only work at their best for so long," said Michael Carreras. "Here you had people with real talent working for a man who was really asking them just to work for the money." Hinds's opinion of the exercise was much the same: "Sordid," he said later.

When I came here ten, fifteen—was it twenty years ago?—it was a good place. People were kind and gentle. . . . Then they *came, bringing their vileness with them.*

—Mad Peter, *The Reptile*

"In any business, there are artists and there are craftsmen. There were more *artists* at Hammer than in any other film company that I ever worked for," Michael Ripper believed. But there are limits to what artists can do when accountants think they know better, and by the middle of the sixties, the industry was already in the hands of its accountants. The four films had been budgeted at £402,000 in total, but as with all the best-laid schemes, the first two had gone over by £21,000, despite cuts being implemented in *The Mad Monk* to try to reduce the ongoing deficit. John Gilling had ended up with the light side of the balance sheet in any event, but the second of *each* of the pairs had suffered disproportionately as a result—with *The Reptile* suffering the most. It was fairly obvious that the graveyard which divested itself of its dead in *The Plague of the Zombies* also played host to the victims of *The Reptile*, although little could disguise the fact that the Winter Palace in *The Mad Monk* had once been Castle Dracula, either. In the Cornish duo, there is evidence of a hastier shoot, but in *The Reptile* in particular, there is a poorer script and some perfunctory makeup. It would be Roy Ashton's last regular assignment for the company. Asked to maintain the speed of output and join the crew of Hammer's next flesh-and-fantasy epic immediately on completion of the Gilling film, Ashton bowed out, effectively putting the brakes on the increasingly hectic pace of his Hammer career.

Taking a leaf out of Joe Levine's book, the extensive campaign that was mounted to promote the first two Hammer releases of 1966 majored on prime-time television slots (with a specially shot "teaser"), bus fronts, and full-page newspaper ads. The gamble paid off. The pairing of *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* and *The Plague of the Zombies* was hugely successful. Anything that *Rasputin: The Mad Monk* and *The Reptile* brought in would only be icing on the cake. The money was to come in handy, though. Hammer was now in production on its so-called one-hundredth film, *One Million Years B.C.*, which at a total cost of nearly half a million pounds was proving to be its most expensive ever.

The first features to be produced at Bray since it had closed for refurbishment eleven months earlier were seen as a real return to form, a fact borne out by the eventual inclusion of *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* and *The Plague of the Zombies* in the top fifteen money-earners of 1966. The hype had done the trick, and their stablemates were in ABC cinemas less than two months later. In the advertising for *Rasputin: The Mad Monk* and *The Reptile*, the company was referred to as the "House of Horror" for the first time. The House of Hammer had achieved official recognition, at last, but its days of being situated on the banks of the Thames were numbered.

I dreamed I saw the dead rise—all the graves in the churchyard opened, and the dead came out.

—Dr. Peter Tompson, *The Plague of the Zombies*

The press screening for *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* had been followed by a luncheon to celebrate "Ten Years of Horror." The *Daily Worker*'s Nina Hibbin—who had been so scathing about the merits of the original film, attended. "It was a sad occasion," she noted solemnly. "Saddest of all was the contemplation of the Hammer company's spectacular rise to power and prosperity through ten years of trading in morbidity, putrefaction

and pain." Toward the end of 1965, when all in the garden was still looking rosy, thanks to the continuing influx of American finance, Michael Carreras was prompted to sound a note of caution about rising costs and the follow-on effect within the industry. "The high tide of American investment is prompting the unions to reach out for new demands and, for the first time, we are getting close to the edge of disaster. Eventually the Americans will back away and we will be left to cope with a tremendous salary bill."

The euphoria of the mid-sixties would see the industry remain buoyant for some time to come, but by the end of the decade, Lyndon Johnson would cut back tax benefits on American investment overseas to fund the escalating costs of the Vietnam War, and Michael's words would return to haunt him—the Americans would do exactly as he had predicted, and the nightmare would become a reality.

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Hammer had begun to break into factions after the relative commercial failures of both *The Curse of the Werewolf* and *The Phantom of the Opera*. Due to the nature of the arrangement with Universal, where the films were made to a price for outright sale, Hammer lost no money, but neither did Universal make any, so it lost interest. At the same time, the five-year pact struck with Columbia in 1959 also reached its end. With the demise of these two agreements, American willingness to accept the traditional Hammer product was greatly reduced, and Hammer was now entirely in the hands of Fox/Seven Arts. While Tony Hinds found himself occupied by tedious executive duties, James Carreras's instinct was still to go where the money was, and the money was now in whatever Fox, Seven Arts, or British partners ABPC felt the box office would buy.

"M-G-M has come up with one of the most potently exploitable films of the year," the *Independent Film Review* had said of *She*, correctly predicting a performance that had given ABC's collective spirit a much-needed boost. Now hot on Ursula Andress's heels was the promise of an even more stunning anatomical attraction in Hammer's next venture. In the interim, Ken Hyman had decided that the box office would buy a remake of the Hal Roach saga of prehistoric life, *One Million B.C.* (aka *Man and His Mate*, 1940), in which the Carole Landis role would be recreated by a young actress whose best assets had so far been hidden beneath a constricting rubber suit, in *Fantastic Voyage* (1966). When the talent of Raquel Welch was liberated by an antediluvian bikini and displayed amid the sun-baked plains of Lanzarote for photographer Pierre Luigi, the picture that resulted would go around the world, and "Hammer Glamour" would arrive with just as much of a bang as Hammer Horror.

Initially unaware that beauty, rather than beasts, would sell the film, Michael Carreras covered his bets by engaging stop-motion expert Ray Harryhausen to oversee the prehistoric menagerie. Harryhausen was the acknowledged leader in the field, but he had already done his best work. His recent offerings had been indulgent exercises in virtuoso technique, set on some mysterious island or similarly exotic location that could best showcase his matte paintings and monsters. *One Million Years B.C.* held to the formula. The island was Earth at the dawn of (pre)history, the mattes were fewer (it was mainly filmed in Las Cañadas, Tenerife), but the mayhem was of much the same variety as *The Animal World* (1956) and the plethora of giant-monster fantasies that had followed it. Here, the difference was Welch. Earning $25,000, she was also half the price of Andress, and by the time the Harryhausen pterodactyl carried her to the heights, Hammer's six-picture deal with Fox would become an *eleven*-picture deal.

Already on the schedule for the spring of 1966 was a property that had been brought to Hammer by Hollywood diva Joan Fontaine. *The Devil's Own* was a novel by Norah Lofts, writing as "Peter Curtis," and Nigel Kneale had been brought in to add spice to the otherwise tepid brew of a psychologically disturbed schoolteacher who finds herself embroiled in pagan goings-on in an English village (in reality, the tiny hamlet of Hambleden, at Henley-on-Thames in Oxfordshire). The film had been intended as a star vehicle from the outset, and nothing could be included that might upset Fontaine's carefully coiffured demeanor. Kneale could write a supernatural yarn *par excellence* when the mood took him, but the witchery in *The Devil's Own* was too sedate by half. The fact that a narrative with little shock value and even fewer shock effects still managed to earn an "X" certificate (at Hammer's insistence) did nothing to relieve the disappointment. Lofts herself was to disown the end result, despite an attempt by Hinds to have her endorse it, and notwithstanding its British release title, *The Witches*, it would fail to cast the appropriate spell.

One Million Years B.C. was weaving a different kind of magic, however. Spurred by the most tremendous surge of prepublicity it had ever experienced, Hammer decided to embrace more subjects in which female flesh was predominant. *She, Goddess of Love* had already been touted—as *Ayesha, Daughter of She*, and originally in-



Hammer glamour. *Left:* Raquel Welch strikes an iconic pose in *One Million Years B.C. Right:* Ursula Andress strikes a seductive one for *She*.

tended for Andress—and *Prehistoric Women* (aka *Slave Girls*) had been put onto the floor to use standing sets from *One Million Years B.C.* But into production went *The Viking Queen*, and now that the time was finally right, *Frankenstein Created Woman*.

BARON FRANKENSTEIN IS EXPERIMENTING TO TRAP THE SOUL AT THE TIME OF DEATH. AFTER A FRACAS IN A CAFÉ WITH THREE YOUTHS, HIS ASSISTANT, HANS, IS ARRESTED FOR THE MURDER OF THE OWNER. HE IS EXECUTED BY GUILLOTINE AND HIS DISTRAUGHT GIRLFRIEND, CHRISTINA, THROWS HERSELF INTO THE RIVER. FRANKENSTEIN ARRANGES FOR HANS'S TORSO TO BE BROUGHT TO HIS LABORATORY WHERE HE HAS CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF TRANSFERRING HANS'S SOUL TO THE BODY OF THE DEAD GIRL. THE EXPERIMENT IS A SUCCESS, BUT HANS'S SPIRIT SEEKS REVENGE ON THE THREE YOUTHS WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS EXECUTION. CHRISTINA/HANS LURES TWO OF THE YOUTHS TO THEIR DEATHS. FRANKENSTEIN TRIES TO AVERT THE KILLING OF THE THIRD, BUT HE IS TOO LATE. REALIZING WHAT SHE HAS BEEN MADE TO DO, CHRISTINA THROWS HERSELF INTO THE RIVER AGAIN AS FRANKENSTEIN LOOKS ON, HIS EXPERIMENT NOW A FAILURE.

Austrian model Susan Denberg, whose main claim to fame had been her elevation to Miss August in *Playboy* magazine after a feature role in the Fox potboiler *See You in Hell, Darling* (U.S. title, *An American Dream*), was cast opposite Peter Cushing. Hammer Glamour prepublicity for *Frankenstein Created Woman* showed Denberg in a bikini against a backdrop of laboratory equipment from *The Evil of Frankenstein*. For once, a film looked set to fulfill the promise of its title, but this was to be no *Bride of Frankenstein*. A feeble script stripped the story of a creation scene, and the bulk of the action is restricted to a single café environ. Some cursory location sequences helped to spread the load, but the overall effect was not dissimilar to that of a stage play that had simply been "opened out" for the screen.

Metaphysics is the name of the game on this occasion, and the baron is an earnest academic in search of the philosopher's stone, as willing to lay down his own life as those of others in the cause of research. Cushing is thawed out to announce to the understandably bewildered Thorley Walters, "*Dead* for one hour, yet my soul did not leave my body. Why?" A ludicrous experiment at best, if you think about it. The film was another attempt by John Elder to canonize a character who had left more corpses littered around the hamlets of Europe than Bluebeard, and as this installment of the continuing saga also was cannibalized from leftover *Tales of Frankenstein* scripts (those of Rawlinson and Dryhurst), inconsistencies are wholesale. Subordinated to a juvenile drama of revenge, Baron Frankenstein could as easily have been someone else altogether, and thanks to the lobotomy performed on him by Elder, he is reduced to the level of the contrivance through which the real plot is allowed to unfold.

In an effort to enliven the show, director Terence Fisher borrowed a trick from the then-popular TV series *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* and conducted a fight scene with a handheld camera. The result was merely intrusive. He also reorganized the climactic suicide to have the girl leap into a fast-flowing river, whereas the script had called for a perfunctory bout of *hara-kiri*. This was not so inappropriate. With Andress occupied elsewhere, Denberg had been booked for the sequel to *She* (now *The Return of She*), and by April 1967, she would once more be gracing the pages of *Playboy*. But a whirlwind descent into the West Coast drug scene was to blow her mind—and any further chance of stardom.

I had the feeling that . . . if I spoke the words, I would be animating some . . . horrible thing.

—Claire de Sangre, *The Mummy's Shroud*

As a sign of how Hammer's faith in its policy of "t-and-a" was being kindled, its National Film Finance Corporation–funded contribution toward the four horrors that had been made back-to-back had been a mere £40,000 apiece, whereas £85,000 had been requested in advance of *One Million Years B.C.*, and a similar amount again for the return of *She*, rising to £125,000 by the time of *The Lost Continent* and *Moon Zero Two*. Of course, part of this was being dictated by the very inflationary factors Michael Carreras had warned of, but as further proof of the way things were moving, the last film on the slate had been mentioned almost in throwaway—*Shroud of the Mummy*. It had been intended merely as padding for Hammer's latest Frankenstein saga (in place of *Slave Girls*) and went into production on September 12, 1966—but the grant requested stayed strictly at a 1965 level: £40,000.

1920. On a dig financed by businessman Stanley Preston, archaeologist Sir Basil Waldon discovers the tomb of boy pharaoh Kah-to-Bey. But the tomb has a guardian, and using the sacred shroud, Hasmid calls the mummy of Prem to life to destroy the members of the expedition. One by one, they meet a horrifying end at the hands of the mummy, until only two remain: Paul Preston and Claire. Suspecting who is behind the deaths, Claire investigates but finds herself trapped in a museum with the mummy. When Paul and Inspector Barrani arrive, Prem attacks. He is impervious to bullets and a blow from a fire axe. Barrani shoots Hasmid. With his death, the mummy of Prem crumbles to dust.

"Tedious and embarrassing," was the eventual verdict of the *Financial Times*. "Incongruously pretty," said *Punch*. "A stilted rehash," noted the *Monthly Film Bulletin*. "Static and stodgy," observed another, typical of the rest. Roundly condemned by all (including director John Gilling: "One of my worst," he subsequently declared), *The Mummy's Shroud* is nevertheless a bravura exercise in technique. With little but the obligatory series of set-piece murders to build upon, Gilling stages each of them with stunning visual invention: the mummy's appearances are presaged by a variety of perceptive tricks, in the manner of literary master M. R. James—he is evidenced in a trail of eons-old dust, spotted as a shadow on an alley wall, shown reflected in a crystal ball or in a tray of developing solution, or even as a blur in the myopic vision of Michael Ripper's Longbarrow. The killings are staged with equal aplomb. Sir Basil's skull is cracked open like an egg in a giant's hands; Stanley Preston's is smashed against a wall, to leave its imprint in blood. The photographer, Barrett, is baptized in acid and fire, and the mild-mannered Longbarrow is hurled from an upstairs window—his body shattering against the side of an ornamental pool, to stain the waters scarlet.

As exercises in montage, these sequences are a delight, but there are other sweetmeats. The spear scene in *The Mummy* is topped by that of Barrett thrusting a heavy-duty photographer's tripod through the reanimated body of Prem. The disintegration in *Dracula* is matched by

the clever effects-work of a crumbling mummy tearing *himself* apart as he implodes into dust. All this was a far cry from the red paint and tokenism that had passed for horror in *Frankenstein Created Woman*!

If *The Mummy's Shroud* was "embarrassing," it was in the one-dimensional banality of the characters as written—and in the case of ex-debutante Maggie Kimberley, *played*, as well.[9] But even here, there was to be a plus: Ripper's Longbarrow was translated from script to screen "with a pathos rarely achieved in the impersonal and well-nigh inhuman world of horror cinema," opined Cecil Wilson.

In Hammer's Cornish duo, the versatile and largely underused Ripper had been given the opportunity to show what he was capable of. Ripper had been a longtime friend of Tony Hinds and had acted in Hammer films as far back as *The Dark Road* and *A Case for P.C. 49*, when he was picked at an audition by James Carreras himself. Hinds admired his ability to convince in the sparest of parts and often created character roles with the diminutive actor in mind. Invariably called upon to provide the requisite comic relief, Ripper was a clown who had genuinely played Hamlet (in his younger days in the theater, before the throat operation that gave him the voice and persona for which he is best known). A complex and serious artist, he "wasn't what was ordered," in his own words, preferring drama class to ordinary schooling by the age of fifteen.

A thirty-year veteran of the film industry at this stage, Ripper was also highly regarded by Gilling. In *The Mummy's Shroud*, he was given free rein, and he very nearly stole the show from the bandaged cadaver and an equally daunting clutch of seasoned fellow professionals. He is part of the fabric of Hammer, and he would appear in fifteen of its horrors, as well as sundry others along the way—sometimes as nothing more than an afterthought, yet always with a presence that would belie his stature and ensure him a place in the more selective cast roster of memory.

With *The Mummy's Shroud* in the can and production now tied exclusively to the majors (and their corresponding desire to see their own stages used by affiliates), Hammer finally vacated Bray Studios on November 18, 1966, for the grayer pastures of ABPC's Elstree—already a dispute-riddled corporate dinosaur, plagued with strikes and typified by perfunctory staging and poor craftsmanship.[10]

The connection with Fox/Seven Arts/ABPC had resulted in the production of a record eleven features in eighteen months by September 1966, and James Carreras was quick to announce a new batch of titles, reporting as he did that "the first pictures under the deal are already in profit." *Quatermass and the Pit* was to spearhead another five, with *She—The Avenger* (eventually to lens in July 1967 as *The Vengeance of She*, with Olinka Berova in the title role); *The Devil Rides Out*, from the "classic" novel by Dennis Wheatley; *Robin Hood's Challenge*; and *The Bride of Newgate Gaol* (from a story by John Dickson Carr, and budgeted at £325,000) to follow, to make sixteen in all.

As Hammer's previous stock-in-trade of monsters, mummies, and mad scientists had been mercilessly parodied by Anglo's *Carry On Screaming* the same year, it seemed appropriate to opt for a change of direction as well as a change of locale, and along with pulling out of Bray, the decision was made to abandon the Universal "formula" in favor of a more exotic approach to pulling *in* the crowds. The halls of Hammer were bedecked with giant-sized pinups of Welch, Andress, and others, in place of the traditional "quads" advertising forthcoming attractions. The fun palace had moved to Wardour Street and notched up a gear. Hammer was no longer to be synonymous with horror. For the remainder of the sixties, the new flesh was to be much more pneumatic, and it had considerably more potential as a sales aid.

James Carreras was now well and truly established as a doyen of the business—a man with whom "everyone wanted to rub shoulders," and who "took advantage of it," in the opinion of Brian Lawrence. Carreras verbalized his business philosophy in a variety of homilies confided to intimates as though they had been set in a tablet of stone and handed down from the Great Entrepreneur in the sky. "Never deal with a man who can only say no," was one such, to take account of the fact that he viewed the U.K. heads of American companies as mere "branch managers." And Lawrence invariably was on hand to drink in every word, considering his mentor "the most amazing man I ever met." Amazing, he certainly was, as well as amiable, affable, and always available for lunch. *Jimmy* had become a commodity in himself—sought out, sought after, and prized—as friend, consort, or colleague. He was larger than life. He had a chameleon ability to be all things to all men. He was, in short, almost too good to be true. Almost.

To all intents and purposes, Hammer House had become an adjunct of Variety Club and a virtual luncheon club for the rich and powerful—Earl Mountbatten was a frequent visitor. Its "wine cellar" was permanently stocked with the best vintages, its cigars were Havana, and its décor was enhanced by the ranks of the eager young starlets who were now falling over each other



Stepping lively. *Top:* Viscount Montgomery of Alamein with James and Vera Carreras. *Bottom:* James Carreras takes to the floor with former Hollywood screen—now scream—queen Joan Crawford.

to be in the running for the title of Hammer's latest glamour girl. "We were the most colorful company in Wardour Street," Lawrence reflected. It had once been the color of blood. Now it was the color of money.

The December 30, 1966, opening of *One Million Years B.C.*, after nine months spent on special effects, broke the all-time record of the ABC circuit in North London. The desire of audiences everywhere to witness those much-publicized breasts on the big screen would lead to the film becoming Hammer's biggest financial success: $8 million worldwide (though at a final cost of £425,000, it was not the most profitable in percentage terms). It was also the ultimate international film. In *Prince of Darkness*, Dracula may have uttered not a word of English, but *One Million Years B.C.* had no dialogue at all, except for the Jurassic Esperanto that Michael Carreras had concocted for it during shooting.

Hammer's euphoria was to be short-lived, however. Returns from the United States soon began to reveal a significant fall-off, with none of the rest of Hammer's releases for 1967 managing to break even. This tale of woe was to continue without respite until 1969, by which time *The Vengeance of She*, *The Lost Continent*, and *The Devil Rides Out* (in spite of a good domestic performance) would barely register at the American box office, according to Hammer's accounts. Partly, it would be the result of a classic series of managerial misunderstandings: the Fox executives who ordered the films would forget to inform those on the sharp end that they were coming. But more critically, there would be no one at Hammer to remind them—James Carreras spent a good deal of both 1967 *and* 1968 fund-raising on behalf of the Variety Club, while others contrived to ensure the company of a trading loss in Hammer's ultimate favor.

The year 1967 was the heyday of flower power. Fashions were changing fast, and attitudes faster. But if this was to be the decade of change, then Hammer was slow to notice. With the release in June of *Frankenstein Created Woman* and *The Mummy's Shroud*, one critic sounded the warning bell, though there were others who could hear the chimes at midnight. "Time has stopped at Bray Studios and they're still making 'B' pictures for a market that was willing to queue in the rain for Stewart Grainger and Patricia Roc." If Frankenstein was nearing the end of the road by 1967, then the Mummy had reached it. But the bent for retrospective thinking was now indelible at Hammer, and no one thought of curtailing the February production of a project that had been hanging around on the schedule from as far back as 1960—*Quatermass and the Pit*.

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WORKMEN BUILDING AN EXTENSION TO THE LONDON UNDERGROUND AT HOBBS END DISCOVER A SKULL. ARCHAEOLOGIST DR. RONEY IS CALLED TO THE SITE, AND FURTHER DIGGING UNCOVERS WHAT APPEARS TO BE A HUGE BOMB. THE ARMY ASKS QUATERMASS IN TO HELP. HE SUSPECTS THAT THE BOMB IS REALLY AN ANCIENT SPACECRAFT. WHEN THE DEVICE IS OPENED, LONG-DEAD CREATURES ARE DISCOVERED INSIDE. THE CRAFT ITSELF STILL SEEMS TO BE ACTIVE, AND QUATERMASS TRIES TO PREVENT FURTHER TAMPERING, BUT HE IS OVERRULED. COLONEL BREEN ORDERS THE SITE TO BE REOPENED. QUATERMASS ESTABLISHES THAT THE CRAFT CAME FROM MARS MILLIONS OF YEARS BEFORE, AND THAT ITS PURPOSE HAD BEEN TO CONDUCT GENETIC EXPERIMENTATION ON MAN. THE CRAFT IS ACTIVATED, AND THOSE DESCENDED FROM THE MARTIANS START TO RUN AMOK IN AN ATTEMPT TO PURGE IMPURE ELEMENTS.



Quatermass and the Pit (Andrew Keir, James Donald).

BREEN IS KILLED IN THE HOLOCAUST. QUATERMASS REALIZES THAT THIS POWER MUST BE DRAINED TO EARTH. RONEY CLIMBS A SCAFFOLDING CRANE TO DIRECT IT AT AN AIRBORNE VISION OF THE MARTIAN CONSCIOUSNESS. THERE IS AN EXPLOSION, AND RONEY PERISHES—LEAVING QUATERMASS ALONE AMID THE RUBBLE OF LONDON.

Advertised as "The most terrifying science-fiction film ever made," *Quatermass and the Pit* (U.S. title, *Five Million Years to Earth*) was a Technicolor travesty of the best and most exciting of the three television serials. Nigel Kneale's notional science-fiction writings were rooted in their time; they were a response to current events, not a generalized muse on the nature of things, possible or otherwise. As such, *Quatermass and the Pit* did not travel well.

The television version of *The Pit* had been a Cold War commentary on the self-destructive nature of the violent impulse—an intricate and carefully worked-out thesis on the condition of man, cleverly embracing every aspect of superstition and demonism. But where the teleplay had been a cohesive and original whole the film condensation traded on a prevalent perception, if not a specific anxiety (Erich von Daniken's contemporaneous theory about "ancient astronauts"), to become is a potpourri of miscellaneous ingredients melded into a mishmash of monstrousness. And the Lovecraftian revelation of altered reality, which Kneale had buried with the demonic horde that is inadvertently allowed to spew forth from a spacecraft of yesteryear, quite loses its *tenor* in the translation.

To contain the budget, if not the marauding Martians, the action is transposed from the building site of the original to a subway extension, and Roney's last-ditch stand with chain and muscle power in the serial is writ impossibly large as he single-handedly topples a giant crane onto the naked face of the electromagnetic nucleus. But these apart, nothing new was added to the eight-year-old thrills. Despite the supposed benefit of Technicolor, it had all been done better by the BBC, and

its mechanical staging at Elstree was exemplified by the crude improvisations of the special effects department. *Quatermass and the Pit* lacked the currency that both of the earlier films had traded on: the notion that this could be happening *now*. Four years after the advent of *Doctor Who*, the third of Kneale's illustrious Quatermass serials seemed like merely another colorful frolic into the realms of science fantasy.

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Just as *The Quatermass Xperiment* had acted as a barometer for the advent of the new dynamic that was to be Hammer Horror, so *The Pit* signaled the expending of that energy. Where Hammer had led the field in 1955, it now seemed to be lagging significantly behind, and *Films and Filming* continued to document the decline in standards. "*Quatermass and the Pit* fails to carry one tenth of the unnerving credibility of the Quatermass predecessors," wrote Richard Davis.

Of Hammer's announced productions for 1967, the Jimmy Sangster–scripted *The Bride of Newgate Gaol* would now be abandoned. *The Bride* had originated toward the end of 1965, in the wake of *Tom Jones* (1963) and *Moll Flanders* (1965), and Restoration sex romps had since gone largely by the way. A second Sangster subject, *The Claw* (formerly *Brainstorm*), written to advance the line of psycho-thrillers, was put on hold for the time being due to the move away from Bray, for which it had been specifically designed.

Essentially another reworking of the *Taste of Fear/Les Diaboliques* scenario where a murder plot is masked by an elaborate deceit, *The Claw* had been planned as a second feature in the manner of *Nightmare*. Characterless and contrived, bleak and downbeat, and in its present form containing a dénouement that was implausible if not completely illogical, it had been conceived and written quickly, with intended Oakley Court/Thames-side riverboat locations. These factors no longer applied, but Sangster was starting to repeat himself, and he knew it. As can be evidenced in the script of *The Claw*, the next step forward was already surfacing between the jaded lines: his thoughts were turning to direction.

In place of these, Sangster was offered the chance to script and produce *The Anniversary*, an adaptation of a stage play (by Bill MacIlwraith) intended to showcase the awesome presence of Bette Davis—whose daughter, Bea, was now married into the Hyman family. Davis's salary, $200,000 on this occasion, accounted for 20 percent of the film's total budget (as it had with *The Nanny*, where she was also accorded 9 percent of the gross). Within a week of shooting, director Alvin Rakoff had crossed swords with the great lady once too often, and Michael Carreras—who effectively was once again exercising executive duties at Hammer—was nominated to break the news. Rakoff was replaced by the more empathic Roy Ward Baker, who was known to the actress from a previous sojourn in Hollywood. But it was to be the beginning of an unfortunate trend.

By this time, Carreras had been asked to choose one of the several other works by best-selling author and occult expert Dennis Yates Wheatley, which were now under option to Hammer, thanks to the good offices of Tony Keys. He picked *Uncharted Seas*—a seafaring yarn that Wheatley could not even remember writing. Carreras then signed Leslie Norman to direct what was to lens under a title snatched from an old Lippert project—*The Lost Continent*. Before principal photography began in earnest on September 11 (but after he had undertaken



Hammer spectacular: The water-tank set at Elstree Studios for *The Lost Continent. Inset:* Eric Porter and Neil McCallum.

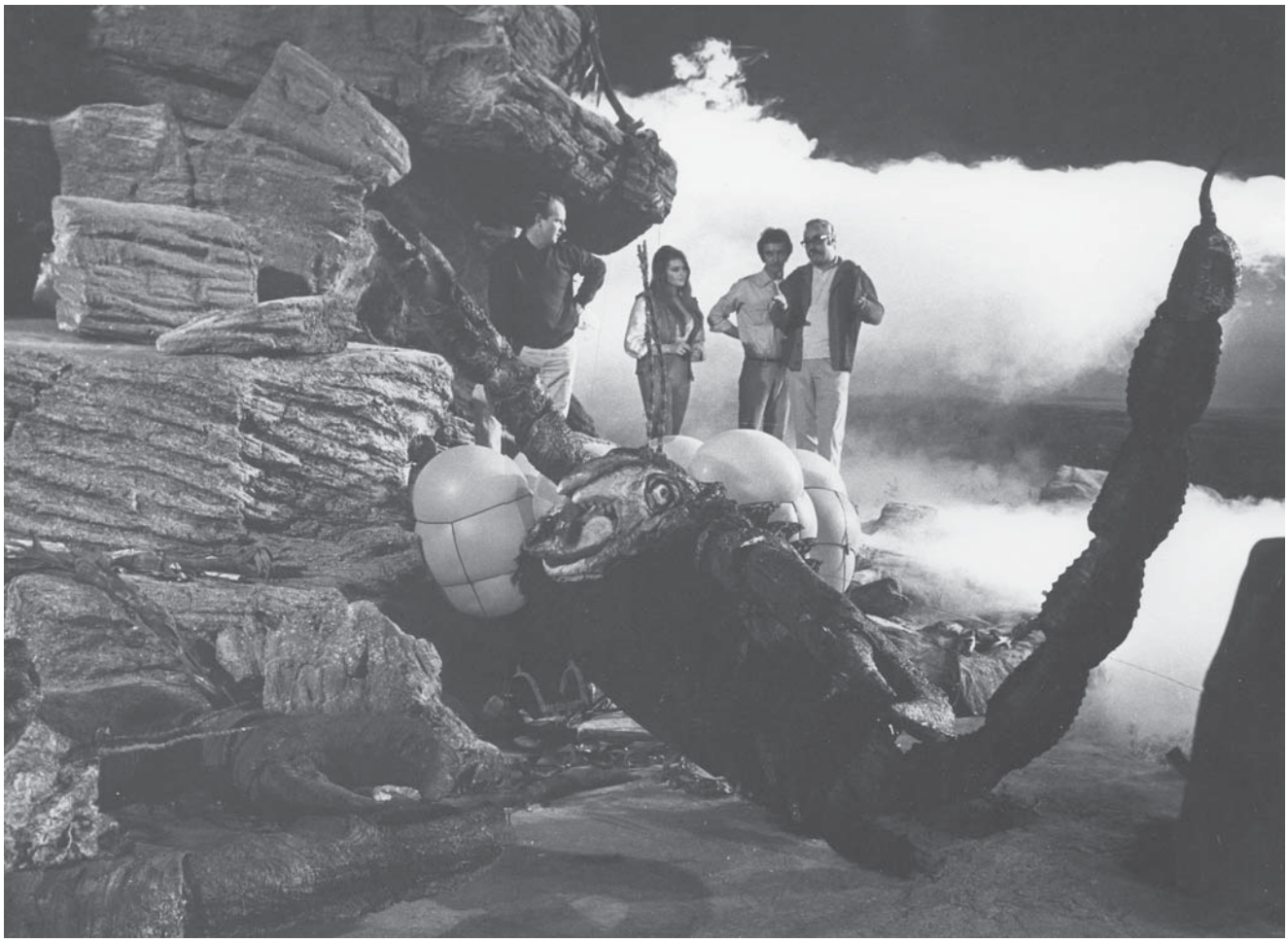
preproduction work and shot some of the second-unit footage), a divergence of approach (and cost overruns) led to Norman's departure, with Carreras picking up the reins. The end result was to be an epic and enthralling adventure in the *King Kong* mold, with the "Michael Nash" (Carreras) script making the most of its ship full of misfits stranded among the lost souls and carnivorous crustaceans of the Sargasso Sea.

The film was a huge undertaking for Hammer—and Elstree—and it had been budgeted accordingly, at £500,000. When shooting continued into December due to the complexities of the technical effects, Carreras Sr. once again pulled the plug. *The Lost Continent* ended up overbudget regardless, but its summary "wrap" was not enforced before Michael Carreras had in the can the single most spectacular production that Hammer had ever mounted.

Hollywood effects specialist Robert A. Mattey had been brought in, primarily to oversee the welter of "blue-backing" required for the visuals, but he stayed to construct the awesome monsters. These creatures are some time coming, but when they do appear, they are pure Lovecraft: a giant octopus with a single, unblinking eye; an outsize scorpion; a mutant mollusk; a dislocated, human-devouring orifice in the hull of a stranded galleon. All are splendidly fantastical creations, frightening enough to earn the film an "X" certificate in Britain (though Hammer itself had wanted an "A").

The mix of adult drama and juvenile giant-monster hokum was not altogether successful, although a superb pyrotechnic finale more than made up for any shortcomings. "Hammer have done it again. . . . A feast of excitement and vicarious terror for the fans," one trade critic was to applaud. But along with all the other coproductions in this third batch of five for Fox, no one in America interested enough to want to come and see it for themselves would find it available for view.

While shooting on *The Lost Continent* was being rescheduled in the light of Leslie Norman's surprise departure, and with the hippie cult turning its attentions



Michael Carreras and a Mattey monster on another set for *The Lost Continent.*

to ever more esoteric religious outgrowths as the Beatles embraced the teachings of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, Hammer commenced production on *The Devil Rides Out*.

You fool!—I'd rather see you dead than meddling with black magic.

—Duc de Richleau, *The Devil Rides Out*

The second of Hammer's ventures into the forbidden territory of thriller writer Dennis Wheatley was in a more traditional vein. *The Devil Rides Out* was one of several black-magic novels in which the Duc de Richleau and his companions battle the legions of evil in all their diabolical forms. A slackening of censorship restrictions (as well as the personal prompting of Tony Keys) persuaded Tony Hinds to back a screen version of this most famous of Wheatley's books. With Hinds on board, the call had gone out to Terence Fisher.

The failure of its first incursion into the fictional wilds of rural English witchcraft should have made Hammer pause for thought before it agreed to sanction the occult thriller for which *The Witches* was to have been the dry run. But confidence in the pulling power of Wheatley's name was high—his books had been reprinted in more than fifty languages. Wheatley's black-magic novels, in particular, were known for their graphic depiction of the horrors of Satanism. Under the pretext of alerting his readers to the dangers inherent in such practices, the author would vent his prurient descriptive powers on the minutiae of the obscenities involved. Hammer's full-frontal style made it the perfect choice in principle to bring his no-holds-barred approach to the screen. But unlike the book, the film was to shy away from transcribing the details of Devil worship.[11]



Shadows and light: *The Devil Rides Out* (Nike Arrighi, Charles Gray).

If *The Devil Rides Out* ultimately embodied a sense of déjà vu, it was Hammer's and Fisher's reticence that caused the problem. Even producer Keys would come to have reservations about how *little* was shown. Had its quota of horrors been made more explicit and its Black Mass been made more authentically licentious, then this film could have been as groundbreaking as some of its forerunners, instead of just the skillfully crafted nostalgic delight that it actually turned out to be.

THE DUC DE RICHLEAU AND REX VAN RYN DISCOVER THAT THEIR PROTÉGÉ, SIMON, IS IN THE HANDS OF A BAND OF SATANISTS LED BY MOCATA. WHEN SIMON DISAPPEARS, REX TRIES TO FIND HIM THROUGH A YOUNG INITIATE, TANITH; SHE AND SIMON ARE TO BE BAPTIZED BY MOCATA AT A BLACK MASS. DURING THE CEREMONY, HE AND RICHLEAU RESCUE THE PAIR AND TAKE THEM TO THEIR FRIENDS, THE EATONS—BUT MOCATA VOWS TO GET THEM BACK. RICHLEAU CONSTRUCTS A PENTACLE ON THE FLOOR OF THE EATON LIBRARY TO PROTECT THEM AGAINST THE POWERS OF DARKNESS. THE GROUP ASSEMBLES WITHIN IT, AND THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, ARE ASSAULTED BY VISIONS, CULMINATING IN A VISIT FROM THE ANGEL OF DEATH. DURING THE ONSLAUGHT, TANITH DIES AND THE EATONS' DAUGHTER IS KIDNAPPED. WHEN IT IS OVER, RICHLEAU AND THE OTHERS FIND MOCATA'S LAIR JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO SACRIFICE THE GIRL TO THE DEVIL. USING RITUAL MAGIC, RICHLEAU DESTROYS THE SATANISTS AND RESCUES THE CHILD. WITH MOCATA DEAD, TANITH IS RESTORED TO LIFE AND RICHLEAU THANKS GOD FOR THEIR SALVATION.

From the graphic design of its title cards (based on the famous etching of the Horned God of the Witches by French magus Eliphas Levy) to the grand design of its moral universe, *The Devil Rides Out* is resoundingly faithful to the Wheatley tale. The action careers along at a frantic pace, and the extended sequence inside the pentacle generates considerable tension. For once, Hammer's budget-driven distaste of elaborate special effects

paid dividends. The novel's demonic conjurations—the *black man* in the tower room; the Goat of Mendes at the Sabbat—are given an unnerving *solidity* and are the better for it. The supernatural beings of this film are the real stuff of nightmare, viable manifestations of an alternate universe capable of intruding on our own at the drop of an invocation. Only a giant tarantula (unhappily inherited from Richard Matheson's otherwise excellent script, which had replaced an original draft by John Hunter) and a Mélièsian puff of smoke as the Devil is vanquished with holy water spoil a convincing air of unreality.

(On this occasion, the effects had been supplied by one Michael Staiver-Hutchins, who, as co-owner of the rights to the novel, had insisted on undertaking them himself as part of the deal. Hammer was unhappy with this arrangement from the beginning, and some of the later illusions in the film—including a less-than-successful appearance of the Angel of Death at the climax—were ultimately handed to the more dependable Les Bowie to complete.)

With a nevertheless generous budget of £285,000, the period is evoked with similar care. Vintage Rolls-Royces and Bentleys juggle for pride of place in the tranquil English countryside, and their presence effortlessly sets the action between the wars, as Albion's demi-paradise slumbers unaware of the forces of discord and anarchy that are gathering without. Oddly, Terence Fisher professed himself unmoved by this most clear-cut example of the cosmic battle between good and evil. His only declaration of concern about *The Devil Rides Out* was over the script's underdevelopment of the *love* interest.[12]



The Goat of Mendes in *The Devil Rides Out* (Eddie Powell).

In many ways, Fisher's film was a brilliant comeback for Hammer Horror. Its opening in the summer of 1968 would restore the faith of the fans, hint that a renaissance was in the wind, and show that the company could return to the splendor of the golden-age glory days any time it chose to do so. (The New Victoria first-night audience, Wheatley enthusiasts all, sat through the screening in silent rapture.) Michael Armstrong, writing in *Films and Filming*, epitomized the mood of anticipation that had been felt in the run-up to release:

> With *The Anniversary* came a new hope and now, with *The Devil Rides Out*, Hammer has returned to its original standard, for here is a film where time, money and serious effort have been spent in trying to produce a good piece of thrilling entertainment, and the end product has certainly paid off.

Despite the euphoria in the ranks, however, *The Devil Rides Out* was a film out of time.

Hammer's black-magic opus was to be followed into release by Michael Reeves's *Witchfinder General*—advertised as "the year's most violent film" by an unrepentant Tigon. *The Devil Rides Out* seemed curiously dated by comparison, as though it were harking back to a style of romantic melodrama that was all but gone. Its values were those of yesteryear, and not just in terms of its plot. It had disappointingly refused to shock, outrage, or downright disgust, as the Tigon offering most certainly did. When it was trotted out in the United States (as *The Devil's Bride*) with the same terminal lack of enthusiasm as *The Lost Continent*, any notion that the collected works of Dennis Wheatley might sire a new series for Hammer fell at the first fence.

> *I shall not be back—but* something *will. . . . Tonight. Something will come for Simon and Tanith.*
>
> —Mocata, *The Devil Rides Out*

In his seminal study of the genre, *Horror Movies: An Illustrated Survey*, Carlos Clarens wrote: "Hammer does not intend to change the formula, or experiment with a



Left: Terence Fisher and Christopher Lee on the set of *The Devil Rides Out. Right:* Inside the pentacle (Patrick Mower, Paul Eddington, Christopher Lee, Sarah Lawson).

new one, unless public taste changes first. This may be sooner than expected."[13] If Fisher's style was beginning to seem dated by 1968, so too was that of Hinds/Elder. Public taste had already begun to change, yet Hammer remained unaware of the need for new brooms. It was not to be long before fate would intervene to provide them.

As the bad news of dwindling returns from overseas started to filter through to Hammer House, sterling was devalued, and Hammer's response to the prospect of more lucrative foreign markets was typically unequivocal: James Carreras decided to rush a new Dracula into production on the vacant stages of Pinewood.

Dracula Has Risen from the Grave was dropped into the schedule for April. "After doing the second one, I didn't want ever to play it again," said Christopher Lee. "And I did it five more times." On this occasion, the decision was taken out of his hands. Unknown to Lee, he was now a statutory part of the package. "What do you do when someone says to you, we've already sold this picture on the basis of you being in it?" asked the incredulous actor.

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> *I am here this morning as Her Majesty's Lieutenant in the County of Buckingham to present to your company the Queen's Award to Industry 1968. . . . You are the first British Film Production Company to receive the Queen's Award, and this is a distinction of which you can all be proud. Your company has made over one hundred films. These films have been played with much success in all parts of the world, which shows that the work produced by your company is of the highest quality and technical achievement.*
>
> —Brigadier Sir Henry Floyd

On October 9, 1967, with *The Lost Continent* in its final weeks of shooting at Elstree, *The Devil Rides Out* in post-production, and *Quatermass and the Pit* about to go into distribution, Brian Lawrence persuaded James Carreras to file an application for Hammer to be considered for the prestigious Queen's Award to Industry. Between October 1964 and September 1967, Hammer Films had generated export earnings to the value of £2,742,797, or 70 percent of a total income of almost £4 million (though given the way Hammer financed its productions, how much of this was actually received into the British treasury is another matter—"A con trick," Hinds called it). On April 10, 1968, when a £100 lunch for Fox executives had secured for Hammer the biggest overseas contract in the history of the company—the production of seventeen television films for a series called *Journey to the Unknown*—the application was officially approved.

The announcement that Hammer was to receive a Queen's Award to Industry (the first film company to be so honored) was released to the press on Thursday, April 18, 1968, but was "embargoed" until the following Monday, four days before work was to commence on *Dracula*

Has Risen from the Grave. With most editors opting to break the embargo, the news hit the nationals on the Saturday morning and made a front-page headline in the *Daily Sketch*: "Dracula And Co. Win Queen's Award."

"After twelve blood-soaked years of horror, Hammer Film Productions is to receive the highest honor Britain can give to a dollar-earner—the Queen's Award to Industry," Fergus Cashin and Sydney Brennan proclaimed. "Col. Carreras said at his home at Forest Row, Sussex, that Hammer has brought £5 million into Britain in the past three years. And most of it has been made with horror and blood." The *Daily Telegraph*'s report of the same day spoke of an "estimated" £5 million, but by the time the media was involved en masse, the amount was consensually exaggerated to this more rounded figure, just as the 70 percent average export earnings would become 80 percent in Sunday's *News of the World*. "The Award . . . goes to Hammer Films, the ghoul-and-gore specialists," David Roxan announced. "This means that films like *The Brides of Dracula* and *Frankenstein Created Woman* have received a royal accolade." Interviews on Radio 4 and BBC 2 followed quickly, with Col. James Carreras presiding over his stock-in-trade.

In reply to a question on *The World This Weekend* about the so-called different versions of Hammer's horror films, he explained: "They differed because of censorship. In Great Britain, we're only allowed to show a person placing a stake on Dracula's heart and raising the mallet. In America, they used to allow the mallet to hit the stake. In Japan, they not only wanted the mallet to hit the stake, but they wanted to see the fellow . . . sort of leap up and try and pull it out. That really was quite terrifying so we stopped doing that, and now we make them all the same." After ten years, it was still a good story, even if on this occasion it had been embellished from the script of a film that was to go on the floor a day later!

The award ceremony was arranged for Wednesday, May 29, and Carreras first suggested Hammer House as



James Carreras, Arthur Banks, Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, and Anthony Hinds (holding the Queen's Award to Industry) on the set of *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave*

the ideal venue, but this was soon amended to Pinewood Studios, where *Risen from the Grave* would be nearing completion. The particular nature of the award encouraged Carreras to downplay Hammer's history of horrors, especially in light of an early letter of congratulation from Earl Mountbatten (who had heard the news in advance from his own inside source: Vice-Adm. Ronald Brockman, executive director of the Variety Club of Great Britain), which intimated the possibility of a higher honor still. "Most of our pictures are of the Hitchcock type," Carreras wrote to Brigadier Sir Henry Floyd, the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Buckinghamshire, who would be making the presentation. He added, "Of course, we have had great successes with our horror films."

The brigadier took the hint (expanded upon in a preparatory lunch with Carreras and Tony Hinds on the Friday prior), as his speech was to testify on the day. "I know that you have had great success with what are termed 'horror films,'" he told the assembled cast and crew of *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave*, "but I was glad to learn from your Chairman that the word 'horror' does not include scenes of actual personal violence, and that in this respect your company feels you have a responsibility towards the viewing public." As they had just spent that very morning watching Christopher Lee being bloodily impaled on a large crucifix, this took some swallowing. What followed was more palatable. Construction manager Arthur Banks dutifully received the Award on behalf of Hammer, and all those present were treated to a luncheon of melon, salmon, strawberries, and Veuve Clicquot.

Mountbatten's letter was only one of a great many to come in the wake of the news. Everyone who was anyone in the industry rushed to pay tribute to Hammer and James Carreras. There were the expected notices of appreciation from Anthony Crosland at the Board of Trade, the British Export Council, and Fred Pontin on behalf of Variety Club, but as quick off the mark were Peter Cushing ("You must be very proud and deservedly so—love from Helen"); BBFC secretary John Trevelyan ("Great news"); several of Carreras's old army buddies and fellow Variety members; a cross-section of industry colleagues and suppliers; Patrick Williamson, U.K. managing director of Columbia Pictures; Henry Halsted; BBC radio film critic Peter Haig; various bank, insurance company, and pension fund managers (including one from Bank of America: "Feel proud to know you"); Hammer scriptwriter Peter Bryan; and Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all. Some tried to push their goods and services amid the applause, but most wanted simply to wish Hammer and its corporate head the very "best of British luck." Perhaps the most telling was the telegram from comedian Charlie Drake, which advised, "I'm afraid we're going to have to knock you six shots."

With the famous cogs-and-coronet insignia fluttering regally over Hammer House in the shape of the official flag, executives of the company were soon adorning themselves with all the approved aftermarket ephemera—neckties, lapel badges, cuff links—to flaunt the fact that Hammer had come of age as an industrial concern. The Royal Warrant was not bestowed in perpetuity, however; the Grant of Appointment which allowed Award-holders to display the crown-copyright emblem lapsed five years after the date on which the Award was announced. But five years down the road from April 20, 1968, James Carreras would have sold the company with which Her Majesty the Queen had been so "graciously pleased" to son Michael—his resignation as chairman and chief executive taking effect at midnight on January 30, 1973.

By the time Michael Carreras came to "inherit" Hammer Film Productions from his father, even the coveted blue flag of the Queen's Award to Industry was not to be part of the fixtures and fittings for very long.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. It was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness.

—Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*

Hammer's fifth Dracula would be more custom-made than its predecessor. The typical audience was now seen as being predominantly in the eighteen-to-thirty age group, and the heroes and heroines of the tales were to be brought into line. This meant, in effect, that the *savant* would make way for an embarrassing string of sweet young things, dabbling with sex, and almost incidentally defeating an adversary whom Van Helsing had previously required all of his prowess to tackle. The resulting film would be the first of Hammer's Gothics in which it would be obvious that the company was pandering to preconceived taste—the first in which it pointedly ignored the demands of the dress circle and directed its remarks to the gallery instead. ("Your fly's undone," one character advises another amid ribald laughter.)

Dracula Has Risen from the Grave would start a fad for exclamatory titles. It would be joined by *Destroy All*

Monsters (1968), *The Beast Must Die* (1973), *It's Alive* (1974), and *I Don't Want to Be Born* (aka *The Monster*, 1975), to name a few. Not everyone approved—Lee preferred the more prosaic "Dracula Arisen"—but it was appropriately antitraditionalist.

Terence Fisher had been slated to direct, but he was forced to withdraw when he broke his leg in a road accident, so Tony Hinds turned to the man who had replaced him on *The Evil of Frankenstein*. In the interim, Freddie Francis had been much influenced by the more fantastical worlds that he had been creating for rival Amicus, and with his peculiar pictorial style now in full flood, he brought the same phantasmagorical approach to *Risen from the Grave*. The result was to be a kaleidoscope of visual trickery, designed to numb the senses rather than stimulate them. The sex would be tacky and the violence tacked on, but on this occasion, it would work. *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave* was to become one of the highest grossers in the company's history.

MONSIGNOR MUELLER IS PERSUADED TO PERFORM AN EXORCISM OF CASTLE DRACULA, BUT THE HAPLESS PRIEST WHO HELPS HIM UNWITTINGLY REVIVES THE COUNT IN THE FROZEN MOAT. DRACULA VOWS REVENGE ON THE MONSIGNOR AND HIS NIECE, MARIA. THE PRIEST INSTALLS THE VAMPIRE IN THE CELLAR OF A CAFÉ AND DIRECTS HIM TO MARIA'S ROOM. MUELLER NOTICES THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE ON MARIA AND LIES IN WAIT, THWARTING DRACULA—BUT HE IS ATTACKED BY THE PRIEST AND HE DIES. MARIA'S BOYFRIEND, PAUL, IS NOW ALERT TO THE DANGER AND FORCES THE ERRANT PRIEST TO TAKE HIM TO THE COUNT'S RESTING PLACE. THERE, HE DRIVES A STAKE THROUGH THE VAMPIRE'S HEART—BUT THE PRIEST IS UNABLE TO COMPLETE THE RITUAL PRAYER, AND THE COUNT ESCAPES. DRACULA WILLS MARIA TO JOIN HIM, AND THE THREE SET OFF FOR THE CASTLE WITH PAUL IN HOT PURSUIT. DURING THE STRUGGLE THAT FOLLOWS, PAUL TOPPLES THE COUNT OVER THE PRECIPICE AND ONTO THE CRUCIFIX



Drac's back (again): *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave* (Ewan Hooper, Rupert Davies).

THAT MARIA HAS HURLED INTO THE VALLEY BELOW. THE PRIEST UTTERS THE PRAYER AND DIES, AND COUNT DRACULA TURNS TO DUST.

To say that *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave* is the most vivid of Hammer's Gothic horrors would be an understatement. From its psychedelic opening titles to its closing shot of the Wicked Warlock of the East melting into a mound of bright red *Plaka*, it is a cartoon caper: Hammer Horror meets pop art. The film was Bram Stoker through the mesh of a Warhol screen print, and it caught the mood of an increasingly cynical hip culture that wanted either "serious" art or comic-book fantasy—but nothing much in-between.

Under Freddie Francis's weird but gaudily vibrant sense of décor, two priests journey through the mist-shrouded landscapes of Peter Melrose's glass paintings in search of Siege Perilous, a looming Magic Castle on Bald Mountain; towering, expressionist roofscapes rise from the Hansel and Gretel village square as the fairy princess is summoned by the demon king; the vampire's every move is enveloped in an amber vignette, while a fish-eye lens bloats his features into the gargoyle corpulence of the Wicked Coachman in *Pinocchio*. Impressive as he could be, Lee is rarely more than a green-faced Doctor Doom here, pitted against the Less-than-Fantastic Four of Maria, Paul, the priest, and the monsignor.

In his attempt to ring the changes in the formula, Tony Hinds in his writer alter ego John Elder had revised all the rules of the game, but without the skill Jimmy Sangster had shown in being able to substitute something just as potent in their place. The Count can drain his victims, but not turn them into vampires as a result, and even the traditional stake is no longer enough. Not only does it need to be accompanied by the appropriate prayer, but the supplicant has to be *devout*, as well—otherwise Dracula can simply pull out the offending article and magically heal over, like many an alien from *I Married a Monster from Outer Space* onward. The goalposts were not just being shifted; they were being removed from the field altogether.



Dracula Has Risen from the Grave (Christopher Lee).

Since the films seemed to be turning into a serial rather than a series, escape clauses abound, as do images more fanciful than grotesque: an early victim is discovered hanging upside-down in a church *bell*; when Dracula expires on a huge cross, he dies weeping tears of *blood*. *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave* would be sold in the United States under tongue-in-cheek taglines such as "You Can't Keep a Good Man Down," but with more than half a million American combat troops now committed to the killing fields of Southeast Asia and student protests against the war increasing by the day, no one was in the mood to take such things seriously, in any event. If it had been its intention to spoof the film, then Warner Bros. would find an audience in tune. Nothing was sacred, and that was to be the appeal.

After the lull in production that followed *The Devil Rides Out*, Tony Nelson Keys had taken a leave of absence to work on a film version of the Mermaid Theatre's Restoration comedy romp, *Lock Up Your Daughters*. With Keys in Kilkenny, Ireland, production of *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave* had been put in the hands of Aida Young. Young was one of only a handful of women producers in the industry, and this was her first Gothic. She had been involved in the Unity Theatre before cutting her cinematic teeth on documentaries and short films, which she then abandoned in favor of commercial freelancing; after her stint at Bray in the early fifties, she had worked her way up to first assistant, production manager, and eventually associate producer. "I was the only woman doing my kind of job anywhere in the feature industry. I was the first third [assistant director], the first second. . . . If you were a woman, you had to do continuity, or you were a secretary, or you were wardrobe, makeup and hair—that was it." In the capacity of associate producer, Young had assisted Michael Carreras on *What a Crazy World*, and when he had returned to Hammer, she accompanied him, to fulfill the same function on *She* and *One Million Years B.C.* She had asked Tony Hinds if she could produce the sequel to the former by herself. Hinds had agreed, and *The Vengeance of She* was her only other producer credit.

During the making of *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave*, Young referred to some of Peter Melrose's matte paintings as "Gibbs's castles"—an allusion to a picture on a popular brand of toothpaste. The series which had benefited from them was becoming just as disposable.

In his application for the Queen's Award, James Carreras had stated, "Our production program has been completely geared to overseas markets and in particular to the United States." With the respite provided by the award celebrations at an end and the blue flag flying in triumph over Hammer House, that program was now to resume in earnest. Warming to his newfound theme of respectability, Carreras told the *Financial Times*, "I suppose you could call us junior Hitchcocks. We specialize not so much in horror films as in thrillers." Over at the *Express*, Christopher Lee was pointing out, not for the first time, that of the ninety-one films *he* had made, only fifteen had been in the horror vein.

Gothic horror was becoming a thing of the past, as far as Hammer was concerned—the Hammer of James Carreras and Brian Lawrence (now a director of the company), at any rate. As far as Michael Carreras was concerned, it had been a thing of the past for many years. By July 1968, *The Lost Continent* had followed *The*



When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth (Robin Hawdon, Victoria Vetri).

Devil Rides Out into release and Val Guest had prepared a script for *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth*, a sequel of sorts to *One Million Years B.C.* About to go into preproduction were *Moon Zero Two* and *Crescendo*, and on the horizon were titles like *In the Sun* and *The Day the Earth Cracked Open*—which left only *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed* and yet another outing for Count Dracula. It was a Hammer that Tony Hinds no longer recognized—a Hammer whose two main series characters seemed ready to degenerate into nothing more than sub-Bond ciphers, destined to ride a merry-go-round of ever more repetitive adventures until the public tired of them. And if all that were not enough, there was *Journey to the Unknown*.

With a budget of $3 million in a three-way deal between Fox, ABC-TV, and Hammer and a looming dateline of September 23 for the completion of the seventeen hours of television, it was now imperative that the treadmill which had been set in motion on May 24 be brought up to speed. A lot was riding on *Journey to the Unknown*, and, as a token of Hammer's commitment, Carreras had chosen to second his codirector to the line producer who had been allocated to the show by Fox. It was a decision that would deal Hammer the biggest blow of its twenty-year existence.

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In June 1967, Eliot Hyman's Seven Arts had taken control of Warner Bros. in a $125 million buyout that had been under way since the previous November. By September 1968, James Carreras was launching a major program of production at ABPC's Elstree Studios in advance of signing a new five-picture deal for Warner Bros. with his old partner. And on October 11, he hosted a luncheon at the Savoy in honor of Ken Hyman, now vice president of worldwide production for Warner Bros.–Seven Arts. Present were the cast and crew of *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave* and *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth*, as well as regular industry notables such as Jack Goodlatte, Bill Cartlidge, Columbia's Bill Graf, Nat Cohen, and Bernard Delfont. "When Jim Carreras shows us a poster with a title on it, we know the script probably has not been written yet—but that we shall have a marvelous, profitable picture delivered to us in due course. I wish that more people could function in the same way," Hyman enthused. But Hammer's relations with the Hymans had already reached their peak, and a second takeover within a year would see Warner Bros. controlled by the Kinney Corporation, whose Ted Ashley would not be the pushover for Carreras's title, poster, and promise routine that Eliot (and Ken) Hyman had been.

If Ashley was the Ghost of Christmas Future for Hammer, his presence was undetected as yet. The Ghost of Christmas Present came in the guise of the rechristened Association of Cinematograph, Television and Allied Technicians (ACTT), and among the assembled guests, it was Tony Hinds who was being haunted by the specter at the feast. Even with *Journey to the Unknown* now complete, there was little for him to celebrate.

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> *Why can't I make a lot of "polite" conversation, like everybody else? What do I have to take things so seriously for?*
>
> —Paul, *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave*

The dichotomy that existed in the British film industry—with its monopoly distribution—was the conflict between art and commerce. As Michael Carreras had observed, "The cinema in this country is up against the establishment mind." This was reflected in a stark light at Hammer. His various assertions about how the company functioned marked James Carreras as an archetypal Thatcherite businessman (before the term was ever invented). Yet the commodity he sold was not a product of automation and the conveyor-belt, but of groups of individually talented men and women—artists in many cases, craftspersons in all. Tony Hinds stood between these two conflicting philosophies, and it fell to him to translate the wishes and desires of the one into the language and *modus* of the other.

The contradictions of Hammer were thus embodied in the personalities of the two men who had built it. One was reserved, urbane, and passive; the other was active, extroverted, entrepreneurial. They could be complementary types, but when the market garden turned into a factory farm, these divisions had surfaced, and each man had gravitated instinctively toward his natural environment. In the case of Carreras, it had been kindred spirits among the bigger fish of the film industry. "He preferred wining and dining executives in London's best restaurants, at which he was very good," was Hinds's opinion of that aspect of the business—one which was anathema to himself and, to some degree, to Michael Carreras as well: "Tony was never a man for mixing with those sort of people; he had nothing to communicate with them."

Since 1965, the two had drifted apart in ideology. Hinds had tired of the type of film that Hammer had begun to make and had contented himself with fulfilling the executive duties required of him. He traveled to and from

Soho by train, rarely leaving the confines of his office and seeing only those who desired to see him. James Carreras, on the other hand, still followed the teachings of Onward and Upward—a doctrine that took little account of who had helped to build the ladder in the first place.

Over the years, Hinds had absorbed a series of personal setbacks. The critical assault on *Never Take Sweets from a Stranger* had hurt. The ACT's refusal to grant him a ticket that would have enabled him to work for Balcon had hurt more. The executive duties had taken their toll on his enthusiasm, and what he thought of as being "hired out" to line producers Joan Harrison and Jack Fleischman on *Journey to the Unknown* had taken what remained of his self-respect.

But there had been no arguing with Carreras. "He saw me as part of the package," Hinds said, and all his wily partner's persuasive powers had been brought to bear to ensure compliance. "ABC in America decided that as I'd had no experience in television, they ought to send over a representative. . . . She was very nice—we got on very well. But I hated that; I hated being demoted. . . . I didn't think I would—but I did." The Carreras charm was impossible to resist, as Christopher Lee would also discover, and Hinds was an honorable man. "I had to do it, and I had to stay with it all the way through, hating nearly every minute of it." On the last week of the twenty-six-week contract, while shooting on location, the union refused to sanction any overtime. Hinds was so incensed at this that he resigned from the ACTT immediately on close of production. It was to end his career as a producer.

"He was a changed man," Michael Carreras thought. Always mercurial, rarely assertive—the Hammer hierarchy was known as father, son, and "holy ghost"—Hinds had been in the financial position to retire since the death of his father in 1959. The twenty-six weeks of postproduction chores on *Journey to the Unknown* would keep him occupied until the spring of 1969. But by then, with *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed* ready for its West End opening at the very same Warner theater that had hosted *The Curse of Frankenstein* less than twelve years before, Tony Hinds would find the pressure to retire irresistible.

I fancy . . . that I *am the spider, and you . . . are the fly, Frankenstein.*

—Professor Brandt,
Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed

The most striking aspect of Hammer's fifth Frankenstein is that it was not shot at Bray, written by John Elder, or even produced by Anthony Hinds, yet Hinds's presence is stamped all over it. The production that was to commence on January 13, 1969, would be the last true Hammer Horror—the last film with the feel, the style, and the look of the golden age greats; Terence Fisher knew the score, but Tony Nelson Keys had learned the music well. Sadly, it was to be his curtain call, also.

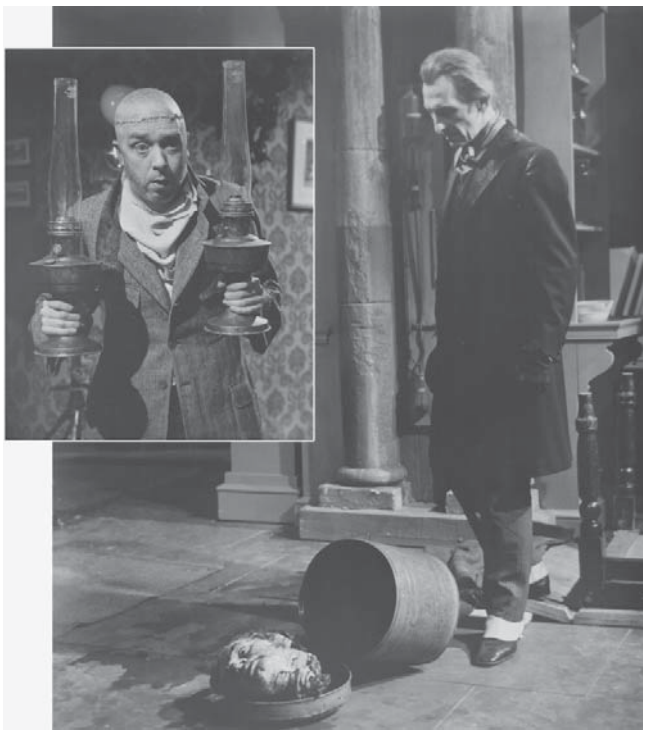
Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed was aided by a good script. This was all the more surprising, since it was a first for long-time assistant director Bert Batt and was continuously rewritten to add new scenes and stretch its running time as it was shot. Here, the baron is his old self, "a dangerous medical adventurer" who commits the "crime of the century" as the story begins. After lopping off a convenient head with a sickle, he surprises an intruder in his laboratory and a fight ensues, during which the lab is comprehensively wrecked and his hatbox falls open to reveal this latest in an accumulation of spare parts—just like Danny's in *Night Must Fall*. Frankenstein was back. And he was mean.

WHEN A BURGLAR STUMBLES UPON FRANKENSTEIN'S LABORATORY, THE POLICE ARE CALLED TO INVESTIGATE. THE BARON ESCAPES AND TAKES UP RESIDENCE AT A BOARDING-HOUSE RUN BY ANNA SPENGLER. HE BLACKMAILS ANNA AND HER BOYFRIEND KARL INTO HELPING HIM FREE BRAIN SPECIALIST DR. BRANDT FROM AN INSANE ASYLUM, TO OBTAIN HIS FORMULA FOR TRANSPLANTATION. BUT THE DOCTOR SUFFERS A HEART ATTACK, AND THE BARON IS FORCED TO TRANSPLANT HIS BRAIN INTO A NEW BODY: THAT OF PROFESSOR RICHTER. A VISIT FROM THE POLICE AROUSES THE SUSPICIONS OF BRANDT'S WIFE AND SHE RECOGNIZES FRANKENSTEIN; HE REASSURES HER ABOUT HIS INTENTIONS, BUT MAKES READY TO LEAVE. BRANDT AWAKES IN RICHTER'S BODY, BUT IS ACCIDENTALLY WOUNDED BY ANNA. ENRAGED BY HER STUPIDITY, FRANKENSTEIN KILLS HER. BRANDT GOES TO SEE HIS WIFE FOR THE LAST TIME. AFTER BIDDING HER FAREWELL, HE SETS A TRAP FOR FRANKENSTEIN. HE LURES THE BARON TO THE HOUSE AND BLOCKS THE EXITS BY HURLING OIL LAMPS AT THEM. IN THE MELEE, KARL IS SHOT. THE BARON TRIES TO FLEE THE INFERNO, BUT BRANDT CARRIES HIM BACK INTO THE BURNING BUILDING.

Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed is more than usually alert to the dramatic benefits of narrative crosscutting, as the new experiment is interwoven with a police investigation into the old one (much of which was added later). There are some original touches: Frankenstein is said to

be a native of Bohemia, for one. There is the occasional line that smacks of Cushing: "Doctor Knox had Burke and Hare to assist him; think what they did for surgery—I have *you*," he informs his young hostages to fortune. There is also some effective incidental humor. Observing Karl, paintbrush in hand, "decorating" the Spengler house to distract the police's attention away from the nefarious activities within, the sergeant remarks, "I hope he's a better doctor than he is a painter." And one eloquent and poignant scene has Frau Brandt confronted by her erstwhile husband in the body of another man. But depth is largely dispensed with for the sake of pace, and although it slackens off toward the end, Fisher still maintains it at a high level.

At the climax, the onus is snatched away from the baron and given over to the man-monster he has created, and it is he who orchestrates the exciting and original conclusion in the house—the best of the entire series. First he flings oil lamps at the various exits and then, when Frankenstein still manages to escape by hurling himself through the French windows, Brandt carries him, kicking and screaming, into the flames of a new age of random horror. But despite the lacing of gore and a spurt of sex, the savage brutality that was now starting to imbue the horror films of the American underground was nowhere to be found in *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*. Hammer Horror had begun to take on an antique charm. To audiences becoming inured to outrage through daily news bulletins from Vietnam, the self-serving barbarism of Baron Frankenstein was starting to look like mere expediency.



Mad monster maker: *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed* (Peter Cushing). *Inset:* Freddie Jones prepares the fiery finale.

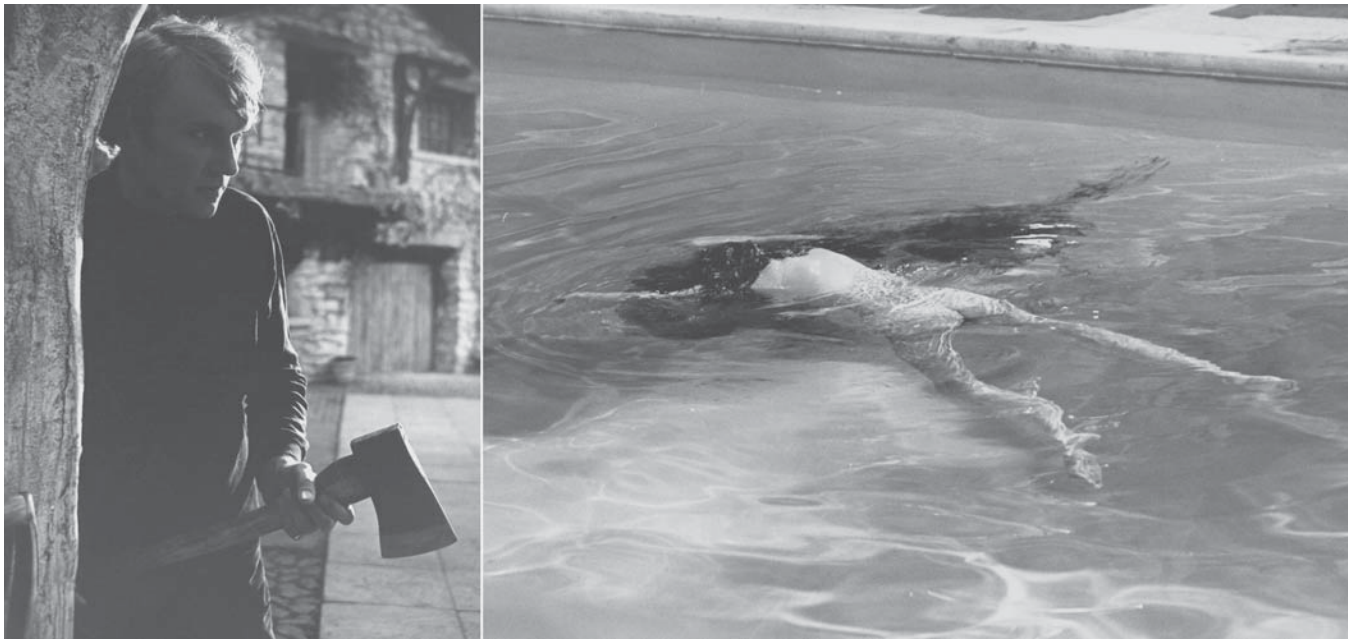
With his last two films for Hammer, the sixty-five-year-old Fisher seemed to have caught a second wind. But his failure to offset some of the gratuitous sadism nevertheless confirms the journeyman nature of his talent. Hinds's opinion of Fisher was pragmatic: "Terry used to come into script readings, but he would be just as happy not to; he didn't think that was his job. His attitude was, 'Give me the script, and I'll give you as good a job as I can give you.'" Not that it mattered—*none* of it was good enough, now. *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed* was castigated by a correspondent to *Films and Filming* for "not having *enough* . . . horrific scenes."

> *I have become the victim of everything Frankenstein and I ever advocated. . . . My brain . . . is in someone else's body!*
>
> —Professor Brandt,
> *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*

This was the end of the line for Frankenstein. Two more films would be produced, but the notion of a continuing series was effectively to finish here.

Hammer had put other projects on the floor in the meanwhile. The first was the ill-timed space opera *Moon Zero Two*, and the second was *Crescendo*, from a script by Alfred Shaughnessy and Michael Reeves that had been revised by Jimmy Sangster following Reeves's drug-related death in February 1969 at the age of twenty-four. Christopher Lee had expressed a desire to star in *Crescendo*, but Warner Bros. "wanted an American," so James Olson stepped in from *Moon Zero Two*, instead. With or without Lee, the outcome was slow and predictable, with Jekyll-and-Hyde twin brothers alternately serenading and menacing a brace of unsuspecting women in another remote chateau in the south of France (actually the Elstree back lot).

Having fulfilled his obligations on *Journey to the Unknown* and written a screenplay for one more Dracula, Anthony Hinds ceased to play any further role in the affairs of the company. With typical humility, he subsequently began to feel that he had "deserted the sinking ship," and, a year later, offered his half-share in Hammer to James Carreras at the latter's request. Carreras offered him the nominal sum of £5,000 (and the retention of his company car) in return, ostensibly to compensate him for "loss of office." The Hinds family connection having effectively ended, secretary James Dawson—whom



Left: James Olson wields the axe in *Crescendo. Right:* Jane Lapotaire on the receiving end.

William Hinds had brought to Hammer with him—also resigned, and on April 14, he was replaced by the thirty-five-year-old Roy Skeggs.

The certainties of the sixties were evaporating in the cold light of the austerity to come. The teen scene that had begun with *Going to a Go-Go* was ending with a plea to *Gimme Shelter*. What remained of the hippie dream was turning sour in an excess of drugs and despair, and on August 9, 1969, it was wiped out for good at the point of a knife with the atrocity perpetrated in the Hollywood Hills by Charles Manson and his "dune-buggy attack battalion."[14]

The *Now* Generation had been finding forms of escapism other than that provided by the cinema. In the course of the decade, the number of movie halls in the United Kingdom had fallen by 50 percent, and attendance figures had declined by 75 percent. At Hammer, trade screamers were readied for the winter of 1969. *In the Sun*, *Disaster in Space*, *The Reluctant Virgin* (*The Bride of Newgate Gaol*), *When the World Cracked Open, The Haunting of Toby Jugg*, and *The Claw*—all were trumpeted, but only one would ever see the light of day.

With Warner Bros. now in the hands of Ted Ashley, a tighter budgetary regime was to be imposed on all future coproductions with Hammer. Further renewals would be more dependent on past results. In line with this new corporate thinking, the quota of films was to be reduced to one a year. "You can forget Frankenstein," James Carreras immediately advised the trades. "It's Dracula the kids are interested in."

For Anthony Hinds, the Hammer days were at an end, and with the completion of *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*, Anthony Nelson Keys followed into the wasteland. Hinds would perform some writing assignments on a free-lance basis before eventually going to live in Majorca, then subsequently returning to England and the world of amateur dramatics in rural Gloucestershire. Keys went on to form the short-lived Charlemagne Productions with Christopher Lee before his eventual retirement to the golf course.

James Carreras had never considered that Hinds, at only forty-six, might unilaterally decide to call it a day—much less that his impulsive departure would be the first step along the road toward the disintegration of the company. But Hinds had gone, and unlike Michael Carreras, he did *not* intend to come back. The House that was Hammer had begun to fall.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Boom and Bust, 1970–1972



Sir James Carreras.

I can't say that I greeted them with any particular enthusiasm because I felt that the Hammer genre was coming to the end of its natural life, and, indeed, the box office receipts of these films reflected this.

—Bryan Forbes, on Hammer's Elstree films

"I think they went wrong when Tony Hinds left. . . . I don't think anyone else had the same sympathy, the same feeling for quality. To me, Tony Hinds was Hammer," Don Sharp would later inform an interviewer from the BBC. Of the talents who had helped Hammer Films to become a legend in its own time, few now remained. With the passing of the decade, so went Jack Asher, Roy Ashton, Freddie Francis, John Gilling (to cinematic exile in Spain), editor James Needs (after what was termed a "professional disagreement" over the editing shop, which he had persuaded Tony Hinds to let him run), and Bernard Robinson.[1] The best of the Hammer years were gone with them.

In addition, Bray was about to be sold, and Hammer House, as well. All the great creative ties were to be severed between past and present. Meanwhile, Terence Fisher, returning to his beloved Holly Cottage in Twickenham after directing *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*, walked in front of another car at Richmond station, breaking his leg for a second time. This would put him out of action until autumn 1972.

Hammer's budgets had doubled over the prior decade; the average cost of each production had now risen to £200,000. The men in suits were to have their day at last: never mind the quality—feel the cost-efficiency. If the speed and proficiency of each new Hammer Production was still to be admired, the skill and flair that

had given them their striking individuality in the past had vanished. The craftsmen whom James Carreras had often deployed as objects of disdain when asked the secret of Hammer's success were no more. In their place were crude factory economics and the cynical concept of film as commodity. The man who took pride in declaring, "We are a purely commercial company. We know straight away when there's a slight fall-off, and then we just tear up scripts," was in sole charge.[2]

Despite the outward show of equanimity, Hinds's departure was followed by an unseemly rush to the protection of the Transylvanian barricades. Hinds had supplied another Dracula script, and Carreras quickly seized upon it as a means of keeping things afloat until a newer program could be found. First, there was the usual hurdle to be crossed: Christopher Lee. After some wrangling, and for an agreed fee of £13,000, Hammer was able to negotiate around him and make it to the other side, and the unsavory-sounding *Taste the Blood of Dracula* started at Elstree on the last week of October 1969. But this fifth episode in the saga took care of Hammer's Warner Bros. allocation for 1970, and even the ever-confident James Carreras was now less than certain of what the future was to hold.

"With each successive screenplay that I read, it was quite obvious that they'd written the general story first, and then started asking themselves how they were going to fit the character of Dracula into the story," Lee subsequently would comment in relation to the declining values of the series as a whole. It was an astute observation, and *Taste the Blood of Dracula* was the film on which he based it.



Saucy publicity pose for *Taste the Blood of Dracula* (Christopher Lee).

HARGOOD, PAXTON, AND SECKER ALL LIVE DOUBLE LIVES. WHEN THEY MEET WITH THE DEPRAVED LORD COURTLEY AT A BROTHEL, HE PERSUADES THEM TO JOIN HIM IN A BLACK MAGIC CEREMONY TO RAISE THE SPIRIT OF COUNT DRACULA. DURING THE RITE, COURTLEY DRINKS THE BLOOD OF DRACULA AND IS INFECTED WITH A DREADFUL MADNESS; HE IS KILLED BY THE OTHERS. DRACULA COMES TO LIFE AGAIN IN THE BODY OF THE DEAD ARISTOCRAT AND SWEARS REVENGE ON THE THREE. HIS INSTRUMENT WILL BE THEIR CHILDREN. HARGOOD IS KILLED BY HIS DAUGHTER, WIELDING A SHOVEL, PAXTON HAS A WOODEN STAKE DRIVEN THROUGH HIS HEART, AND SECKER IS STABBED TO DEATH BY HIS SON. PAXTON'S SON, PAUL, RESOLVES TO EXORCISE THE EVIL. HE PURSUES THE COUNT TO A DESANCTIFIED CHAPEL, AND IN A BATTLE OF WILLS, DRACULA IS OVERCOME BY THE HOLY POWER. HE FALLS TO HIS DEATH ON THE ALTAR—AND ALL THAT REMAINS IS RED ASH.

Taste the Blood of Dracula was originally intended to be a Dracula film in name only. While Carreras was persuading Lee to reappear, an exasperated Brian Lawrence had encouraged Hinds to write the next opus *without* the Count, in the style of *The Brides of Dracula*. Hinds was unaware of what was going on behind the scenes. "I was asked to write a script that didn't need Lee because I was told he had become too expensive," he said. Lawrence felt that Hammer's one remaining ace should not forsake the allegiance that had helped forge his career in the first place—especially at its time of greatest need. "Too expensive" referred to the doubling of Lee's usual fee, after his recent appearance in Billy Wilder's *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*. (Lee's fee had already risen from £5,000 to £8,000 between *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* and *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave*.)

Lee saw things differently. "I've never denied the debt I owe you," he told Lawrence. "I've never denied the obligations, the responsibilities. But I long ago discharged that debt and all those obligations. I don't owe you anything—not now."

For his part, Lawrence had been content to argue the point, but not so Warner Bros. A new vampire named Lord Courtley held little appeal for them, and Lawrence had been forced to relent while Carreras turned on the big guns. "It was a great performance he put on, I may say," Lee recollects. "He called me at home, because I was a personal friend—which put me in an impossible situation. The operative phrase he used to use was, 'You *must* do these films because we've already got a deal with Warners. If you don't do this film, think of the people you will put out of work.'" Lee thought about it and came to the conclusion that humility was the better part of valor. A new draft of the script inserted the Count in place of Courtley (the latter was meant to have become a vampire in the original story). This encouraged a legion of trendy critics to note symbolic significance in Dracula's quasi-metaphorical incursions into the narrative and sanction the cut-and-paste expedience as serious "art."

To direct *Taste the Blood of Dracula*, the choice of Peter Sasdy, whose visual style was fresh from the faster pulse of television, was further testament to the company's willingness to remove itself from the rigid corporate approach of the past in the search for alternative ideas. Even the advertising was given a slicker glaze. Pinching the concept of the American ads for *Risen from the Grave*, the new film would be plugged with the tagline "Drink a Pint of Blood a Day," playing off a recent campaign on behalf of the Milk Marketing Board. But the film had been "pepped up" in other ways, too. An episode in a bordello was extended to include some topless tarts. These scenes found their way into a special sex-and-horror edition of *EXciting Cinema* magazine, but not onto American screens.

Taste the Blood of Dracula was the bells-and-whistles salute of the partygoer who refuses to acknowledge that the revelry has stopped. And yet, in a way, Hammer got it right. If the end result was tiresome—all handheld cameras, murky photography, throbbing zooms, and frenetic pacing—it matched the jaded palettes of the post-sixties youth who waited gloomily for the inevitable anticlimax of the next decade. If the tone was deadbeat, with nowhere to go, it was perfect fodder for minds heading inexorably toward the end of their tether. These were downer days, and *Taste the Blood of Dracula* was Hammer's unwitting contribution to the general malaise.

And now he's out of the way, your own star can shine more brightly, can't it? Three cheers for Preston! Give him a knighthood!

—Paul Preston, *The Mummy's Shroud*

The Sweet Ride may have gone on its helter-skelter way, but for the man who had escorted Prince Philip and Earl Mountbatten on two phenomenally successful fund-raising tours of the United States and Canada only two years before (which together had raised more than £790,000 for charity), there was still the Variety Club, with its royal patronage.

The chairman and managing director of Hammer Films became *Sir* James Carreras in the New Year Honors List of 1969. It was the fulfillment of a lifelong ambition, and it finally set the seal on Hammer's quest for respectability. "His life was Variety Club—charities. He mixed with royalty. He was always frightened of sullying his reputation," Michael observed. But with Hinds gone in all but name on the letterhead (which would be rectified in May 1970, when he was finally to resign his directorship), desperation had begun to creep in, and the panic expressed by the insertion of a gratuitous rape scene into *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed* was still calling the tune.[3]

By now, the word on the street was that the system of classifying films for exhibition in Britain (which the British Board of Film Censors had operated virtually unchanged since 1951) was to be completely revised. The liberalizing of attitudes had radically redefined what was acceptable on the screen. In conjunction with this, there was consternation both inside and outside the industry about what was perceived to be a lack of family entertainment. At this point, some 55 percent of all films were being classified "X." It was clear that something had to be done, and a new category, "AA" (with a reduced age restriction of fourteen), was introduced, allowing the age of the "X" certificate to be raised and the number of "X" films to be lowered, as borderline cases became "AA" instead. With an 18-X, a new market of possibility opened up to Hammer: horror *and* sex.[4]

With the more liberal censorship, which was soon to sanction Ken Russell's *The Devils*, Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, and Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs*, the once-dangerous cocktail of horror and sex was suddenly viable. "In an increasingly permissive age, we modified our attitude to the introduction of sex. Nudity became quite common in these films and by 1970, we even had



James Carreras and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh attend a Variety Club international fund-raising event in Toronto.

lesbian vampires," wrote John Trevelyan. But they were not to arrive before the BBFC had put up what was now becoming a token display of resistance.

In October 1969, Carreras had been approached with the idea of filming the 1871 novella *Carmilla* (written by Irish Gothicist Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu) by the trio of Harry Fine, Michael Style, and Tudor Gates, operating under a collective of Fantale Films. Using his friendship with James H. Nicholson of American-International Pictures (AIP), a typical poster rendering of the theme was commissioned, and Carreras struck a coproduction agreement with AIP to finance the film. In the deal signed on November 25, production was to be subcontracted to Fantale, under the aegis of Hammer.

Fine was known to Carreras from his acting days in *To Have and to Hold* (1950) before he had moved to a varied career on the other side of the camera. Louis M. "Deke" Heyward, with a string of British horror productions behind him, was to be executive producer on AIP's behalf. Terence Fisher was still out of active service, so Roy Ward Baker was assigned to direct. Peter Cushing agreed to add his weight to the piece—which left only Carmilla to cast. A new Hammer glamor-girl, Polish-born Ingrid Pitt, ingratiated herself sufficiently with Sir James for him not only to offer her the role but to herald her as "the first exciting new star of the new decade." To back her up, the usual sterling cross-section of British acting talent was assembled, and *The Vampire Lovers* went into Elstree on January 19, 1970.

The idea of basing the film on *Carmilla* was Fine's, but it was left to Gates to fully exploit the sex angle. When the BBFC saw that *The Vampire Lovers* were of the Sapphic bent, Trevelyan wrote to Fine listing twenty-three objections and, mindful of the problems that his board had encountered over the lesbianism in Robert Aldrich's *The Killing of Sister George*, added the warning that if his concerns were not taken seriously, the resulting film could not be passed for exhibition. Fine responded by

disowning the script's "lurid and graphic stage directions," but reminded Trevelyan that the lesbianism in the story was Le Fanu's, not Gates's.

Trevelyan's dictate was received a week into the shooting, and Baker was requested to downplay the lesbian element. But by then it was too late; in Baker's words, "The boat had already sailed."[5] Nevertheless, the film would be awarded an "X" certificate, without significant cuts.

IN THE PROVINCE OF STYRIA, BARON HARTOG SEEKS OUT THE KARNSTEIN VAMPIRES AND DESTROYS THEM. ONLY ONE GRAVE ESCAPES THE BARON'S FRENZIED WORK: THAT OF A YOUNG GIRL—CARMILLA KARNSTEIN. YEARS PASS, AND CARMILLA IS REINTRODUCED INTO SOCIETY AS MARCILLA, THE DAUGHTER OF A COUNTESS. SHE IS INVITED TO STAY WITH GENERAL SPIELSDORF. WHEN THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER DIES OF ANEMIA, CARMILLA VANISHES. SOME TIME LATER, AT THE HOUSE OF ROGER MORTON, CARMILLA PREYS ON HIS DAUGHTER EMMA AND HER GOVERNESS. THE BUTLER SUSPECTS AND CALLS IN A DOCTOR, WHO DIAGNOSES VAMPIRISM. BOTH ARE KILLED BY CARMILLA. MORTON SENDS FOR BARON HARTOG. HE ARRIVES IN THE COMPANY OF THE GENERAL AND CARL. TOGETHER THEY TRACE CARMILLA KARNSTEIN'S ANCESTRAL GRAVE, AND CARL RETURNS TO THE HOUSE IN TIME TO SAVE EMMA. THE BARON ORDERS THE GRAVE DISINTERRED; INSIDE IS THE BODY OF CARMILLA. SHE IS PUT TO THE STAKE AND DECAPITATED. A MAN IN BLACK WATCHES SILENTLY, THEN TURNS AND RIDES AWAY.

Adapting *Carmilla* for the screen was neither novel nor original. Carl Dreyer's *Vampyr* (1931) is credited as having been sourced from it (although the link ends there); Roger Vadim's *Et mourir de plaisir* (U.K. and U.S. title, *Blood and Roses*; 1960) was a "contemporary" reading; even Christopher Lee, during a sojourn in Italy, had trod the path of the Karnsteins (in *Crypt of Horror*, 1963). What *was* novel and original was making explicit the lesbian undertone in the Le Fanu story. For "explicit," read crass and embarrassing in the Hammer version, however. Much soft-porn, full-frontal female caressing (bosoms exposed, if not directly fondled) substitutes for the veiled eroticism of the Vadim film. And with the vampire's bite moved from neck to bosom, any narrative requirement for exposure of the wound served a dual purpose. Nevertheless, the film supplied a demand, and did so with a certain crude style. Considering her ingénue status and the occasional awkwardnesses of a persistent accent, Ingrid Pitt acquits herself surprisingly well, conveying the plight and passion of her vampiric entrapment with a depth of skill that would elude Yutte Stensgaard when she took over the role in *Lust for a Vampire*. And whatever else may be said about *The Vampire Lovers*, its reverence to Le Fanu cannot be faulted, so faithfully adhered to are all the basic tenets of the story.

> *The enemies I sought were no ordinary mortals—they were murderers from beyond the grave. For this ruined castle, where I laid in wait, had once been the home of the Karnstein family . . . and at certain times, their evil spirits thrust out from their moldering tombs and took a kind of . . . human shape—to roam the countryside, and seek for victims to satisfy their need, their passion, their thirst . . . for blood!*
>
> *Sometimes to court its victim, savoring its enjoyment, and other times—to strangle and exhaust at a single feast.*
>
> —Baron Hartog, *The Vampire Lovers*

Not only does this discourse—part of a lengthy precredits sequence—set the tone of the upcoming story, but it also sets out to establish the new rules by which Hammer's vampires were to operate in the decade ahead. Although the concept of the vampire that could kill or savor as it chose is wholly Le Fanu's, the redefining of the myth helped counter one of the anomalies that had crept into the Dracula series, where some victims would become vampires while others would simply expire in an instant of bloodlust. Of course, new anomalies present themselves in the process. Le Fanu's *Carmilla* could walk abroad in shaded sunlight, and she could remain absent from her tomb for an inordinate length of time. She is fundamentally of supernatural origin, yet she could eat, love, and feel like any ordinary mortal. In *The Vampire Lovers*, these aspects of the tale are dealt with less satisfactorily.

The narrative follows its source exactly. Carmilla inveigles herself into one household, then, at greater length, into a second, from whence she is dispatched. Baker declared himself unhappy with this construction, reasoning that the first vampiric excursion into the Spielsdorf home gave the game away. Le Fanu was interested in other effects, though, and in terms of *The Vampire Lovers* breaking the mold of previous Hammer bloodsuckers, the film survives the flaw if the original

assault is seen, like Hartog's soliloquy, as merely laying down the ground rules for what is to follow. But when Carmilla returns to her grave at the climax—having faded from Carl's view as though she were a ghost—in order that she can be staked by the waiting contingent of outraged patriarchs, there is the appearance of contrivance. Similarly, the vampire's attacks are mainly conveyed in dream imagery, with Carmilla in the form of a cat (as per the novella). No one seems to be entirely sure as to whether they are making a story of the supernatural or a vampire yam in the old Hammer tradition, where such creatures of the night are firmly rooted in flesh and blood.

The limitations of Hammer's tight budgets were becoming as transparent as Carmilla herself in the finale of *The Vampire Lovers*. In the view of Christopher Lee, "Production values were deteriorating—stories were deteriorating—and you didn't have to be a genius to know the reason: you were given a time and you were given an amount, and that was it. Not a penny more and not a day more." Here, the budget had demanded a minimum of sets, and, unusually for a Hammer Horror (though the practice was soon to become the norm), much use was made of location shooting. Moor Park Golf Club stood in for General Spielsdorf's imposing residence, and Wallhall College in Aldenham was the Morton house. In addition to these is a small-scale (though effective) castle interior and an obligatory graveyard, whose limited confines and workaday painted backdrop are barely disguised by an overabundance of mist and low-key photography. But the period design is nice, the whole is authentically dressed, and Baker and his cast manage some lasting effects: Spielsdorf's heartfelt howl of entreaty to Carmilla at the death of his daughter, its echo plowing the empty house in a vain search for the departed vampire; Moray Grant's restless camera prowling around the gravestones in search of Carmilla's tomb; the dawning of understanding between the principals of the horror in their midst, when each recognizes in the other's tale of woe the mirror-image of his own—"Only now do I see the evil in her eyes," Morton acknowledges to the portrait of Carmilla, as it, rather than the corpse of the vampire, ages and decays before his eyes, in the style of Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray.

Not that horror was absent. Graphic stakings maintained the state of the art, and a stunning decapitation got the proceedings under way in the grand manner. The lesbian intrigues, despite voyeuristic handling, did provide a viable alternative reading of the real nature of the "infection" that was posited to be running through these repressed households. But the most striking thing about *The Vampire Lovers* was the marked deterioration in the quality of the product in the twelve months which had elapsed since *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*.

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> *Thus ends my account of the fearsome Karnsteins. Before God, may we be spared from these supernatural happenings again.*
>
> —Baron Hartog, *The Vampire Lovers*

Not likely. With *The Vampire Lovers* presold, work started immediately on a follow-up, again under the auspices of Fantale, announced as *To Love a Vampire*. On its American release, *The Vampire Lovers* received an R (Restricted) MPAA rating, even though it had already been cut by AIP. More worrying for James Carreras was the fact that a deal for further coproductions was summarily abandoned; the company could not be trusted to deliver in the way that its erstwhile partner had been led to expect. "Hammer was like a ship without a rudder," Deke Heyward observed of the short-lived liaison: "There was a feeling of carelessness, which extended from the casting to the overseeing of the money. There was no backup to anything—no substance. It was like being part of a fairy tale; for all of Jimmy Carreras's smiling, I didn't know who the Wicked Witch was, and I should've liked to have known. I didn't know who was running the company." The sequel went into the works regardless, but from this point on, Hammer Horror had to be entirely home-produced.

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With *The Vampire Lovers* failing to deliver a transatlantic alliance that would have helped replace the effective loss of Warner Bros., it was just as well that the head of Hammer had seen fit to hedge his bets. The time had come to call in some favors, and a bit of arm-twisting at the Club enabled him to mount a double bill of his main attractions, Dracula and Frankenstein, through the Associated British Picture Corporation (ABPC)[6] and its chairman, Bernard Delfont—and with all-British finance for a change.

There was a fundamental difference in the structure of this arrangement, however. As with other ABPC productions, overseas sales were to be negotiated *after* completion of the films. For the first time since the 1950s, Hammer had no distribution guarantee. But in the original compact between Hammer and Warner Bros.–Seven Arts, Warner Bros. had been given legal



Left: Christopher Lee and Christopher Matthews in *Scars of Dracula*. *Right:* Ingrid Pitt in *The Vampire Lovers*.

right of first refusal on Dracula subjects, and that worked in Hammer's favor to secure the deal with ABPC.

Christopher Lee was once more begged and cajoled to play the Count. "Jimmy made it a personal thing on the basis of our friendship," Lee recalls. "It was wrong, there's no question about it." Lee suggested to his agent, John Redway, that he should try to secure him a percentage deal to agree. Redway had already tried and advised against it, but Lee agreed anyway. He would do so twice more.

Jimmy Sangster, too, was begged and cajoled to rewrite a thinly disguised treatment of Hammer's first Frankenstein that had been submitted by Jeremy Burnham, a writer and actor whose Hammer claim to fame was an appearance in *The Brigand of Kandahar*. Sangster was further enticed with an offer to *direct* the film, as well as produce. He agreed also, but on better terms. The result was a lame and exhausted pairing of *Scars of Dracula* with *The Horror of Frankenstein*. One of them was a comedy, but audiences would be hard-pressed to decide which one.

WITH THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, YOUNG VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN INHERITS BOTH AN ESTATE AND THE DESIRE TO CREATE LIFE. HELPED BY TWO GRAVE ROBBERS, HE PIECES TOGETHER A BODY. BUT HE IS SOLD A DAMAGED BRAIN. HE GOES AHEAD WITH THE EXPERIMENT, ANYWAY, AND THE CREATURE IS BROUGHT TO LIFE; IT IMMEDIATELY ESCAPES AND KILLS A WORKMAN, BUT IS SEEN BY A LITTLE GIRL. AS FRANKENSTEIN, BY NOW, HAS ALREADY KILLED HIS FRIEND, HIS MISTRESS, AND SUNDRY ASSOCIATES, HE HAS AROUSED THE SUSPICION OF THE POLICE. THEY ARRIVE AT THE CASTLE WITH THEIR EYEWITNESS, AND THE BARON HIDES HIS HANDIWORK IN AN ACID TANK. WHEN HIS BACK IS TURNED, THE LITTLE GIRL RELEASES THE ACID. FRANKENSTEIN SIGHS—BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD. . . .

"Prepare yourself for a new Frankenstein—a *young* Frankenstein—the most evil genius of all time," promised the American trailer. By all accounts, it was fun to make, but that was where the entertainment ended. (The sole item of interest is the schoolroom scene at the beginning, which apes a similar one that was shot for *The Curse of Frankenstein* but was deleted to reduce the running time.) The film was notable only for a second entry by Jon Finch—the one actor from the ranks of Hammer who came close to reaching the height of international stardom attained by Oliver Reed.[7]

If *The Horror of Frankenstein* evidenced the dearth of ideas at Hammer, Sir James Carreras appeared content to try to make a virtue of it, at least until something better came along. He asked the newly exiled Tony Hinds if he could write another Mummy. As Hinds went to work, it became clear that interest in such a project was now nil. But in the meantime, something better *had* come along, in the shape of a story idea called *Murders at the Folies Bergère*—a transvestite psycho-thriller that was to become *Terror in the Moulin Rouge* when it was passed to Harry Fine for a brief period of development (before it, and Fantale, were to part with the company).

The Horror of Frankenstein may have been a watercolor rendition of an original oil, but *Scars of Dracula* was merely a sketch in John Elder's notebook—a couple of charcoal lines daubed at random in a vain attempt

to capture a fleeting thought. Having been set aside in the debacle over *Taste the Blood of Dracula*, the earlier script had now been resurrected, just as it was originally written, without any concessions to the intermediate episode in the saga. Since it was also to be married to the briefest of schedules, Roy Ward Baker made much of it up as he went along, to compensate for the pages of dialogue that had to be ditched. The expeditious assembly had the Count running around his castle after the latest in nubile young things like the old-time villain in a silent film. "Dracula doesn't open doors; doors *open*, and Dracula walks through. They have them in all the supermarkets," Baker later quipped about the mise-en-scène he had been forced to create to keep things moving. Lee failed to appreciate the joke, or the fact that he had become a commodity to be reconstituted whenever the need arose. Remarking on the reverence with which he thought audiences still greeted his portrayals of Dracula, he said in an interview, "They never laugh at me to my knowledge." Evidently he had not attended a screening of *Scars of Dracula*.

AFTER A SERIES OF MISADVENTURES, PAUL FINDS HIMSELF AT CASTLE DRACULA, WHERE HE SEES THE COUNT MURDER A VAMPIRE WOMAN. SARAH AND PAUL'S BROTHER SIMON SET OUT TO LOOK FOR HIM. THEY ARE FORCED TO TAKE REFUGE AT THE CASTLE, WHERE SIMON FINDS A LOCKET OWNED BY PAUL. SEEKING HELP AT A LOCAL VILLAGE, SIMON IS TUTORED IN THE WAYS OF THE VAMPIRE BY A PRIEST. RETURNING TO THE CASTLE ONCE MORE, HE PERSUADES KLOVE TO REVEAL DRACULA'S CRYPT AND ENTERS ARMED WITH A STAKE. THERE HE DISCOVERS PAUL IMPALED ON A MEAT HOOK. DRACULA ESCAPES AND DISPATCHES A GIANT BAT TO THE CHURCH TO KILL THE PRIEST; HE NOW HAS SARAH CAPTIVE. AS SIMON AND THE COUNT COME FACE-TO-FACE ON THE BATTLEMENTS, DRACULA IS STRUCK BY A BOLT OF LIGHTNING. HE IS ENVELOPED IN FLAMES AND TOPPLES TO HIS DEATH IN THE VALLEY BELOW.

An irredeemably tacky endeavor, *Scars of Dracula* is composed entirely of wooden characters, cardboard sets, and a paper-thin plot. For two reels, the dialogue is never more than perfunctory, designed solely to move the story toward its predictable end. There are numerous exchanges of the most banal kind, culminating in a serving wench who responds to an inquiry about why the hero should stay away from Castle Dracula at night, by saying, "I don't know. I'm new here." Nothing else was. The infusions of gore give the film a certain charnel-house abandon, in the manner of the "Penny Dreadfuls," but if Dracula's modus operandi is inexplicable (he simply mopes around his castle—when it is not being razed to the ground—waiting for the occasional unwary visitor on which to feed), it merely exemplified Hinds's disillusionment.

In the rush to production, any notion of a continuing series had been forsaken. The giant bat that was to have fed the Count's ashes with blood after his climactic disintegration in *Risen from the Grave* was now an extraneous element supplementing the diet of a Dracula who is clearly capable of fending for himself. The despondency that had infected the shooting is plain. "It was the beginning of the end and everybody knew it," was the opinion of producer Aida Young.

Immune to the fallout, Hinds would admit to having discovered that "nobody gave a damn" anyway. Dislodged from a continuity of context, the plot of the film was juvenile, at best, and contemptuous of the audience, at worst. Lee's pronouncements on what was now the continuing saga of "will he or won't he" play the role again remained more or less sanguine. "If Dracula subjects are successful in cinemas all over the world and the public want to see me in that part, I will play it—I will stop when audiences don't want to see me playing it anymore." With that, he signed up for his *sixth* outing as the Count.

In the case of the American audience, Warner Bros. made that decision for them; it immediately turned both films down. Next time, Hammer was going to have to think of something *new*.

Out—both of you—you're not wanted here!

—Landlord, *Scars of Dracula*

The concerted effort that had been taking place to revitalize flagging British film production and ease the rapidly worsening state of the industry was concentrated on the Elstree Studios operations of MGM-EMI, the British-based descendant of ABPC. MGM-EMI was now in the charge of actor, author, screenwriter, and newly appointed head of production Bryan Forbes.

To the world at large, Hammer was now part and parcel of Elstree, and Bernard Delfont had picked up where AIP left off and appended *To Love a Vampire* to his growing roster of Hammer product. The pact was soon extended to include another six pictures over the next three years, with an option for nine more, and Hammer was perceived as central to Anglo-EMI's (MGM-EMI's export-market

counterpart) assault on the world. The reality was not quite like that, however. The "hidden agenda" agreement between Hammer and EMI/ABPC was eating into a production budget for the studio that had provisionally been earmarked for things other than Hammer's horror films. "The decision to make them was very much an 'old pals act' between Delfont and Jimmy Carreras," Forbes was to note. "The cost of these films came out of the very slender resources at my disposal and meant that I had to cancel other films which I would have preferred and which, I think, might have more materially contributed to the commercial success of my program."

By June 1970, Carreras had also encouraged Rank to back three horrors in a similar vein. Hammer was precluded from using Dracula and Frankenstein, which were to remain exclusive to Anglo-EMI (and the ABC circuit), but a way had been found to combine both Carmilla *and* the Count, which would redeploy the budding talents of Ingrid Pitt at the same time: *Countess Dracula*. To provide a safety net, "Jimmy will presell them in America," said Fred Thomas, joint managing director of Rank Film Distributors. Carreras would need more luck than the foreign sales division of EMI. After being turned down by Warner Bros., Hammer's first three for EMI were to go out in the United States through Continental—an independent distributor that would find itself out of business immediately after their release.

With *To Love a Vampire*, the Karnstein films were to show the same disregard for consistency that had begun to plague Hammer's latter-day Draculas. In *The Vampire Lovers*, Carmilla's birth and death dates are given as 1775–1794; in *Love*, they become 1688–1710. The film takes place in 1830, "*Forty* years to the day since they [the Karnsteins] were last seen," according to an innkeeper. In an exchange with her tutor, Carmilla is asked



Hammer erotica in the 1970s. *Left:* Kirsten Betts in *The Vampire Lovers. Right:* Michael Johnson and Yutte Stensgaard in *Lust for a Vampire.*

to name some contemporary nineteenth-century novelists. She replies, "I don't know any, but I have read a lot of eighteenth-century work"—difficult for someone who died in 1710. The reason for these anomalies is that, in the interim, Tudor Gates had concocted a novel ploy designed to extract the maximum mileage out of the whole Karnstein concept. The innkeeper actually goes on to say, "and before that, forty years *again*," thus creating an entirely new myth structure of cyclical reincarnation, whereby ensuing episodes could be set either backward or forward in time as their writers so chose. The original script for *To Love a Vampire* placed the action in 1870, not 1830, but this was revised with the prospect of a third and even a fourth Karnstein epic: *Vampire Hunters*.

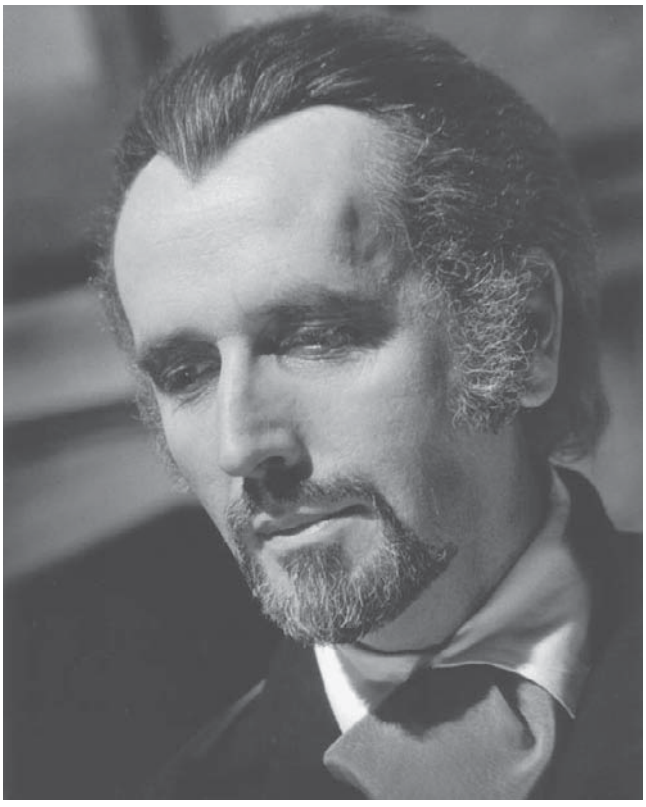
O, Lord of Darkness, Prince of Hell—hear this, thy servant, plead. Send—from thy black realm—the power that we may do thy will on earth. Recreate this dust of centuries . . . that in thy service, the dead may join with the Undead!

—Count Karnstein, *Lust for a Vampire*

With Ingrid Pitt now precluded from reprising her role as Carmilla in the sequel—*Countess Dracula* was due to go before the cameras at Pinewood within weeks of the commencement of principal photography on *Love*—new Hammer discovery Yutte Stensgaard, wife of Amicus art director Tony Curtis, was elevated to the pivotal role. It had also been intended that the film should benefit from the experienced hand of Terence Fisher and the pulling power of Peter Cushing, but neither of them were to make it, either. Fisher's injuries prevented him from undertaking the location work that economy demanded, and Cushing would be forced to withdraw from the role of Giles Barton after a sudden deterioration in his wife's health. Jimmy Sangster, who was editing *The Horror of Frankenstein* at the time, was asked to step into the directorial breach. He, in turn, persuaded Ralph Bates to take on the role of Barton, the two men having become friends during the shooting of the earlier film. If the end result gave the appearance of haste, it could hardly have come as a surprise. Now entitled *Lust for a Vampire* (at the suggestion of Bernard Delfont), the sequel wrapped just as *The Vampire Lovers* opened to unexpectedly brisk business. *Lust for a Vampire* was released less than four months later. The public tired quickly. The series was to spawn only one more episode before it would peter out as an aberration.

A GIRL IS SACRIFICED AT A BLACK MASS AND HER BLOOD POURED ONTO THE ASHES IN A COFFIN. . . . WRITER RICHARD LESTRANGE TRICKS HIS WAY INTO A TEACHING POST AT A FINISHING SCHOOL NEAR CASTLE KARNSTEIN AND FALLS IN LOVE WITH MIRCALLA. GILES BARTON, JOINT OWNER OF THE SCHOOL AND A STUDENT OF THE OCCULT, SUSPECTS ONE OF THE PUPILS OF BEING A VAMPIRE, THOUGH HE IS UNSURE AS TO WHICH ONE. A CLANDESTINE MEETING WITH MIRCALLA TO DISCUSS HIS THEORY LEAVES HIM DEAD—THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE ON HIS THROAT. MORE DEATHS FOLLOW, NOT ONLY AMONG THE PUPILS BUT ALSO IN THE NEARBY VILLAGE. LESTRANGE BEGINS TO SUSPECT MIRCALLA; THE VILLAGERS EVENTUALLY DECIDE TO BURN THE CASTLE, AND SHE REVEALS HERSELF TO BE CARMILLA KARNSTEIN, REINCARNATED FROM THE ASHES. SHE BEGS LESTRANGE TO JOIN HER AS ONE OF THE UNDEAD. A FIERY STAKE FROM THE BURNING ROOF IMPALES ITSELF IN HER HEART AND SHE DIES. LESTRANGE ESCAPES, BUT THE COUNT AND COUNTESS KARNSTEIN REMAIN BEHIND, TRAPPED IN THE FLAMES.

In a flagrant attempt by Tudor Gates and company to have their cake and eat it, the first film's "Man in Black" (who had hovered on the very edges of the narrative like a medieval figure of Death) was elaborated in *Lust for a*



Mike Raven as Count Karnstein in *Lust for a Vampire*.

Vampire into fully fledged vampire Count Karnstein, in the manner of Dracula. With Carmilla constantly in tow and minus fangs, though, the effect was more Svengali than Undead.

The Count was played by Mike Raven on this outing, who in stature and saturnine looks (if not acting ability) was to be Hammer's first real alternative to Christopher Lee. The one-time "pirate" radio deejay had been introduced to producers Harry Fine and Michael Style by glamour photographer and would-be agent Philip Stearns. Raven's contribution to the film included the devising of Count Karnstein's curtain-raising black-magic incantation—a quasi-authentic confection of Hebrew and dog-Latin he had culled from A. E. Waite's *Book of Ceremonial Magic* to improve on the one that Gates had improvised: "I sewed several spells together, so we wouldn't get any unwanted additions to the cast on the set!" By September, Raven was starring alongside Peter Cushing and Lee in the ill-fated Amicus 3-D version of Jekyll and Hyde—*I, Monster*. He subsequently gave up his day job for a career in films. But he was to find himself revoiced in *Lust for a Vampire* (by Valentine Dyall), and his unhappiness at the result helped bring his brief foray into horror to an impromptu end.

Agla, Adonai, Magister Mundi. . . . Te adoro et te invoco. Venite, venite—Lucifer!

—Count Karnstein, *Lust for a Vampire*

Revoicing an actor or actress to achieve a more acceptable effect or tonal resonance (or to eliminate the vagaries of regional accents) is commonplace in films, and Hammer had long since come to approve of the practice for the American market. Australian Leon Greene was revoiced (by Patrick Allen) in *The Devil Rides Out*. Margia Dean was treated likewise in *The Quatermass Xperiment*, as was Norma Marla in *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*. Similar lip-service was paid to Lelia Goldoni in *Hysteria*, Diane Clare in *The Plague of the Zombies*, Susan Denberg in *Frankenstein Created Woman*, and John Richardson in *The Vengeance of She*. Ewan Hooper and sundry villagers were dubbed in *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave*, as were Maddy Smith in *The Vampire Lovers* and Jenny Hanley in *Scars of Dracula*. Still to come would be Ingrid Pitt in *Countess Dracula*, Valerie Leon in *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb*, the Collinson twins in *Twins of Evil*, Robert Tayman in *Vampire Circus*, Horst Jansen in *Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter*, John Forbes-Robertson in *The Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires*, and Nastassja Kinski in *To the Devil a Daughter*. Any decision on whether or not to opt for remedial action of this kind lay with a producer, subject to contract, but few actors in Hammer's films ever had the muscle to circumvent such an eventuality. In Raven's case, the fact that he made his living with his voice exacerbated the indignity. To add insult, close-ups of Lee's bloodshot eyes (from *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave*) had been spliced into the proceedings in place of his own. Raven broke with Hammer as a result, and his career thereafter was short-lived.[8]

After its barnstorming opening, the remainder of *Lust for a Vampire* is tediously conventional. It is *The Vampire Lovers* crossed with *The Brides of Dracula*, for the most part, its best sequence swamped by the catchpenny accompaniment of a pop song—"Strange Love"—also included at the instigation of Harry Fine. It may be the most identifiably Hammeresque of the three Karnsteins, but curiously, there is little violence (two graphic stakings being about all that could conceivably be categorized as Hammer Horror), and canine teeth are conspicuous by their absence until the final reel.

Sangster's direction is much less assured than in *The Horror of Frankenstein* (which he also produced), as witness the overplaying of some of the support and the underplaying of most of the rest. Bates and Stensgaard are seriously miscast, Suzanna Leigh was a last-minute replacement foisted on the production at James Carreras's behest, and only Helen Christie, as Miss Simpson, comes out of the affair with honor intact. There are one or two striking sequences—the revelatory flashback to Carmilla's resurrection as she kills Barton, and a slow-motion plunge down the shaft of a dried-up well—but these owe more to the cutting than to anything done on the floor. There is the usual fiery climax, and some evocative final moments with Raven as he walks the battlements of the castle while awaiting his inevitable demise. And there is the occasional original touch: Lestrange is a Gothic novelist, though without a frame of reference to add depth (Gates *had* seen fit to provide one, but it was deleted). There is even the pictorial distraction of another Roger Corman–inspired dream sequence. But the film as a whole looks tired and jaded, and by now, even the audiences were catching on.

While *Lust for a Vampire* shot at Elstree, *Countess Dracula* took to the floor at Pinewood, and Rank's Frank Poole trumpeted the news that a fourth horror was to be added to *his* quota: *Hands of the Ripper*. Not one to stop at a surfeit, Carreras promptly leafed through his list of stock titles and announced that Hammer would be making *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. "We are preparing



The climax of *Lust for a Vampire* (Mike Raven, Barbara Jefford).

a very exciting screenplay," he enthused. Harry Alan Towers had already prepared one, so that idea was quietly abandoned.

THROUGH AN ACCIDENT, THE AGED COUNTESS NODOSHEEN HAS DISCOVERED THAT BLOOD HAS REJUVENATING POWER, BUT THE EFFECT IS TEMPORARY AND MORE IS NEEDED TO MAINTAIN HER REFRESHED APPEARANCE. HER SERVANTS KEEP HER SUPPLIED. IN HER NEW YOUTHFUL PERSONA, THE COUNTESS PRETENDS TO BE HER OWN DAUGHTER AND FALLS FOR IMRÉ TOTH, A YOUNG ARMY OFFICER. THEY BECOME BETROTHED, AND SHE ORDERS HER DAUGHTER KIDNAPPED TO AID THE DECEPTION. WHEN THE VILLAGERS STUMBLE ON THE BODIES OF HER VICTIMS, TOTH CONFRONTS THE COUNTESS AND CATCHES HER BATHING IN BLOOD! HE BREAKS OFF THE ENGAGEMENT, BUT SHE BLACKMAILS HIM INTO GOING THROUGH WITH THE WEDDING. SHE NOW INTENDS TO KILL HER DAUGHTER AND USE HER BLOOD ALSO. DURING THE CEREMONY, THE COUNTESS SUDDENLY REVERTS TO HER TRUE AGE IN FRONT OF THE ASSEMBLED GUESTS. IN HER MADNESS, SHE ATTACKS HER DAUGHTER. TOTH INTERVENES AND IS KILLED. THE COUNTESS IS ARRESTED AND THROWN INTO A DUNGEON TO AWAIT EXECUTION . . . AS "COUNTESS DRACULA"!

Countess Dracula is another curiosity in Hammer's crypt. What should have been a straightforward historical horror recounting the legend of "bloody countess" Elizabeth Bathory was turned into an admixture of Jekyll and Hyde and *The Queen of Spades*. This time, director Peter Sasdy's pretensions included styling his film after Sergei Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible*—an exercise which patently was lost on *Films and Filming*'s Richard Weaver, who considered it a "lethargic piece of story-telling." Turgid and slow-moving it certainly is, and some splendid sets and nice color design are wasted on a story line in which the countess's perverse obsession is subordinated to predictable castle intrigues and a series of budget transformation scenes. The makings of a good script are buried beneath the precipitate haste of the production and the desire to inject naked flesh at every available opportunity. The



Another face of change: *Countess Dracula* (Ingrid Pitt).

result is a tedious cross between romantic period thriller and crude sexploitation piece: "They'll make a fine pair," Captain Balogh remarks of the impending marriage between Toth and the countess. "But not as fine a pair as these, eh?" suggests the local whore, thrusting her bolstered breasts under Toth's nose, as if two entirely different films had just found themselves thrown together on the same set. "The lady has a sizzling wit," replies the latter in bored acknowledgment.

Composer Harry Robinson adds to this impression by scoring the love scenes between Toth and the countess as though they were between Hercules and Omphale in *Hercules Unchained*, or any number of similarly saccharine Italian epics. (Robinson would provide the following year's *Twins of Evil* with a pastiche Ennio Morricone "spaghetti western" score.) And any connection to Dracula beyond title and hype is so tenuous as to be nonexistent.

The expectations of Rank's London managers were dashed to disbelief when they were presented with their first Hammer horror film since 1962. The nudity that formed much of the raison d'être was to be excised from American prints, and with that gone, a feeble climactic collapse from youthful beauty to decrepit old age was insufficiently tantalizing to persuade audiences to stay what remained of the course. In almost all respects, *Countess Dracula* was strictly from Hungary (Sasdy and producer Alex Paal were both Hungarian émigrés).[9]

With the tacit guarantee of long-term funding from both EMI and Rank, any writer or producer with a likely story and an eye for a market trend was finding that it was open house at Hammer. It seemed that 113 Wardour Street was one of the few places in town where there was money to spend, and a line began to form among those who felt they had something worth spending it on. Sir James Carreras himself may have been professionally unaffected by Tony Hinds's departure, but Hammer was not. The loss had left a vacuum in terms of production acumen that could not be filled for long by the self-serving interests of independent producers alone or reliance on the TV spin-off (*On the Buses* was to revive the latter practice at a meager £89,000, and at the instigation of Brian Lawrence; it would turn out to be Hammer's most successful film of 1971). As the year drew to its close, Sir James sent for his son.

Michael Carreras's luck in trying to finance other projects had not improved greatly in the meantime. Universal had recently turned down *Mistress of the Seas* (about the life and times of female pirate Anne Bonney, designed for Raquel Welch), and while still at his office on Warner Boulevard in Burbank, California, Ken Hyman had also declined an invitation to participate in Capricorn's latest venture, *The Mad Motorists*, due to Warner Bros.' own disastrous excursion into the same territory with *The Great Race* in 1965. On his return from the Namib Desert in Southwest Africa, where he had been on location for a third romp through prehistory, *Creatures the World Forgot*, Michael decided that he had nothing to lose by listening to what his father had to say. The role of executive producer was offered, and turned down—if he was to return to Hammer on a permanent basis, then it would be on *his* terms and in a position where he could influence the direction in which the company was now to go. To Michael's surprise, Sir James agreed.

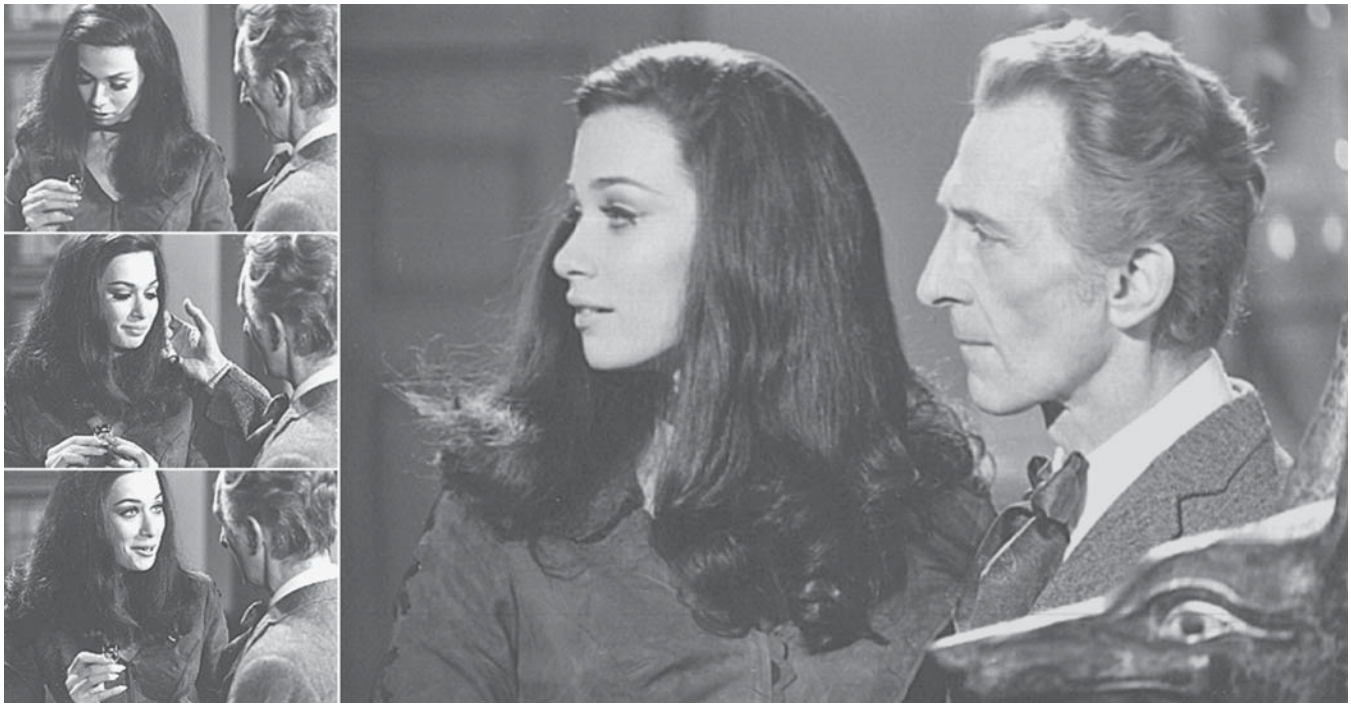
On January 4, 1971, Michael Carreras returned in triumph as the managing director of Hammer Films. His first official act was to appoint Roy Skeggs as production supervisor to oversee the growing list of features that had accumulated in his absence. But as luck would have it, the production that was scheduled to inaugurate the new regime would prove to be the most ill-fated in the company's history.



Lady Vera (and brother, *left*), Sir James, Josephine, and Michael Carreras.



Brian Lawrence (and wife, *right*), Lily and Reg Varney, and Michael Carreras attend the London premier of *On the Buses*.



Peter Cushing (with Valerie Leon) on the set of *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb,* before he was replaced by Andrew Keir.

The growing list of would-be horror film producers who had been bending the ear of James Carreras included press agent Howard Brandy, who had sold Hammer the idea of a film based on Bram Stoker's 1903 novel *The Jewel of the Seven Stars* on the strength of its *female* mummy and a treatment by film journalist and AIP writer-in-residence Christopher Wicking. "This is a happy, up-beat time for horror," Brandy gleefully informed the trades, as Wicking set about extracting the usual murder-every-fifteen-minutes scenario from Stoker's dark, psychological romance. On January 11, *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* started shooting, with Peter Cushing in the central role of archaeologist Julian Fuchs (Trelawny in the novel). Before the day was out, however, Cushing's devoted wife, Helen, was rushed to the hospital, where she died three days later. The forlorn star had no alternative but to pull out of the film. Cushing was replaced by Andrew Keir, and *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* started over from scratch the following day. But the Jewel of the Seven Stars was a stone which clearly had a curse upon it.

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PROFESSOR FUCHS HAS DISCOVERED THE BURIAL TOMB OF TERA, QUEEN OF DARKNESS—HER MUMMIFIED BODY FLESH, HER RIGHT HAND SEVERED AT THE WRIST. ON THE HAND IS A RUBY RING: THE JEWEL OF THE SEVEN STARS. IN THE TOMB ARE OTHER STRANGE OBJECTS: THE STATUE OF A SNAKE, A MUMMIFIED CAT, AND THE SKULL OF A JACKAL. THE ARTIFACTS ARE BROUGHT TO ENGLAND AND DIVIDED AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION, WHO EACH GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS. FUCHS ENSHRINES TERA'S BODY IN THE CELLAR OF HIS HOME AND GIVES THE RUBY RING TO HIS DAUGHTER MARGARET. WHEN SHE WEARS IT, SHE FEELS A PSYCHIC AFFINITY WITH THE DEAD QUEEN, FOR WHOM SHE IS THE LIVING DOUBLE. THE OTHER THREE MEMBERS OF THE TEAM SUDDENLY FALL VICTIM TO SOME SUPERNATURAL FORCE. IN THE MEANWHILE, MARGARET HAS COME UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF CORBECK, AN EVIL SCHEMER WHO HAS DESIGNS ON THE POWER TRAPPED IN TERA'S TOMB: HE PLANS TO CONJURE TERA'S SPIRIT IN MARGARET'S BODY. MARGARET'S BOYFRIEND, TOD, NOW STANDS IN CORBECK'S WAY—BUT HE, TOO, IS DISPOSED OF BY THE "CURSE." AS CORBECK READS FROM THE SCROLL, FUCHS TRIES TO INTERVENE. A STRUGGLE ENSUES, AND IN THE CONFUSION, MARGARET PLUNGES A DAGGER INTO TERA'S HEART. THE VAULT COLLAPSES IN ON THEM ALL, AND MARGARET ALONE SURVIVES. OR DOES SHE? AS SHE LIES SWATHED IN BANDAGES, ONLY THE EYES ARE VISIBLE. . . .

Blood from the Mummy's Tomb had been forced onto the floor two months earlier than originally planned, and producer Howard Brandy had already fallen out with Wicking's agent Andrew Mann, with the result that Wicking was barred from the set ("I was *persona non grata* for Howard Brandy. I wasn't allowed to talk to anybody. It was quite silly," he said). That apart, filming had proceeded more or less as normal until mid-February. But the *auteur*

approach of director Seth Holt (who had not worked for two years prior to being offered this film) meant that he kept the cutting plan for the film to himself—even to the exclusion of his editors. At the close of the fifth week, Holt, at forty-seven, died suddenly of a heart attack.

It fell to Michael Carreras to pick up the pieces. Having organized a day or two's shooting for cinematographer Arthur Grant, he soon realized that *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* was in a "terrible, terrible mess." Next, he fired editor Oswald Hafenrichter (replacing him with Peter Weatherley) and began to cast around for another director. But Holt had inspired fierce loyalty in his crew, and resignations were now following his untimely demise. Michael struggled to keep production going through what should have been the film's sixth and final week and offered the director's chair to Don Sharp, with the option that he could start over again, if he decided to accept. Sharp turned it down, and by week 7, Michael was left with no other choice but to finish the shoot himself and try to make sense of the chaotic assemblage.

Filming was extended for an extra week, but some of that had been eaten into already in the attempts to find a replacement for Holt. Parts of the climax had now to be abandoned, and existing footage was used to paste over the resultant cracks in the plot.

In the schedule for the final week had been two special-effects set pieces: a murder by fire (that of the young male "companion" of team member Helen Dickerson) and the death of Tod Browning. Both were struck from the slate. The companion simply "disappears" from the film, and Tod meets his end in modest fashion: he falls from his "crashed" car with his throat torn out. In the extant sequence, the jagged edges of makeshift editing are only too obvious—the car is unmoving, for a start (the scene was originally meant to have been constructed from a series of still shots); in the script, it was to have spun out of control on a wet road to avoid collision with a truck.

Blood from the Mummy's Tomb would ultimately go into release as a second feature because of the uncertainties over the final cut. The critics were unusually kind, and one senses a deference to Holt's memory in the reticence of their reviews. The tone of the film is one of sustained frenzy, and the always-uncertain continuity finally comes apart under the sheer volume of murder and mayhem that is force-fed into the last two reels. The perceptible note of hysteria and confusion that had been discovered among the jumble of footage in the cutting room said something about the state of Holt's mind during his last days on the film, but the fact that so much remained in the patchwork that subsequently surfaced said just as much about the state of dissension in the ranks of those who completed it for him.[10]

1ST NURSE: Is there no information?

2ND NURSE: Nothing. She's the same as she was when they brought her in—naked, and more dead than alive.

—Blood from the Mummy's Tomb

The typically downbeat finale of *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb*, in which the eyes of Margaret/Tera stare balefully from a *new* set of bandages acquired as a result of the cellar collapse, kept faith with the original ending to *The Jewel of the Seven Stars* (which Stoker revised to a happier conclusion for the republication of the novel in 1912), but the story itself has more in common with Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" than with Hammer's Mummy series—an aspect of the piece that had eluded all concerned in its adaptation. The film had turned into a baptism of fire for its fledgling producer, and he did not come out of it unsinged.

The following year, Howard Brandy floated a second Stoker-oriented vehicle—*Victim of His Imagination*. Don Houghton was assigned to the treatment, which would seek to explain the "trauma" that was alleged to have affected Stoker since childhood (as illustrated by scenes from *The Lair of the White Worm*, "The Squaw," and "The Burial of the Rats"), and Christopher Lee was earmarked to play both Dracula *and* Stoker's mentor, actor Henry Irving. But Hammer's enthusiasm on this occasion was shorter-lived. Projects that were *not* to reach the screen would now be in the majority.

Michael Carreras was more than usually afflicted with episodes of this sort. He had stood in for Don Taylor on *Visa to Canton*, had done the same for Leslie Norman on *The Lost Continent*, and would be forced to fire Monte Hellman from *Shatter*. After the debacle of *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb*, he opted to cut Hammer's tie with Fantale, cancel a fourth prehistoric outing, and curtail anything scheduled on nothing more than a nod from Sir James.

Next in line was *Hands of the Ripper*. This would turn out to be a more sober and effective yarn than many of its predecessors, thanks to the steadying influence of Aida Young—now Hammer's most experienced house producer and a lady especially associated with its various romps through ancient history, particularly those she referred to as her "silly dinosaur ones." But her relegation in the ranks caused by the recent flirtations with outside producers typified the "neglect" she already considered herself to be suffering at Hammer's hands. When Young was done with *Hands of the Ripper*, she too was to with-

draw from the company, to seek more rewarding employment with EMI.

A YOUNG GIRL WATCHES, TRANCE-LIKE, AS HER FATHER MURDERS HER MOTHER: HE IS JACK THE RIPPER. YEARS LATER, ANNA IS NOW WORKING FOR A MEDIUM. WHEN SHE KILLS THE WOMAN IN A FIT OF MADNESS, DOCTOR PRITCHARD IS A WITNESS AND TAKES HER UNDER HIS WING; A PSYCHOANALYST, HE INTENDS TO CURE HER DEMENTIA. DESPITE HIS PRECAUTIONS, ANNA MURDERS AGAIN—FIRST A MAID, THEN A PROSTITUTE, AND FINALLY THE ROYAL MEDIUM DURING A SEANCE. BUT THESE KILLINGS HAVE REVEALED THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GIRL, AND PRITCHARD SENSES THAT HE IS ON THE EDGE OF UNDERSTANDING AT LAST. IN A MOMENT OF DISTRACTION, HE KISSES HER—INADVERTENTLY SPARKING THE SCHIZOID TRAUMA—AND ANNA IMPALES HIM WITH A SWORD. FLEEING, SHE IS SPOTTED BY PRITCHARD'S DAUGHTER, LAURA, AND TAKEN TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. PRITCHARD SETS OFF IN AGONIZED PURSUIT. HIGH IN THE WHISPERING GALLERY, THE SPIRIT OF THE RIPPER OVERTAKES HER ONCE MORE, BUT BEFORE SHE CAN HARM LAURA, PRITCHARD ARRIVES BELOW AND BESEECHES HER TO JOIN HIM. ANNA THROWS HERSELF FROM THE BALCONY, AND THEY BOTH LIE STILL IN DEATH.

Hands of the Ripper is in the classic mold of Hammer Horror: stylish and superior, containing the best work that director Peter Sasdy would do for the company. That it had been produced by an "old hand" at Hammer's game is evident throughout, and while Aida Young had given the impression of being overtaken by the all-embracing banality of the last two Draculas (and the discouraging process of working at Elstree), her star had risen again with the budget and the class acts who were mustered around her on the last truly original idea that Hammer was to commit to film in the name of horror.

The daughter of Jack the Ripper is haunted by repressed childhood memories of murder and blood, and when she is made the subject of the new discipline of psychoanalysis, her nightmares drive her to kill. Not only was the plot well worked out, but it had the added benefit of operating on the murder-every-fifteen-minutes principle that was later to become the sine qua non of the "splatter" film. To add to the intrigue (and as a nod to the real-life mystery that still surrounds the identity of the Whitechapel murderer), Hammer withheld the name of the actor who played the Ripper in the prologue from all press material and internal documentation about the film—though few were to notice this subtle omission.[11]

Unfortunately, *Hands of the Ripper* is let down in the last reel. When the murderous Anna's unconscious ire is turned against the doctor at the climax, he finds himself skewered on a saber. With a Van Helsing–like presence of mind, he pops a couple of aspirins and promptly rids



Left: Mary and Madeleine Collinson pose as the *Twins of Evil*. *Right: Hands of the Ripper* (Eric Porter, Angharad Rees).

himself of the offending implement by hooking it on a door-knob and kicking himself free, before rushing off to apprehend the culprit! The fine line between horror and humor is irretrievably crossed. The first-night audience would find itself in stitches (unlike Dr. Pritchard). Not even Anna's elegantly filmed slow-motion dive from the dizzy heights of the (front-projected) Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's could save things after that.

Until its ill-fated final minutes, the film displayed a nice sense of period and delivered its quota of thrills with enthusiasm, if a little too much clarity on occasion. (A throat-slashing with a broken mirror-glass was to be deprived of a more graphic *second* stab by the BBFC.) *Hands of the Ripper* would be relegated to playing the lower half of a double bill with the upcoming *Twins of Evil*, which would display the full-frontal charms of the Collinson twins. While neither film could realistically be considered first-feature material at this juncture, the billing would make it plain that the sleaze factor had now conquered all.

Following through the door would be Brian Clemens and Albert Fennell, a writer-producer combo whose joint credits had been restricted to undemanding television drama series (though Fennell had dabbled in horror previously with *Night of the Eagle*, aka *Burn Witch Burn*, in 1961). Their new idea was *Dr. Jekyll and Mistress Hyde*, who was to transform into "Sister" Hyde when she eventually slunk into Elstree in the sultry shape of Martine Beswick.

Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde would effectively shoot back-to-back with *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* and therefore begin only three weeks after *Hands of the Ripper* had gone onto the floor at Pinewood. The two concurrent productions made an interesting comparison. Both films were set ostensibly in late Victorian London and within a dozen or so years of each other. Whatever else it might have lacked, *Hands of the Ripper* was steeped in period and rich in typical Rank production values. *Sister Hyde*, on the other hand, could not even offer up atmosphere. It was fast becoming clear that Bryan Forbes, EMI, *and*



Gender-bending take on Jekyll and Hyde: *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* (Ralph Bates, Martine Beswick).

Hammer all faced an increasingly uphill climb when it came to pitching Elstree's wares in the international marketplace.

IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE ELIXIR OF LIFE, DR. JEKYLL FORMULATES A DRUG USING FEMALE HORMONES. WHEN HE TRIES IT ON HIMSELF, HE DISCOVERS THAT IT CHANGES HIM INTO A WOMAN: SISTER HYDE. DENIED A SUPPLY OF CORPSES FOR HIS FURTHER EXPERIMENTS WHEN BODY SNATCHERS BURKE AND HARE ARE PUT OUT OF BUSINESS BY A MOB, JEKYLL STALKS THE STREETS AS HYDE, IN SEARCH OF VICTIMS. COMPLICATIONS ENSUE AS A RESULT OF THE DUAL PERSONALITY, AND PROFESSOR ROBERTSON BECOMES SUSPICIOUS; HE IS KILLED BY HYDE. EVENTUALLY, THE NET CLOSES IN AND, CHASED BY THE POLICE, JEKYLL FALLS TO HIS DEATH FROM THE ROOFTOPS. WHEN THE ONLOOKERS EXAMINE THE BODY, THEY FIND IT A MIXTURE OF MAN AND WOMAN.

"Actually, it's not a horror film at all, really," said Brian Clemens. "More a thriller." True, inasmuch as most of the thrills were voyeuristic in nature and designed to be engendered by the sight of Beswick catwalking in and out of a variety of Victorian corselettes. The sex-change concept also allowed for a variety of sniggering permutations to be intimated of the otherwise coy liaisons, as Jekyll's orientation becomes confused. But the film translates its homoerotic gender-bending theme into the stuff of smutty jokes, conducted in a London of perpetual fog and half-a-dozen streets, where tarts advise each other not to go talking to "strange men," and Sister Hyde delivers such soporific one-liners of her alter ego as, "He's not been feeling himself."

This Jekyll is looking for the Elixir of Life, employs the body-snatching services of Burke and Hare (sixty years out of time), and becomes Jack the Ripper. *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* certainly tried to cover all the angles. But it would turn out to be Hammer's second Ripper film in almost as many weeks in release, and final proof that the genre was no longer capable of sustaining thematic credibility.

As if to reflect the poverty of imagination, Clemens's script had Dr. Jekyll living in a ground-floor apartment instead of a townhouse. The monsters were in retreat, and Hammer House would soon be scaled down to match. *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* was originally intended for the Rank circuit but was switched to ABC. In its place, the nation's Odeons were to receive their first visit from the Karnsteins.



Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde (Ralph Bates, Virginia Wetherell).

The Devil has sent me . . . twins of evil!

—Gustav Weil, *Twins of Evil*

The last installment of the Karnstein saga that was intended as a series jettisoned the concept of cyclical rebirth that *Lust for a Vampire* had tried to graft onto Carmilla in its attempt to find a formula and chose to concentrate instead on developing the Dracula-in-waiting character of Count Karnstein. Originally titled *Vampire Virgins*, the third part of the so-called Karnstein Trilogy was to benefit from the improvement in production values afforded at Pinewood by virtue of becoming one of Hammer's four films for Rank, though fin de siècle desperation was never far from the surface in the film that lensed on March 22 as the less contentious *Twins of Evil*.

TWINS MARIA AND FRIEDA ARRIVE AT KARNSTEIN TO STAY WITH THEIR UNCLE, GUSTAV WEIL, LEADER OF THE BROTHERHOOD—A FANATICAL PURITAN SECT. FRIEDA IS

FASCINATED BY WEIL'S ARCHENEMY, COUNT KARNSTEIN. IN HIS CASTLE, KARNSTEIN SACRIFICES A YOUNG GIRL AND REINCARNATES HIS ANCESTOR, COUNTESS MIRCALLA; SHE TRANSFORMS HIM INTO ONE OF THE UNDEAD. THROUGH KARNSTEIN, FRIEDA BECOMES A VAMPIRE ALSO. AFTER CLAIMING SEVERAL VICTIMS, SHE IS CAUGHT IN THE ACT AND JAILED TO AWAIT DEATH BY BURNING. KARNSTEIN SWITCHES THE TWINS—MARIA IS TO DIE IN FRIEDA'S STEAD. ANTON REALIZES THE TRUTH AND RESCUES MARIA. THE BROTHERHOOD CONVERGES ON KARNSTEIN CASTLE, AND IN THE BATTLE THAT ENSUES, FRIEDA IS DECAPITATED. MARIA IS CAPTURED BY THE COUNT, WHO KILLS WEIL. BUT HIS TRIUMPH IS SHORT-LIVED: ANTON'S LANCE PIERCES HIS HEART.

Twins of Evil marked Peter Cushing's return to Hammer after the anguish of his wife's death. The actor had been inconsolable; he would burst into tears in the company of friends and colleagues and, by his own admission, had actively contemplated suicide. But good sense had prevailed, and he had come to the view that continuing his career would be the best therapy. "I knew the only way to keep going was to keep busy," he reflected. "It didn't matter what they offered—I just kept working; it was the only thing that saved my reason."

Cushing's grief would endure for years, yet so consummate a professional was he that no trace of his loss is allowed to surface in *Twins of Evil*. As the puritan witch-hunter Weil, his entrance in the film is understated. He comes upon a young girl accused of consorting with the Devil, and in no more than a fleeting glance, his expression betrays satisfaction, resignation, determination. The tone is set immediately—both for the character and for the dynamic of the piece—for Cushing could convey as much by a look as many of his contemporaries were able to communicate through pages of dialogue, and it is *his* presence alone that saves *Twins of Evil* from becoming the travesty of genre bending and exploitational excess that its producers had evidently decreed was the only way to secure a reasonable return in an increasingly unsafe financial environment.

Twins of Evil was Hammer's most blatant example of pop horror to date, and it was entirely unabashed in the contempt it showed for the audience it should have been seeking to cultivate. Every time the pace slackens, another villager is arbitrarily torched or some secondary character is casually fanged. This was to be the third Karnstein adventure to reach the screen in just over a year, and the motivation behind them had become obvious to all but the most ardent fan: Hammer's interest in such subjects went no further than the balance sheet. The Hammer name, which had always stood for a certain quality in Gothic horror, was being capitalized on by a company whose only concern seemed to be to make hay while the last rays of the dying sun still shone.

In the film's favor is some powerful and engaging work by the principals (especially in the initial tense confrontation between Cushing's sanctimonious puritan and his adversary, the Count), a strong sense of mise-en-scène, and the fact that, unlike its forebears, it was to be the top half of a marketable double bill (the previous Karnsteins had been paired with *Angels from Hell* and *The Losers*, respectively—both abysmal AIP biker schlock). There might have been little in the way of extra money, but here it is clearly expended to better effect. Dick Bush's lighting and Roy Stannard's art direction show a marked improvement over their counterparts in the previous two installments, despite Don Mingaye's participation in *Lust*. John Hough's direction is smooth and professional, if undistinguished. He has an eye for composition and constantly fills his frame with movement, keeping faith with the notion of an audience whose threshold of boredom was next to nonexistent—though it is surprising how even a director of evident worth can fall afoul of exploitative sex scenes: an actress stroking the shaft of a burning candle during a passionate embrace is likely to arouse only laughter in the average viewer. If nothing else, the film offers a partial return to full-scale Hammer blood and thunder. The climax is a veritable splatterfest—by 1971 standards—with an eye gouging by firebrand, a staking, two axe murders (one of which shows a man's head split open with a meat cleaver), and a decapitation—all within a few minutes of one another.

But against these are characters who are thinly sketched at best, moral battle lines that are clichéd and simplistic to the point of fable, and set pieces which come across as straining for effect. Blighting the entire Karnstein series was the haste apparent in the rush to release, the perfunctory nature of many of the (uncredited) effects, and the triteness of the writing. In *Twins of Evil*, Damien Thomas's Count is in a recognizable line of descent from the decadent noblemen whom Hammer had created for *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and *The Curse of the Werewolf*. The actor is up to the role, but his dialogue is distinctly precocious, and the characterization lacks even the refined sadism of the public-school bully. Tudor Gates and his producers had sat through four of Hammer's earlier horrors "to get the feel of them," according to Harry Fine. They got an *impression*, certainly, which accounts for the hybrid quality of the Karnstein films, and Fine had also worked out some spurious construct

on "curves of excitement," which he purportedly used when organizing his plots. But in trying to be all things to all men, *Twins of Evil* merely pointed out the flaw that had been inherent in the concept from the start: it is a medley for differing tastes, and like the proverbial Chinese meal, once it is over, the desire for something more substantial returns with a vengeance.

Twins of Evil must remain fundamentally a frolic—fun while it lasts, but instantly forgettable. Yet because of the intensity of Cushing's performance, it never quite collapses into self-parody; neither does it simply honor the past. Despite the shortcomings of lightweight support, a banal script, and the catchpenny nature of the whole production, it holds on by the fingertips to what had now become the remnants of a greater glory. In it can still be detected a vestige of the indefinable quality that was Hammer Horror, but this was to be the last time that the screen would make its acquaintance.

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The explosion of horror movies in the second half of 1971 was saturating the market and heading the genre to the very brink of a self-inflicted hiatus. *Twins of Evil* had been a calculated and cynical attempt to wrest every last penny out of a commodity now perceived to be in terminal decline. In what was destined to herald the end of the series, the character of Carmilla had been relegated to no more than the device by which the now-familiar merry-go-round of ecstasy and exorcism was set in motion.

Three months later, *Vampire Circus* would give new meaning to the words *desperation* and *excess*. Devoid of stars, the film was to pitch a welter of lesser talents into an orgy of substandard gore effects and soft-core sex. It finally stripped the pretense as naked as Frau Mueller would become within a minute of the opening reel. What in other circumstances might have served as the plotline for a typical Hammer Horror by itself was enacted in microcosm (almost in pastiche) for a prolonged pre-credits sequence. A young girl is delivered into the clutches of vampire Count Mitterhaus by the wife of a village schoolmaster, herself a sex slave to the monster. The village elders storm the castle, destroy the Count, and burn the place down. As Mitterhaus expires, he vows to return; the village is purified—for now.

This prologue was little more than a pretext for a succession of sex and splatter scenes that confirmed what many had long suspected: that Hammer's films were becoming just as cheap and nasty as all the rest.

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1810. In the village of Schtettel, a group of elders kill vampire Count Mitterhaus, who curses them before dying. Fifteen years pass and a strange circus arrives. It is peopled with the disciples of the vampire, and its purpose is to avenge Mitterhaus and use the blood of the villagers to restore him to life. Much death ensues before the villagers realize the truth. They eventually set fire to the caravans and storm the castle again. In the battle that follows, the Count revives—only to be decapitated—and the castle is put to the torch. A pair of young lovers, alone, survive the melee.

Announced as *Village of the Vampires*, the film was not without pedigree. The story was by George Baxt, who was responsible for *Circus of Horrors* and *The Shadow of the Cat* (as well as being Hammer's long-standing U.S. "script doctor"), but apart from lifting its one good idea from Ray Bradbury (the "Circus of Nights," which bears more than a passing resemblance to the Dark Carnival of *Something Wicked This Way Comes*), Baxt seemed content to let events unfold in the time-honored tradition of death and revenge. Hammer's new recruits for the occasion were producer Wilbur Stark, writer Judson Kinberg, and director Robert Young, none of whom had any prior experience with horror. Stark directed some of the film himself, after Young had become distracted from his task by Cocteau-like imagery and the antics of the animals in the cast, but when their saturation tactics went over schedule, Michael Carreras pulled the plug on the production. He probably saved a few more villagers from messy extermination in the process.

Singer David Essex had been turned down in favor of Anthony Corlan (Higgins) for the role of Emil, and John Moulder-Brown passed the audition for the role of Anton. His somnolent performance is reminiscent of the inattentive schoolboy whose mind seems forever to be on other things, a trait which no doubt endeared him to Jerzy Skolimowski when he cast the part of the daydreaming bathhouse attendant in *Deep End* (1970).

Vampire Circus climaxed with a more exuberant bout of overkill than it began, and by the closing credits, the castle crypt was littered with enough dead bodies to do justice to the average Mexican or Spanish junk film. It was one surfeit too many, however. While *Vampire Circus* marked the end of Hammer's deal with Rank, so *Blood Will Have Blood* (produced concurrently at Elstree)



The fiery climax of *Demons of the Mind.*

was effectively marking the end of its deal with EMI. The first would receive only limited distribution, and the second would be relegated to the status of supporting feature for the product of another company (*Tower of Evil*, aka *The Horror of Snape Island*) altogether. The days of Hammer Horror were coming rapidly to a close.

> *Blood will have blood, they say. Well, there must be no more blood on our souls.*
>
> —Count Zorn, *Demons of the Mind*

"It was in the north-eastern province of Bavaria, where the Böhmerwald mountains define the borders of Bohemia, that the legend of *Blutlust* originated in the seventeenth century. . . ." So ran the first lines of a self-penned mythology which composer and occasional film producer Frank Godwin pretended to have "discovered" in a museum in Stuttgart. It had been used to sell James Carreras on the drama of lycanthropy that Godwin and cowriter Christopher Wicking (whose fingers were currently in a number of pies) had dreamed up, and the ruse had resulted in *Blood Will Have Blood* finding a place on Hammer's schedule, with an original starting date of April 12.

The recasting of the lead roles postponed production until August, but after a trouble-free shoot, nothing much else about what was subsequently retitled *Demons of the Mind* would match the ease with which the film had come into being in the first place.

BAVARIA, 1830. COUNT ZORN IS OBSESSED WITH THE NOTION OF HEREDITARY EVIL AND KEEPS HIS CHILDREN IMPRISONED IN HIS CASTLE. HE DISPOSES OF THE BODIES OF GIRLS MURDERED BY HIS SON, EMIL, IN A NEARBY LAKE. FALKENBERG, A PSYCHIATRIST, IS CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT TO TRY TO GET TO THE ROOT OF EMIL'S DISORDER—WHICH ZORN BELIEVES TO BE CAUSED BY CENTURIES OF INBREEDING.

THE EXPERIMENT ENDS IN THE DEATH OF YET ANOTHER VILLAGE GIRL. ZORN DISPOSES OF THE BODY, BUT THIS TIME, HE IS SEEN BY THE VILLAGERS. WHEN EMIL KILLS AGAIN, ZORN GOES BERSERK AND FIRST MURDERS FALKENBERG, THEN EMIL. BEFORE HE CAN KILL HIS DAUGHTER, THE VILLAGERS ARRIVE IN FORCE AND THEIR PRIEST PLUNGES A FIERY CROSS INTO THE COUNT'S HEART. THE EVIL HAS BEEN EXORCISED, BUT ZORN'S DAUGHTER NOW SEEMS TO BE POSSESSED. . . .

In the course of the film's stop-and-start launch, Eric Porter was snatched away from the role of Zorn by Aida Young (to appear in *Hands of the Ripper*) and neither Paul Scofield nor James Mason could be prevailed upon to substitute, and Marianne Faithfull was dropped at the last minute in favor of Hammer newcomer Gillian Hills. *Blood Will Have Blood* eventually set sail on August 16 on the tranquil waters of a first-rate cast, a stereo sound track, and the "loving attention to detail" (in Frank Godwin's words) that was to be evidenced in every frame—only to flounder within reach of the shore and sink without trace in the impenetrable deeps of EMI corporate thinking.

"We didn't want it to be just another Hammer film, so we didn't want to use Cushing and Lee," Godwin explains. Robert Hardy and Patrick Magee were to represent unusual alternatives, but more unusual still was the fact that the film had been afforded a week's location shooting within the obligatory six (though not in Bavaria, but at Wykehurst Park in Bolney, East Sussex) and cinematographer Arthur Grant lost no opportunity to exploit the late summer sun, turning in his best work for the genre.

But not all was sweetness and light. Director Peter Sykes is never less than masterful at evoking the mise-en-scène, and the shadow of the Gothic hanging over the idyllic lake setting is highly resonant, but writer Christopher Wicking is equally ardent at wringing every psychosexual complexity from an otherwise routine plot, and the dramatic landscape is unnecessarily clouded by a fog of pseudo-psychological preoccupations. The Zorn family is a veritable Freudian case history: an impotent sadist of a father, a virgin aunt, an incestuous son, and a neurotic daughter—all in a single household. With such a congestion of trauma, it is hardly surprising that the script has more than its fair share of half-finished sentences and half-formed ideas. The latter part of the film devolves into Roderick Usher on the analyst's couch, and the weight of its guilt-ridden sexual obsessions ultimately submerges interest. "The world will be a better place without me—and it won't even know that you died," says a resigned Zorn before blasting the psychiatrist spectacularly to kingdom come in the film's best-staged sequence. And not before time.

The token concession to Hammer Horror comes at the climax, when a priest lops off Zorn's hand at the wrist before ramming a fiery cross through his stomach to the appreciative cheers of the villagers. It is a parody by repetition—in the way that many of Universal's horror films had become by the 1940s—though, in a sly tilt at John Elder, Wicking had made *his* priest a deranged eccentric, even more psychotically inclined than the demonic urge he is at pains to root out in the name of the Almighty.

In the revisions that took place between April and August, the werewolf motif was much reduced, at Hammer's request, as were explanatory shots of Zorn releasing his son from captivity so that he could act out the Count's savage impulses à la *Forbidden Planet*. This was to have been no ordinary horror film, but a psychological *roman noir* untarnished by concessions to Hammer traditionalists. So much for the theory. What resulted was simply impenetrable, but more damaging still would be the fact that those traditionalists included EMI.

When the advertising designs commissioned by Godwin were rejected as unsuitable, the producer sought Michael Carreras's backing. "At a time when the ordinary horror movie is not on the upgrade, it seems a great mistake . . . to put it over as if it was exactly the same as all the others." EMI thought not and exercised its right of veto by producing a poster of its own. But Carreras agreed with Godwin and, incensed that his authority was being undermined, wrote a letter to his father voicing his support and spelling out his concerns about the stalemate that seemed to have arisen between them in the matter of who runs Hammer. "I . . . was neither consulted, invited to comment, shown any artwork or advised of when and where it could have been viewed. There is obviously something very wrong with our liaison on these matters and I suggest we quickly lay down a pattern which will not allow this to happen again."

The plea fell on deaf ears. James Carreras was not about to do anything to offend his only remaining ally, as he would make plain. "They . . . submitted artwork which they thought more suitable, and I must admit that Brian Lawrence and I agreed with them." He had little choice; EMI hated the film and had already decided against giving it a West End opening or even a trade screening. With its chances of success severely curtailed as a consequence, Godwin retired from the fray and switched his attention to other, more profitable, pursuits. But such incidents were only adding fuel to the fires of speculation that all was not well at Hammer House, as *Variety* later corroborated: "There was recurrent film row

scuttlebutt of frequent personality (and policy) clashes between the two [Carrerases]."

While *Variety* was busy forecasting the slump, reporting that "International markets have never been more volatile," Michael Carreras—from atop a record pile of films completed, in production, or planned—was continuing to make reassuring noises in spite of a 30 percent drop in Hammer's returns from U.S. outlets due to the rise in increasingly desperate competitor products. Sir James was similarly confident. "With our sort of picture you can't lose," he reassured *Variety*. That might have been true in the past, but it was not to be so for much longer.

Behind the smiles, it was a very different story. According to Bryan Forbes, none of the latter-day Hammer horrors did well at the box office. In some instances, they would take up to twenty years to recoup their production costs alone. Hammer was overproducing, but it was of no more than passing interest to Sir James Carreras. The "old pals act" that had been set in motion two years before had been engineered for a purpose other than the mere plundering of Forbes's Elstree budget. A buyer had been sought for the whole House of Hammer.

If anything, Carreras had proven himself to be too good a salesman. Through fifteen years of squeezing the golden goose for all it was worth, he had inadvertently wrung its neck. Hammer had made too many films for too many people, and now there was nowhere left to go, no one left to go to. "Mentally, he had left the film business," Michael would say of his father at this point in time. "He used Hammer to fund his other life; he had a 'different' life." That other life, ostensibly as elder statesman of the industry but more significantly in the domestic sense, had now taken precedence, with two additional consultancy posts beckoning to add to the roster of Sir James's ambassadorial pursuits.[12]

The year 1872, and the nightmare legend of Count Dracula extends its terror far beyond the mountains of Carpathia to the Victorian metropolis of London.

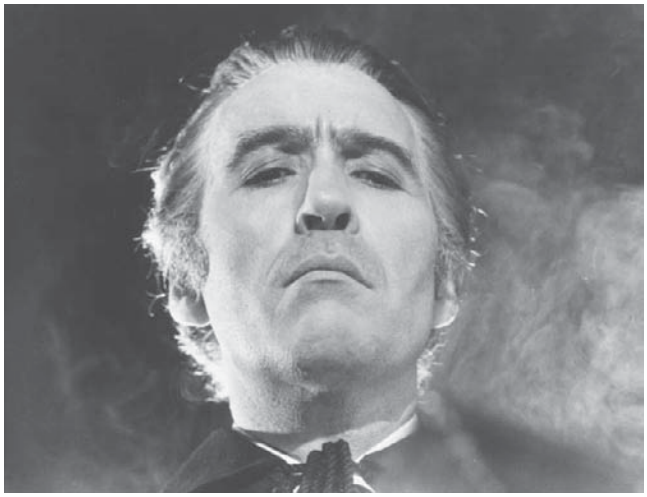
—opening narration, *Dracula A.D. 1972*

Hammer's dwindling fortunes had inexorably come to depend on the eventual fate of Count Dracula, but since 1969, alienation thrillers such as *Night of the Living Dead* had literally pumped new blood into the genre. The cinema of splatter had been surfacing in a number of diverse films made fast and furiously (in ironic mimicry of Hammer's own early beginnings), and on the kind of budgets where even the few that failed were able to cover their costs and still have enough money to try again. In the face of these young Turks—the likes of George Romero, Wes Craven, and Dario Argento—Hammer trotted out *Dracula A.D. 1972*, in which the Count was not only a stranger in a strange land but also an outdated metaphor whose time, like his image in the glass, was fading fast.

"Every single time I turned it down, I got a telephone call from James Carreras," Christopher Lee would explain. "And it was always along the same lines: 'You can't say no; I'm in my sixties and I can't cope with this kind of strain and pressure indefinitely. . . . I beg you to do this film—this film—this film . . .'" Such was his justification for once more donning the leaden cape for a hybrid rooted in the sixties in style and content. Like its predecessor, *Dracula A.D. 1972* would make no attempt to integrate with others in the series. The discontinuities would only serve to confuse the audience and confirm suspicions of careless exploitation. Hammer philosophy had always been to give the paying customers what they wanted, but with the latest Dracula, it seemed to be giving them what *it* wanted to give them.

By the time *Dracula A.D. 1972* opened (in October 1972), a workmanlike little hard-core-turned-mainstream monster movie called *Count Yorga, Vampire* would have transposed its vampire protagonist into contemporary Los Angeles, been moderately successful, spawned a sequel (*The Return of Count Yorga*), and exhausted the idea. Where Hammer once had led, now it could only follow.

LONDON, THE PRESENT. JOHNNY ALUCARD HAS INHERITED THE ARTIFACTS OF COUNT DRACULA. WITH A GROUP OF FRIENDS, HE PERFORMS A BLACK-MAGIC RITUAL IN A DESANCTIFIED CHURCH, WHERE HE CONJURES THE SPIRIT OF DRACULA. THE COUNT KILLS ONE OF THE GIRLS. THE POLICE CALL IN LORRIMER VAN HELSING, AND HE SUSPECTS THAT VAMPIRISM IS ABROAD. A SECOND DEATH IN THE GROUP CONFIRMS VAN HELSING IN HIS VIEW, AND HE REALIZES THAT ALUCARD IS AN ANAGRAM. VAN HELSING'S NIECE, JESSICA, IS LURED INTO A TRAP, BUT VAN HELSING KILLS ALUCARD BY IMMERSING HIM IN A BATH OF WATER. HE FOLLOWS DRACULA TO THE CHURCH, WHERE JESSICA IS HELD CAPTIVE. A FIGHT ENSUES, AND VAN HELSING DEFEATS THE COUNT BY IMPALING HIM ON A STAKE. THE EVIL OF DRACULA IS VANQUISHED ONCE MORE.



Christopher Lee in *Dracula A.D. 1972*.

What was originally *Dracula Today*, then *Dracula—Chelsea 1971*, is not all bad. It has a tremendous opening and an equally tremendous finale. The problem is the section in between. The film's one innovation is in returning Peter Cushing to the role of the vampire hunter, here cloaked in the guise of grandson Lorrimer. As ever, Cushing gives the proceedings his all, if a touch more arthritically than in 1958. An actor of tremendous dynamic, it is Cushing's scenes that breathe what life there is into a script that, like its farcical Chelsea vampires, should never have seen the light of day.

The swinging sixties had already inspired a spate of films inflecting on the age, which had invariably ended up looking gauche and affected as they tried to depict the attitudes and mannerisms of the "turn-on, tune-in" generation. That ought to have been sufficient warning to the makers of yet another opus hoping to highlight the lowlife of a gang of Kings Road "trendies," but Hammer was willfully oblivious to the signs and portents.

While the latest in a long line of over-theatrical juvenile leads was paraded center stage as "Johnny Alucard" (Christopher Neame), a more vigorous specimen was also introduced to the ranks of the protagonists, in the form of Inspector Murray (Michael Coles). With Dracula restricted to the confines of a church, the film concerns itself as much with the antics of the inspector and Alucard as it does with those of Van Helsing and the Count. There was method in it, as the next episode would make clear, but *Dracula A.D. 1972* merely looks like Hammer Horror as performed by the National Youth Theatre (literally, in this instance: Philip Miller, son of fifties crooner Gary Miller—and Bob in the film—was an old Alleynian and graduate of the "Young Vic," like *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*'s Simon Ward.)[13]

Unlike the previous Dracula, *A.D. 1972* had been accepted by Warner Bros. as part of the continuing program set up between Sir James Carreras and Ted Ashley. The invitation to BBC *Come Dancing* producer Josephine Douglas to oversee the proceedings had also been at the whim of Sir James, though Michael had decided that they should bring Dracula into the modern world, metaphorically *and* literally. *Dracula A.D. 1972* was not completely devoid of good ideas, but it failed to realize the possibilities inherent in the concept. Dracula's cape could have billowed unnoticed in the Chelsea streets and his "biographer," Bram Stoker, had actually penned the tale while resident in the same area. Instead, Dracula was consigned to lurking in a ruined church, looking for all the world as if he had budged not an inch from his Transylvanian pile and making a mockery of the entire period switch in the process. It was half-cocked and halfhearted, and it signified a clear display of timidity on Hammer's part. The paradoxical nature of the material is never fully exploited, and the film was to fail where Robert Quarry's streetwise *Yorga* had succeeded with such bravura—"masquerading" as himself at a fancy dress party and watching Hammer's *The Vampire Lovers* in his off-duty hours!

The obligatory pop group (Stoneground) had been recruited for the film and foisted onto it at Warner Bros.' behest, in the hope of some residual record sales. They were not to be. Neither was the sentiment expressed in the inscription on which *Dracula A.D. 1972* saw fit to close: "Rest In Final Peace."

> *Dracula. There is a legend that he was buried in Chelsea—probably by one of his disciples. . . . Possibly at St. Bartolph's, in some desanctified corner.*
>
> —Lorrimer Van Helsing, *Dracula A.D. 1972*

When Christopher Lee had finished with *A.D. 1972*, he went into *Nothing but the Night*—the first and last feature from his Charlemagne Productions, the company he had formed with Anthony Nelson Keys. Several Hammer regulars went along for the ride: Les Bowie, Eddie Knight, Doreen Dearnaley, and Tom Sachs. Malcolm Williamson, who had contributed so memorable a score to *The Brides of Dracula*, was assigned to the music, and Peter Sasdy was nominated to direct. But in its tale of possession and supernatural revenge among a group of orphaned children on a remote Hebridean island, the film was ponderous and ultimately unsatisfactory.

Rank was unsure of what it had and looked for approval by screening it before a contingent of its own staff in the embarrassed presence of Lee and Keys. *Nothing but the Night* received a thumbs-down, was given a reluctant release at the very end of the cycle, and flopped as a result. Charlemagne promptly followed suit. The day was coming when Lee would set his sights farther across the water than the Western Isles.

The more "adult" material Hammer had been introducing into its horror films to tempt customers was now being expunged in its biggest foreign market, the United States. The typical American audience member was *under* eighteen, with the result that the films had become increasingly troublesome to their dwindling band of U.S. bookers and increasingly disjointed as censor and distributor alike did their worst. This confirmed the view held by Warner Bros. that the basic product had become second-rate, and the accusation "draggy, boring, and completely unprofessional" was finding echo. "Jimmy would get very defensive about the quality of the pictures," Paul Lazarus notes, "even though he had little or nothing to do with the making of them." It was a no-win situation, and James Carreras knew it. With doubts about the efficacy of Hammer multiplying on both sides of the Atlantic, the time to get out was now at hand.

Having severed the company's informal link with Fantale, Michael Carreras began the search for more fresh-thinking policies, with one eye to the longer term. As four of the most recent Hammer horrors—*Hands of the Ripper*, *Twins of Evil*, *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde*, and *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb*—opened almost simultaneously on both circuits across London in October–November 1971 ("The stupidest exploitation I'd ever seen—complete saturation," said Christopher Wicking), two more went into production: *Straight On till Morning* and *Fear in the Night*, both of them at least partial attempts to bring about changes in the formula.

The double bill traded under the slogan, "Women in Terror!" *Fear in the Night* was *The Claw*, finally making it onto celluloid. Despite a sprucing-up with Technicolor, it was Sangster of old—twist and double twist, and nothing quite as it seems to be—but *Straight On till Morning* was the dark and inexplicable underside of the kitchen sink: a bizarre excursion into the "social realism" that had been turned out all too regularly by filmmakers who subsequently wondered why no one came to view. If a particular type of film helped hurtle the industry into the decline of the seventies, then this was it: the pointless slice-of-life tale of the sad and seedy, rooted in the fevered imaginings of suburban pseudo-intellectuals. That Michael Carreras allowed this maudlin burlesque past the script stage, let alone tried to sell it as a thriller, was an indicator of just how bad things had become—outside of Hammer as well as in: *Straight On till Morning* was directly responsible for a short-term rift in Michael's long-time marriage to wife Josephine.

With funds running low, there was nothing else to do but sell the family silver. The big three Hammer Gothic horrors—*The Curse of Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, and *The Mummy*—were sold to ITV for £75,000 apiece. And television, in the form of Brian Clemens again, was to return the favor early in 1972 and sell Hammer another series idea intended to pick up the reins from where the Karnsteins had left off: *Kronos*.

WANDERING ADVENTURER KRONOS AND HIS HUNCHBACKED AIDE, GROST, ARE SENT FOR BY DR. MARCUS TO HELP SOLVE THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS OF SEVERAL GIRLS. VAMPIRISM IS SUSPECTED, AND MARCUS HIMSELF FALLS VICTIM. HE HAS TO BE DESTROYED BY KRONOS, BUT HIS DEATH REVEALS HOW THE SCOURGE CAN BE DEFEATED. THE CULPRIT IS FOUND TO BE LADY DURWARD, WHO HAS BEEN DRAINING THE VILLAGERS OF THEIR BLOOD IN ORDER TO RAISE LORD DURWARD FROM THE DEAD. KRONOS KILLS HER HENCHMEN, THEN, USING HIS MISTRESS AS BAIT, HE SEEKS OUT AND DESTROYS THE VAMPIRE COUPLE. HE AND GROST RIDE OFF ONCE MORE TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT AGAINST EVIL.

Kronos was a belated attempt to suck from the same vein of pop horror that had been tapped into by *Twins of Evil*, and Brian Clemens's desire to overturn Hammer conventions is manifested in the film's set piece: Kronos is ignorant of how to kill a vampire, and he has to try out several methods on poor Dr. Marcus before he settles on a dubious revision that is merely contrived to enable him to *sword-fight* them to death! Much of *Kronos* is shot outdoors, and the paucity of what set design there is can be seen in a castle interior whose brightly painted walls mask the absence of any period detail, and a cabin whose door opens to reveal an "exterior" composed of a single picket fence. The net result is thoroughly bland and, with Clemens directing as well as writing on this occasion, devoid of a single saving grace.

Driven by the desire to create the conditions that would allow its horror-comic heroes to be spun off into further adventures, the retitled *Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter* was little more than a pilot film. Much time is spent on trying to develop a rapport between its curious principals, and much less is devoted to the now-familiar

vampiric activities they have been summoned to investigate. A singular combination of talents might have made it work, but the teaming of Horst Janson, Caroline Munro, and John Cater was singular only in its collective lack of charisma. Typical of Clemens, a dash of mystery had been added to the usual mix of ingredients to enrich the bouquet, but there was no horror to speak of, no sex that had not already been exploited by Ms. Munro's widespread exposure on behalf of Lamb's Navy Rum, and no humor beyond the unintentional.

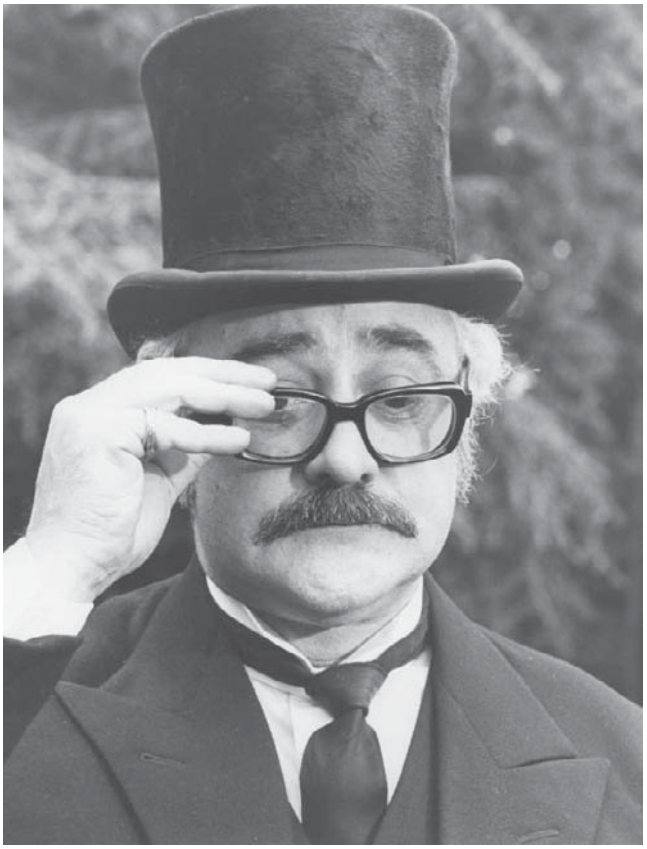
Clemens was known for his work on the cult TV series *The Avengers*, the best episodes of which had been directed by Robert Fuest. Fuest had also moved into features, and he was currently enjoying a huge hit with an *Avengers*-style pastiche about the exploits of a mad doctor. *The Abominable Dr. Phibes* had benefited from the camp casting of Vincent Price in its quest to mock the genre, and it would sire a sequel of even higher camp but significantly lower returns. Lacking both the visual flair of Fuest and the self-deprecating presence of Price, Captain Kronos was cut to the quick before he had even set out with his hunchbacked Sancho Panza.

Clemens and Albert Fennell had traded on past affiliation to produce a spurious pseudo-horror sanctioned in a moment of weakness and made without even the security of Hammer personnel to at least ensure it some adhesion to corporate values. But what was afoot would leave the good captain languishing on the shelf indefinitely.

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Next in the lists for 1972 was *That's Your Funeral*, another insipid meander through the backwaters of television sit-com land. Michael Carreras had undertaken to produce this one himself, and it would feature the crew (including he and Roy Skeggs) in cameo, dressed as pallbearers behind the credit titles. Given what was now taking place behind the scenes at Hammer, the irony could not have been lost on any of them.

As had been predicted, escalating costs within the industry (on top of the withdrawal of overseas finance) were helping to drive home the purgative stake. And not only for Hammer. For some time, James Carreras had been in negotiations with Peter Lorne of Studio Film Laboratories (SFL, a long-time facilities supplier to Hammer and others, which also was in financial difficulties) over the possible merger of the two. This was to have led to Sir James becoming chairman of a holding company, with Hammer and SFL as operating subsidiaries. While discussions were going on, however, SFL found another source of capital, and the plan was put on hold. But Studio Film Labs was not the only suitor that came calling.



Face of failure: Michael Carreras dons undertaker's garb for the title sequence of *That's Your Funeral*.

Michael's relationship with his father had reached an all-time low—a situation that had not been helped by the attitude EMI had adopted with respect to *Demons of the Mind*. By 1971, Hemdale's Laurie Marsh had taken charge of Tony Tenser's Tigon Films, and the restructured Tigon Group had become the lessee of a suite of offices in Hammer House formerly occupied by Grand National Pictures. In May, the new Tigon chairman intimated to trade journalists that, in keeping with the Group's aim of going public, he was negotiating for a couple of companies described as "compatible with his plans for expansion in the leisure market." No more had come of this in the intervening twelve months, but when the deal between Hammer and SFL began to waver, Sir James turned to Tigon and Tenser instead.

"Jimmy said he was looking to get out of Hammer," Tenser recalled. "We chatted over it and I said what I would do is merge it with our company, call it all Hammer, and we would carry on with the same thing. But I said I'll be making my films my way, which is a lot cheaper than your way; the people you use are not used to working economically and we can do better. I said that's the way I would buy it. He said, 'Okay, I'll get some papers drawn up and we'll go from there.'" The two soon

reached an agreement in principle whereby Hammer would be subsumed into the newly floated Tigon Group (soon to become the Laurie Marsh Group), of which Tenser was now an executive director.

The pact was to be sealed over lunch at "*Les A*" (Les Ambassadeurs) in Hamilton Place, in London's West End—a favored haunt of Carreras and company since Hammer's earliest days. But according to Brian Lawrence, when he and Edwin Davis came to pore over the small print, it became apparent that, because the deal was performance related, Sir James was not to be as richly rewarded in the short term as he had thought. The bad news was conveyed, but the meeting went ahead as if all was well, with Carreras putting a brave face on his disappointment for the assembled executives from Tigon. "It was the saddest lunch I've ever attended," was Lawrence's recollection. Even before the hors d'oeuvres were served, the absorption of Hammer by its archrival had become a nonevent, and SFL was back at the pole position in the exit stakes.

Michael Carreras had been party to the negotiations with Studio Film Labs, but not to those with Tigon. With the SFL merger temporarily halted, and his father in absentia on a cruise liner headed for the Mediterranean, Michael called a meeting to discuss what to do if Hammer were to be forced to continue on alone; in attendance were Lawrence, Skeggs, company secretary Harry Hopkins, and Davis. The program that had been set in motion by Sir James was due to end with the next Dracula film for Warner Bros., funds were scarce, the market for horror was on the wane, and ideas were in short supply. Michael was looking for a way to break the deadlock. As he addressed his concerns, it was Davis who intemperately dropped the bombshell. "You won't have to worry about any of that," Michael was assured. "Your father is *selling* the company."

Lawrence, who *had* been privy to the negotiations, was pressed for an explanation. He conceded that the prospective buyer had been Tigon and that the offer was in the region of £300,000. But he pointed out that nothing had been signed, let alone delivered.

Assuming that neither he nor anyone else had been included in whatever arrangement Sir James had come to with Tigon, Michael phoned Tenser for an explanation. The news was greeted with surprise and the reply that there had been a tacit understanding. Tenser offered to meet and talk. Michael was in no mood to discuss it; he had been persuaded to take up the reins at Hammer so his father could enjoy *la dolce vita* and had just endured the latest in a long line of bitter battles over how the business was being run. He replaced the receiver and never spoke to Tenser again. As far as Michael was concerned, he was now faced with a stark choice: shrug his shoulders and let things take their course, or try to beat the Tigon offer. Unfortunately for him, the trap had now been sprung and he would choose to do the latter.

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With the revelation that the Tigon/Laurie Marsh Group was ostensibly to become the new owner of Hammer, events gathered momentum. The fact that the deal was effectively going nowhere was of no consequence. Michael decided to launch a counterbid to take over the company himself, with the idea that if *he* bought out his father, Hammer and its key personnel would be safer in the long term. While Sir James was still out of the country, Michael reapproached former suitor Studio Film Labs to fund the purchase of his father's portfolio and thereby secure itself a stake in the company. SFL agreed, and contracts were drawn up. But at the same time, Brian Lawrence had thought to go one better. The pension fund subsidiary of industrial giant ICI (Imperial Chemical Industries) was investing in all manner of venture capital areas, including film production. Lawrence submitted a business plan to PFS (Pension Funds Securities), which was more advantageous in the short term (on the assumption that the development deal with EMI would ensure the longer term), and it was accepted with no strings attached for the required loan of £400,000, with another £200,000 for two features. At the eleventh hour, despite incurring a five-figure penalty with Studio Film Labs for failing to honor *its* contract, Michael decided to go with PFS.[14]

When the ship carrying Sir James and Lady Carreras returned to Southampton, Michael's offer to buy Hammer was waiting to meet it at the dock. A week of silence followed. "We had tried to keep quiet about it," Tenser said of the supposed merger with Tigon. "I don't know who leaked it out but about a week or so later, Jimmy phoned me to come up. He said, 'I didn't realize I had to give first refusal to my son, Michael. I've spoken to Michael and he wants to buy it, so we can't do a deal.' Jimmy was a very clever businessman—he may well have been using us to drive the price up." Eventually, word was sent to Michael that the counteroffer was acceptable: Hammer was to be his. The acceptance letter was couched in an expression of surprise; Sir James professed himself to have been unaware of his son's interest in acquiring the company. "I knew what *he* wanted to do, and watched him do it—superbly—all my life," Michael observed. "But he never asked me what I wanted to do—*ever*."



Hylda Baker, Michael Carreras, and Jimmy Jewell during the filming of *Nearest and Dearest.*

Hammer Films passed from father to son in a brief formal ceremony in the dining room of Hammer House. Sir James and Lady Vera Carreras resigned their directorships, effective January 31, 1973. The company was now in the hands of Michael Carreras, safe for another generation of the family to inherit. Or was it?

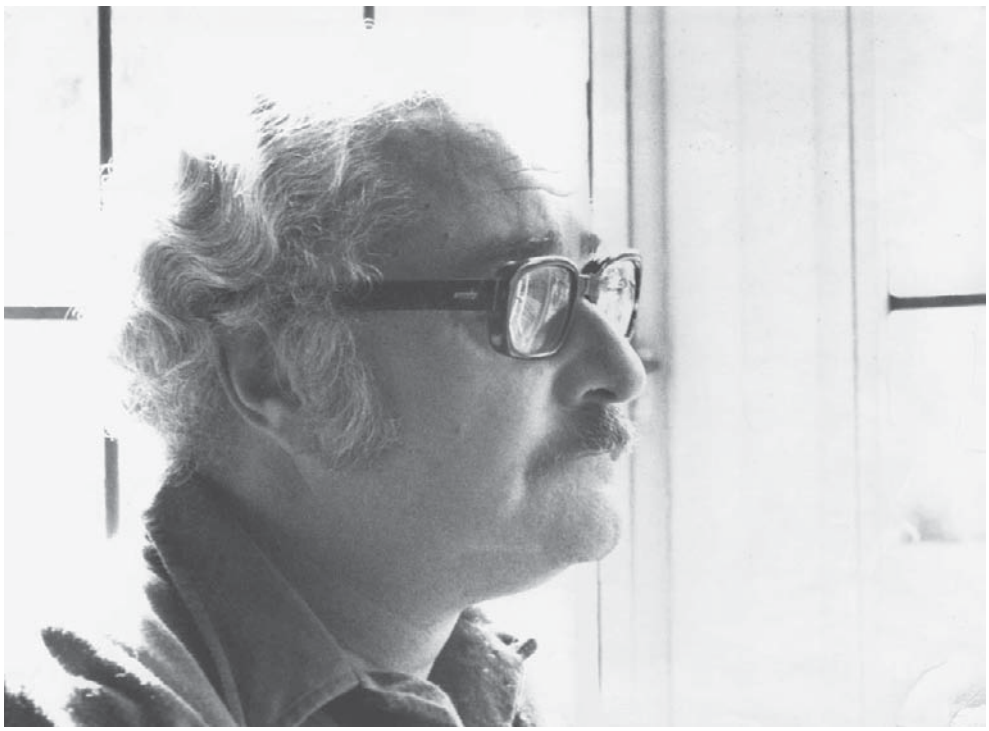
It was not long before Sir James requested that he be allowed to keep the company Rolls and be paid a consultancy retainer. This was the first that Michael knew of a Hammer Rolls-Royce, and he refused. Soon after, EMI support for future production (the development deal that was to have ensured Hammer's business continuity) was withdrawn. The reason was simple: cooperation between EMI and Hammer had been on a "personal" basis, and as far as Bernard Delfont was concerned, Michael was *not* his father. "He literally slammed the door in my face," Michael said. The personal basis was what Bryan Forbes had deemed to be the "old pals act" between Carreras, Delfont, and Nat Cohen, but it was not to last for much longer. Sir James would instead take up a position as a consultant to EMI (in conjunction to one at Studio Film Labs, effective April 3, 1973), with his sights set firmly on the vacancy for head of production that was to arise with the enforced end to Forbes's contentious tenure at Elstree. The post would go ultimately to Cohen, and Variety Club notwithstanding, all those years of friendship between the three would come to a swift close in the process.

"I would go and see him at the house, and he'd be sitting in the basement," Jo Carreras recalled of her visits to her father-in-law at Court-in-Holmes, in Forest Row. "He had this huge house, and he'd sit in the basement with a bottle by his side. He was insecure. He had it all, but he was insecure." "He never spoke to Nat Cohen again," Michael confirmed. And with the collapse of the all-powerful industry triumvirate that had kept things artificially afloat at 113 Wardour Street since 1970, Sir James Carreras was to take no more interest in the company that he had built and maintained almost single-handedly since the late 1940s. Nor, it now seemed, would anyone else.

Suddenly, the *réal gothique* of Hammer had started to come hideously alive.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Last Rites, 1973–1979



Michael Carreras.

I went to America to renew contacts and re-establish that Hammer would in no way be changing except to expand and go forward. I see no reason why Hammer should not continue its expansion for the next 25 years—or 250 if there are still people on this earth.

—Michael Carreras,
Cinema TV Today, December 1972

Hammer Films had been purchased in haste and pretty much on trust—a *folie de grandeur* on a grand scale. The upshot of what Michael Carreras would soon come to think of as "the most stupid decision I ever made" was to be a series of shocks that would signal the beginning of an inexorable descent toward ultimate disaster. EMI had already rescinded the deal for another nine films, and interest in the Hammer product among the American majors was now entirely nonexistent. But in addition to these problems, because of the way Sir James Carreras had done business, the rights to most of Hammer's films were owned by the companies that had financed them. The value of the remaining residuals amounted to little more than £200,000, Michael discovered: "80 percent of what I thought was there wasn't there at all."

Only now did Michael realize what Brian Lawrence had always known about Sir James's intentions: "He quit while the going was good; he had exhausted the supply of cash," Lawrence said. "I think he was utterly brilliant at gauging the time," Michael was to reflect. "He really got out when the reputation was gone and the coffers were empty." Hammer had been left high and dry, with barely enough money in the bank to produce more than a handful of films and without the safety net the EMI development funding would have provided. "They took him to the cleaners," was Josephine Carreras's opinion of what had transpired. "Jimmy used to boast about it. Boast!

. . . About ripping-off his own son. It was a golf tournament—Stanley Baker was there—and he was boasting about it. He *used* them to stop Michael from working."

Be that as it may, the priority for Michael was to buy the company some time. Once again, product merchandising was explored—books, records, magazines, anything that could hold out the prospect of generating income in the short term. "I tried to diversify—I tried to use the name," Michael explains. "It was about all I'd got left." But first, he was able to wrest $280,000 out of a reluctant Paramount for a *seventh* Frankenstein film that he would cobble together from a script by Tony Hinds/John Elder, offer to Peter Cushing and Terence Fisher, and rush onto the stages of Elstree in late September 1972.

The result was to be *Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell*—the last will and testament of Elder, Cushing, and Fisher, all working under the company banner. Hinds was content to turn out an occasional script, but he would refuse an invitation from Michael to return to Hammer on a full-time basis.

Long before the close of 1972, horror had been elbowed out of the more expansive surroundings of Elstree and Pinewood and into the backwaters of smaller studios that were normally designated for television production and other workaday fare, and a third Phibes—*The Bride of Phibes*—had been abandoned as a lost cause in the rush to the lifeboats.[1] Even as it was being written, the final Frankenstein had been left with nothing new to say: the legacy of Hammer was already settled.

DR. SIMON HELDER IS COMMITTED TO THE ASYLUM AT CARLSBAD. AFTER BEING TORTURED BY THE WARDERS, HE IS TAKEN TO THE PRISON DOCTOR, WHOM HE RECOGNIZES AS BARON FRANKENSTEIN—WHOSE WORK HE HAS BEEN TRYING TO EMULATE. "DR. VICTOR" ALLOWS HELDER TO BECOME HIS ASSISTANT. HELDER STUMBLES UPON A HIDDEN LABORATORY, WHERE FRANKENSTEIN HAS CONSTRUCTED A HUGE CREATURE, ITS BODY COVERED IN BANDAGES. THE BARON REVEALS THAT HE HAS REBUILT THE BODY OF A GROTESQUE NEANDERTHAL OF A MAN WHO HAD FALLEN FROM A CELL WINDOW. AN INMATE CALLED THE "PROFESSOR" DIES, AND FRANKENSTEIN ACQUIRES THE FINAL ITEM: A BRAIN. WHEN THE CREATURE ATTACKS HELDER WITH A BROKEN BOTTLE, IT BEGINS TO LOOK AS THOUGH THE OLD BODY HAS TRIUMPHED OVER THE NEW MIND! IN FRANKENSTEIN'S ABSENCE, THE CREATURE ESCAPES AND GOES ON A RAMPAGE. THE ENRAGED LUNATICS ATTACK IT AND TEAR IT LIMB FROM LIMB. FRANKENSTEIN RETURNS IN TIME TO WITNESS THE DESTRUCTION, AND MUSES IDLY THAT HE WILL HAVE TO BEGIN AGAIN.



Left: Dave Prowse as the monster in *Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell*. *Right:* Peter Cushing as the baron.

Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell was Michael Carreras pressing the panic button. The script was much revised, even in its final draft. The input ranged from wholesale deletions to token dialogue alterations, and the broth was in danger of being spoiled before the show went onto the floor. For economic reasons, the story was divested of some minor characters and a neat inflection to its predecessor (bar one) when a magistrate talked of having sent the baron down in "'68," which was changed to "some time ago." In addition to this, a complex, wordy, and character-laden tale was afforded the tiniest budget of any recent Hammer horror film, and the shortest schedule since the company's earliest days.

The asylum setting was a bright and original idea, but it is plain that Hinds's way with the Gothic had not changed radically or improved much since *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave*. *Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell* was intended as a throwback, but the increasingly graphic content of other genre offerings should have been addressed with more potency than a transparently fake brain removal and the wanton destruction of the monster in the final moments. The film was doomed to failure, and it would be overshadowed in release by the blasphemous cavortings of the demonically possessed twelve-year-old in William Friedkin's *The Exorcist*.

The Exorcist did not finish Hammer Horror off. The process was already under way by the time of *Monster from Hell*'s spotty release in 1974. But it showed quite clearly that there was no road back.

By the seventies, Fisher's prosaic way with horror had become distinctly passé and as rooted in the theatrical manner of yesteryear as that of the Universal films he had updated so vigorously in the fifties. *Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell* was a noble last act—a valiant encore for Fisher, Cushing, Charles Lloyd Pack, et al.—the final flourish of what had become a great tradition. But it was a film for the collector, not the mass market. There would be no return to the golden age of Hammer Gothic, nor should there have been any attempt at one. Like the participants, it had been of its time, and its time was past.[2]

We must get this place tidied up, so that we can start afresh. Now we shall need new material, naturally.

—Baron Frankenstein, *Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell*

While the baron took his last curtain call, the Count waited in the wings to do the same. Hammer's eighth Dracula had represented the last act of Sir James Carreras before *his* departure from the scene. It had been announced to an incredulous world under the trite title of *Dracula Is Dead . . . And Well and Living in London*. The nadir of what Christopher Lee was to christen his "graveyard period" would be reached with a film that ominously was lined up to go before the cameras on November 13, 1972, as *The Satanic Rites of Dracula*.

THE POLICE AND SI7 ARE INVESTIGATING REPORTS OF BLACK-MAGIC RITES INVOLVING PROMINENT PEOPLE. VISITING PELHAM HOUSE, INSPECTOR MURRAY FINDS MOTORCYCLE BODYGUARDS AND A CLUTCH OF VAMPIRE GIRLS CHAINED IN THE CELLAR. HE ESCAPES, BUT AN SI7 AGENT IS KILLED. VAN HELSING DISCOVERS THAT ONE OF THE PARTICIPANTS HAS BEEN CULTIVATING A PLAGUE VIRUS. WHEN THE SCIENTIST IS MURDERED, HE TRACES THE VIAL TO THE INDUSTRIAL CONGLOMERATE OF D. D. DENHAM. HE CONFRONTS DENHAM, AND THE MAGNATE IS NONE OTHER THAN COUNT DRACULA! THE COUNT ADDS VAN HELSING TO HIS ROSTER OF CAPTIVES AT THE HOUSE, WHICH NOW INCLUDES MURRAY AND VAN HELSING'S DAUGHTER. THE INSPECTOR FREES HIMSELF AND TURNS ON THE SPRINKLERS, DESTROYING THE VAMPIRES IN THE CELLAR. IN THE ALTAR ROOM, DRACULA REVEALS HIS PLAN: HE INTENDS TO DESTROY HUMANITY—AND HIMSELF IN THE PROCESS, FOR WANT OF BLOOD. THE VIAL IS SMASHED, BUT VAN HELSING TOPPLES A BURNING BRAZIER ONTO THE BACTERIA AND ESCAPES AS THE HOUSE ERUPTS IN FLAME. HE IS PURSUED BY DRACULA, WHO BECOMES TRAPPED IN A HAWTHORN BUSH. VAN HELSING DRIVES A STAKE THROUGH HIS HEART, AND THE WORLD IS SAVED.

From Transylvania with Love might have been just as appropriate a title for what would turn out to be a secret-agent thriller, in which Van Helsing and Inspector Murray from *Dracula A.D. 1972* are called in by SI7 to investigate some subversive goings-on in a multinational conglomerate run by the mysterious D. D. Denham.[3] The plot was an outright steal from the previous year's James Bond film, *Diamonds Are Forever*, with Dracula replacing Ernst Stavro Blofeld. But the film was lively and inventive and acted with conviction by a better cast than its predecessor (Freddie Jones, Richard Vernon, William Franklyn, Patrick Barr, and Lockwood West).

Most of the uncertainties that had been allowed to plague the Count's previous return to (contemporary) life are ironed out in *The Satanic Rites of Dracula*, and his liberation from a twilight existence in St. Bartolph's leaves him free to function more fully in the modern world and transform himself into a supervillain whose

purpose is to destroy society. Dracula's castle is now a fog-shrouded skyscraper in the heart of London, where he presides over the fate of the human race in a penthouse suite of red pile, while sporting a mock Lugosi accent. Christopher Lee cuts an elegant dash as the Count in modern dress, and the change of tack was to serve as a dry run for his impending role as *real* Bond villain Scaramanga in the following year's *The Man with the Golden Gun*.

It was a good idea, and it was worked through with some flair in Don Houghton's script. There are *frissons* worthy of Nigel Kneale himself: the skyscraper risen from the ruins of the church; the photograph that shows only a door where D. D. Denham had been seen standing; the title sequence, where the shadow of Dracula gradually encroaches on the London skyline. There is also a better use of the London locations, and *Kojak*'s John Cacavas orchestrates a more engaging score than *A.D. 1972*'s Michael Vickers, with a novel variant on James Bernard's familiar three-note-theme tune. But if it ultimately fails to gel—and it does—the fault lies with the direction.

Alan Gibson's brash directorial style is gimmick ridden, opportunistic, and even less attuned to his material here than it was in *Dracula A.D. 1972*. He constantly seeks unusual setups, only to find irritating ones instead, and the frequent focus-pulling merely encourages regret at the passing of fixed-focus lenses. In what should have been the film's best sequence (when a bevy of vampire girls is discovered in a cellar underneath Pelham House), Gibson's technique for engendering suspense is to have his protagonist turn the lights *on* before the action starts. But he does furnish an exciting and spectacular finale, which is only diminished by the climactic intrusion of yet another identikit Les Bowie disintegration scene.

As had been predicated in *A.D. 1972*, the grooming of Inspector Murray to take the lead in the ongoing fight against the vampire horde besetting modern London continued apace in *The Satanic Rites of Dracula*. Hammer had found an original creative talent in Australian Houghton, and the film ends on a tantalizing freeze-frame of a pensive Van Helsing clutching Dracula's signet ring. It is intriguing to speculate on what Houghton might have come up with had this line of inquiry been allowed to develop.

Hammer could no longer do anything right for its American distributors, but still insisted on doing it. Since *The Vampire Lovers*, many of the more graphic horror sequences in Hammer's films had been cut to ensure an MPAA rating compatible with the traditional target audience. The story was much the same for the increasingly explicit sexual content. The depths that were being plumbed by the mavericks remained largely unacceptable in the mainstream, and Hammer continued to be perceived as a mass-market producer. *The Satanic Rites of Dracula* may have marginalized the horror, but there was the usual quota of sex—a sacrificial victim is displayed with full-frontal nudity on the altar, and stakes are rammed home between naked breasts.



Bargain basement: *The Satanic Rites of Dracula* (Christopher Lee).

British Board of Film Censors secretary John Trevelyan had retired from his post (on June 30, 1971) in the interval between the release of *Countess Dracula* and that of *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* and *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb*, and replacement Stephen Murphy had tried to flex his muscles over the sex and gore in Hammer's latest opus in the way that his predecessor had in the past—despite the more liberal certification system that had since been put in place. Extensive cuts were demanded, and when they were complied with, more were asked for. On top of everything else that had been sent to plague him, Michael Carreras was in no mood to see what market was left to Hammer Horror diminished by the removal from the film of the very elements that its audience came to see. "This is an 'X' cert Dracula film," Murphy was informed in an irate note. "If we are to make the further cuts now requested, the whole film becomes a shadow of what is expected and accepted by the public . . . and in competition in world markets, Hammer will suffer (in my opinion, unfairly) both at the box office and in reputation." Murphy blinked, and *The Satanic Rites of Dracula* was allowed to pass as "X" as it stood, albeit in depleted form already.

Not that the concession on behalf of the Board would be of much consequence. To the contrary, the surfeit of nudity would all prove too much for Warner Bros., and although it had agreed to take the film, it would promptly be shelved, surfacing only briefly under a different distributor (Continental) as *Count Dracula and His Vampire Bride*. But just as ignominious would be the nature of its patchy release in the United Kingdom more than a *year* after its production, when mention of the fact that it was a Hammer film was removed from theatrical advertising. Even the company name would matter little by then.

Perhaps—deep in his subconscious—that is what he really wants. An end to it all.

—Lorrimer Van Helsing,
The Satanic Rites of Dracula

With *The Satanic Rites of Dracula*, Christopher Lee finally forswore playing the Count. Sir James Carreras having retired from the scene, there was no one else at Hammer able to persuade him otherwise, and he knew that he could divest himself of the role with impunity. In the final installment of the saga, Count Dracula was to be played by the "Man in Black" from *The Vampire Lovers*: John Forbes-Robertson.

The era was almost at an end; Hammer was no longer a force to be reckoned with. The time that remained would be filled by more excursions into the transient territory of television farce (*Love Thy Neighbor*, *Holiday on the Buses*) and television drama (*Man at the Top*). Much had been forecast—two coproductions in Australia, twelve features with Harold Goldman's Gold Key Productions under the umbrella title of the "Zodiac Package," and the continuation and expansion of Hammer's "very close association with EMI"—but even the promise of a sequel to *Nearest and Dearest* was to remain unfulfilled. Titles from the vast number of properties the company had optioned over the years were bandied about with abandon (*A Holiday for Simon* resurfaced to live another speculative day, as *Outrage on Koriakis*). Even a change of media was toyed with: Don Houghton was appointed special-projects manager to oversee three video productions—*The Experiment*, *An Eye for an Eye*, and John Peacock's *Children of the Wolf*—in association with Peter Collinson and independent producer Penny Karline, but Hammer would pull out due to lack of funds. Partners were sought for non-filmmaking ventures, such as restaurants and discos, but none were found. Every avenue was explored; not one of them led anywhere. The optimism of two years before faded like a dream, and the pace slowed to a standstill.

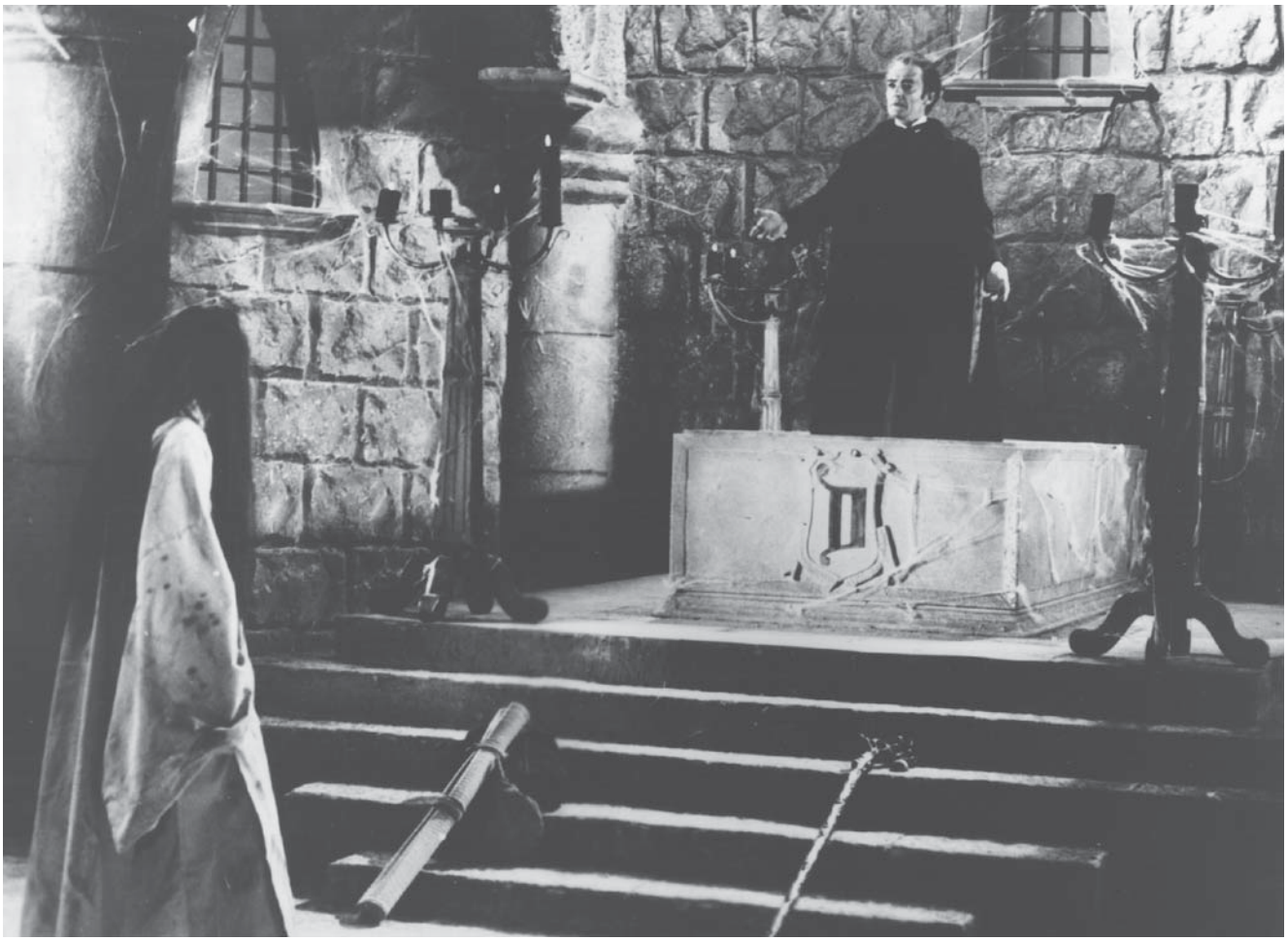
By the end of 1973, in the wake of power strikes, the international oil crisis brought on by the Yom Kippur War, the declaration of a state of emergency, and the imposition of a three-day workweek, the British film industry was once more falling flat on its collective face. There was still some time to go before *Jaws*, *Star Wars*, and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* were to change the face of cinema forever, and the promise of sanctuary came from some very strange quarters. With the aid of Houghton's Chinese wife, Pik Sen, Michael was introduced to Run Run Shaw, oriental movie mogul extraordinaire and co-owner of Shaw Studios, the biggest film factory in Southeast Asia. It was an unlikely alliance, at best, but it raised the possibility that the dissipating fad for martial-arts movies could be used to prop up another adventure for the only name that still meant anything: Dracula.

The new film was originally intended for Avco-Embassy, which had released *Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell*, but Warner Bros. again exercised its right of veto on the strength of the success it had nurtured with Bruce Lee's *Enter the Dragon* (1973). Warner's pact with Hammer was not open-ended, however, and Ashley and

company were happy to see it concluded on a permanent basis by the time they were presented with *Dracula and the Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires*.

TRANSYLVANIA, 1804. DRACULA'S SPIRIT ENTERS THE BODY OF A CHINESE WARLORD, KAH. ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER, LAWRENCE VAN HELSING IS IN CHUNG KING SEARCHING FOR THE SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES. AFTER A SERIES OF HARROWING ADVENTURES IN WHICH HE AND HIS INTREPID BAND ENCOUNTER A VERITABLE HORDE OF THE LIVING DEAD, THE VAMPIRES ARE VANQUISHED. THE QUEST ENDS IN A TEMPLE IN PING KUEI, WHEN KAH REVEALS HIMSELF TO BE COUNT DRACULA. THERE IS A BRIEF STRUGGLE, AND DRACULA FALLS ON VAN HELSING'S SPEAR AND CRUMBLES TO DUST; THE LEGEND IS FINALLY LAID TO REST.

The Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires was an unmitigated mishmash on the level of Toho's Godzilla series. In the tradition of many television detective shows featuring an old hand, Van Helsing now required a young companion to bear the weight of the action—time waits for no man, and his days of table-hopping to tackle vampires were long over. The film still required Peter Cushing's name to bear the weight of publicity, though, and what a dead weight it had to carry. Dracula is a garish pantomimic caricature, parenthetically tacked onto the story to better distribute the differing strands of the production, as well as the "differences of approach" that had occurred during shooting between Roy Ward Baker's Hammer crew and Run Run Shaw's Asian one. The business at hand is primarily conducted between David Chiang of "The Water Margin" and a Zulu-stomping army of the living dead. It is curiously watchable for its sheer verve (not to say nerve) in attempting to crossbreed the European myth of the vampire with the outlandishness of Chinese martial-arts action, but even Don Houghton's bold strokes with Hammer's pen were hard-pushed to make something workable out of Dracula in the Orient. (Since Houghton had also produced the film—a task



The Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires (Chan Shen, John Forbes-Robertson).

for which he was eminently unsuited—the blame came twice over. When Houghton left Hong Kong, he left Hammer, also.)

After completing his script for *Scars of Dracula*, Tony Hinds had written what *should* have been the sixth Dracula "sequel": *Dracula, High Priest of Vampires* (aka *Dracula in India*), in which the Count had retreated to Calcutta and attempted to avail himself of the charms of a young English girl named Penny Woods; when eventually he is thwarted in his goal, he is eaten alive by vultures atop a Parsee "Tower of Silence." After the moderate success of *Seven Golden Vampires*, Hinds's script was later dusted off, retitled (as *Kali, Devil-Bride of Dracula*), and handed over to the resourceful Chris Wicking. Wicking moved the period back to the 1850s and brought the Bengal Lancers and a *young* Van Helsing into the mix, crossing sabers with Dracula for the very first time. But in the eyes of Warner Bros., the Count's transcontinental wanderings had already come to an end.[4]

Michael Carreras maximized mileage on the trip to the Far East by shooting *Seven Golden Vampires* back-to-back with *Shatter*, a cut-rate thriller starring Stuart Whitman, with Cushing in support. Anton Diffring phoned his role in. *The Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires* was to be Cushing's last excursion into Hammer Horror. "Michael thought that twenty years of that kind of film was enough," he said, "but of course, it was like people wanting a box of chocolates still to have their favorite assortment in it; they didn't want anything new out of the Hammer stable."

Carreras thought he had bought a film company. He had not—he had bought a corporate identity for a very specific product, and anything that deviated from that went against the expectations of the public and of any prospective financiers. Hammer Films had been turned into a Frankenstein monster of its own making, and when returns began to percolate through from the releases of the last three Gothic horrors, it soon became clear that not only did the public not want anything new from Hammer, they did not seem to want anything *at all*.

In the first months of 1974, Hammer found itself unable to fund anything more promising than another television spin-off, as Richard O'Sullivan, Paula Wilcox, and Sally Thomsett descended on Elstree for the familiar routines



Author Denis Meikle chats with Roy Skeggs during a press reception at Elstree Studios for *Man about the House*.

of *Man about the House*. For some years, Michael Carreras had been one of a select few to be invited to the birthday lunches of author Dennis Wheatley. With no new ideas on the table, he used the opportunity to pick up on two of the eight Wheatley stories that were still optioned to the now-defunct Charlemagne: *To the Devil a Daughter* and *The Haunting of Toby Jugg*. By June, he had secured the services of Christopher Lee and Tony Keys (as producer) by offering each of them a percentage, and with EMI prepared to go along for the ride into preproduction at least, *To the Devil a Daughter* was announced for filming. The deal was elaborated to include a short-story series for television under the nominal heading of Wheatley's factual study on demonology—*The Devil and All His Works*.

To the Devil a Daughter was written by Wheatley some eighteen years after *The Devil Rides Out* but is identical in style: its black magician is blacker than black, and he is aided in his Satanic activities by a host of appalling demons. The villain on this occasion is Canon Copely-Syle (whom Wheatley had modeled on the Reverend Montague Summers, a noted Gothic bibliophile and devotee of the supernatural), the purpose of whose machinations is to create a *homunculus*. In the book's best scene, Copely-Syle's adversary Colonel Verney wakes to find himself chained in the canon's cellar as *something evil* begins to manifest in a dark corner on the far side of the room. Nothing quite so brazen was to feature in the version now envisioned by screenwriter John Peacock, especially when EMI summarily rejected the concept of homunculi on the grounds that it was science fiction! But in marked contrast to the ambivalence that was to be expressed in the finished film, Peacock had made the Satanic character of his "canon" — Father Michael Rayner—abundantly clear.

In the meanwhile, the youthful talents of Christopher Wicking had reappeared on Hammer's doorstep—this time in the company of new collaborator Adrian Reid and pitching a psychic detective film-cum-television series called *The Sensitive*. But the attractions of a feature that could be spun off into a series for American TV were thought to be more realizable with the adventures of Allan Quatermain, the hero of H. Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*, whose potential was being explored by both parties independently. In their shared vision of a new direction for the company, the two formed a rapport. "Michael and I discovered that we had all sorts of things in common," said Wicking. "A liking for good jazz, food, drink, and films," Michael clarifies. Wicking was set to work, and *Allan Quartermain Esq.: His Quest for the Holy Flower* was added to the list of possibles in urgent need of a backer. But long before *The Holy Flower* would fail to blossom, the ills that were about to afflict *To the Devil a Daughter* were already taking root.

The film could hardly have endured a harder journey to the screen. There were ongoing problems with the finance, the script, and the casting. Peacock had provided a first draft, but an apathetic Nat Cohen was soon exhibiting reluctance to advance the small amount considered necessary to get it into better shape. A start date of August 4 came and went, and with little progress to speak of, Carreras began to get desperate. Memos to EMI urging action became more frequent and increasingly impersonal, and by October, Cohen had grudgingly consented to contribute 50 percent of the cost, provided that Hammer fund the other 50 percent. Since the coffers were now empty, this could only be done in conjunction with a coproducer, and finding one rested on the quality of the script.

American-International Pictures (AIP) was Carreras's first choice, but it was forthright about the Peacock draft, decrying it for being "silly" and "written in a confusing style," and concluding that it needed "a tremendous amount of work." Wicking, who had now adopted the mantle of Hammer's script editor, was allocated the task of plugging the holes in the screenplay, in the hope that his efforts might shed some light on the obscurities Peacock had managed to instill into Wheatley's occult thriller. The novel had been published in 1953 and set contemporaneously, so Peacock had opted for the 1950s as his starting point, also. Wicking retained this "historical" prologue (which depicted the murder of an inquisitive reporter at Radleigh Church and was filmed with Australian actor Ed Devereux in the role, though it was not to make it into the final cut), but he chose to obfuscate the true nature of Father Michael and his followers: this entailed the removal of the kinds of scenes that had proved so effective in Hammer's version of *The Devil Rides Out*—one of which involved the terrifying appearance of the demon Astaroth during a Black Mass. With Wicking at work on the rewrite, the next task was to find a director.

Front-runners Jack Gold and Douglas Hickox had already made their excuses and declined. October saw Don Sharp provisionally accept the job, in spite of similar misgivings about the basic story. But within three months, he was gone, bowing out with, "It just isn't for me." Ken Hughes was nominated and available, but he was vetoed by Cohen personally, as was Ken Russell. Terence Fisher was also available, but he was not even considered, though almost every other director working in England was. It had now become a matter of finding

somebody acceptable to both parties, and one name remained: *Demons of the Mind*'s Peter Sykes. In April 1975, Sykes signed up to do the film—on the express understanding that he was *not* to tamper with the script.

The agreement with EMI meant that if *To the Devil a Daughter* was not ready to go by June 30, 1975, funds advanced to it were to be reimbursed. AIP had already passed on being a coproducer, and Warner Bros., Avco-Embassy, and Universal had followed suit, but contacts Carreras had cultivated through Capricorn finally came through, and he found a partner in Constantin-Film of Munich. No sooner was that deal done, however, than it was undone, as internal wrangling sent Constantin into a sudden tailspin. A second-string company by the name of Terra Filmkunst Gmbh of Berlin stepped into the breach, but even by June 16, with the deal firmed up at last, Hammer's troubles were still not at an end.

Casting the lead had been the same problem over again. The need for an international star soon spread the quest to every well-known name working in England *and* America. Stacy Keach and Orson Welles had been among the first in the ring, but only the former was ever a serious contender—until he saw the size of the paycheck. Carreras (along with Wicking and Sykes) tried to persuade Cliff Robertson to participate in the venture, but to no avail. With the June deadline almost upon him, he offered the role of Verney to Richard Dreyfuss, Beau Bridges, and Peter Fonda *simultaneously*, in the hope that one of them would bite. Seven days later, Michael Sarrazin was added to the list of potentials. There were to be no takers. Finally, a name that had been floating around since October 1974 resurfaced in a new light, his original asking price of $130,000 now looking much more attractive, and by July 1975, Richard Widmark had joined Lee on board. But there still remained the pivotal role of Catherine Beddows.

With Widmark's participation effectively doubling the cost of his character, it was necessary to restore some equilibrium to the budget. Consequently, newcomer Nastassja Kinski displaced all thought of Twiggy, Olivia Newton-John, or any of the dozen other names previously in the running. In the process, Anthony Valentine substituted for David Warner and Michael Goodliffe did likewise for Jeremy Kemp—in both cases, literally days before *To the Devil a Daughter* was due to go onto the floor.

To finance its part of the deal, Hammer had been forced to borrow an additional $250,000 on the open market, but further conditions were imposed by EMI. The company's share of the joint profit was to be much less than in past years, and half of its overhead was to be deferred. Another formal missive was fired off to Cohen. "It has taken over twelve months to mount this production," Carreras wrote, "and on its most basic level, we need all of this fee to ease our current cash-flow position." By now, Hammer stood to benefit to the tune of a mere 17.5 percent of the gross (allowing for deductions, the percentages due to both Lee and Wheatley, and the 5 percent that was earmarked to go straight to PFS)—and a further 10 percent of *that* was owed to Keys, who had now to forfeit his role as producer for the sake of economy, and return, disappointed, to his beloved Richmond and Twickenham Golf Club.

EMI was intent on taking its pound of flesh, and Hammer could ill afford to spare it. Brian Lawrence had already been forced to relinquish his directorship and take his salary in "fees" for the collection of Hammer residuals through his own Tintern Productions, and at the end of 1974, company secretary Ken Gordon had followed him out of the door. Since January 1975, Roy Skeggs had been acting as production supervisor *and* a director of Hammer in Lawrence's stead, and with the departure of Keys, he had to take charge of *To the Devil a Daughter*, as well.

With Hammer reduced to a handful of executives and a few office staff, Michael Carreras was caught between the *Devil* and the deep-blue sea of corporate collapse. But for Chris Wicking, it still appeared to be business as usual: "The unspoken relationship we had was that as and when some funding turned up, I would be put in charge of a second-string, low-budget department, developing people—trying to make the equivalent of the Corman movies of the sixties. I had all sorts of ideas—including comic books. I talked to Stan Lee about doing a Marvel-Hammer connection. But it all came to nothing . . . because we had no money to afford to pay anybody to develop it."

Wicking's idea was to bear *some* fruit, though. "Stan Lee had this correspondence thing in the comics—the reader was the most important person in the world to Stan Lee, and it seemed to me that the viewer was the most important person for Hammer. But nobody seemed to understand that." Carreras understood. In a desperate bid to appeal to the fans where they lived, he took the unusual step of placing a full-page advertisement in the August 1975 issue of Forrest Ackerman's *Famous Monsters of Filmland* magazine, under the headline, "What Will Hammer Do Next?" Among Warren Publishing's other titles was another Ackerman creation—a hugely popular comic book about the adventures of a female vampire from outer space. Hammer's answer was quick in coming: *Vampirella*!

As *To the Devil a Daughter* finally got under way at Elstree, Michael embarked on securing the rights to the character from publisher James Warren. By the first week in November, he would be attending a New York "Monstercon" and parading Barbara Leigh in the designer bat garb of the extraterrestrial blood drinker and adolescent male fantasy figure in question.

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It is not heresy. . . . And I will not *recant!*

—Father Michael Rayner, *To the Devil a Daughter*

What had begun in 1974 as a £430,000 feature with fifty-four scheduled sets (thirty of which had been used up in the first fourteen pages of the screenplay) and location work in France commenced filming on September 1, 1975, as a £360,000 feature with a great many fewer sets and a couple of sequences shot at Lake Herrenchiemsee, near Munich. A suitable ending had still not been hammered out, but Roy Skeggs assured Nat Cohen that despite being "in the middle of extensive script rewrites," *To the Devil a Daughter* was ready to go. It was anything but.

Warning sirens were sounded during the shooting: "Michael Carreras is well aware that the so-called Hammer 'product' is no longer viable today," the film's director Peter Sykes vouchsafed to an inquisitive journalist. Notions such as "blood and guts horror" and "Hammer cult audience" (in Sykes's words) were apparently anathema to the new intelligentsia holding the reins of what was now to be the biggest-budgeted Hammer Horror of them all. But as the "virtue" of improvisation was added to the idea of attracting a more "discerning" cinemagoer, a rat could be smelled. "We all feel that films should . . . be worked at and be reworked on the floor," Sykes added. To the cynically inclined, it sounded more like the blind leading the blind.

What would pass for horror in Sykes's decidedly anemic version of Dennis Wheatley's novel were the



Death rattle: *To the Devil a Daughter* (Michael Goodliffe, Christopher Lee, Eva Maria Meineke).

cavortings of a perambulating fetus created by Les Bowie. Given an effects budget that did not appear to have increased perceptibly since the days of *The Quatermass Xperiment*, the result was to be an abortion, in more ways than one.

OCCULT EXPERT JOHN VERNEY IS ASKED TO PROTECT CATHERINE BEDDOWS FROM A SATANIC CULT LED BY EXCOMMUNICATED PRIEST FATHER MICHAEL RAYNER. VERNEY ENLISTS THE HELP OF ANNA AND HER LOVER, DAVID, TO GUARD THE GIRL. FATHER MICHAEL HAS DELIVERED OF ONE OF HIS FOLLOWERS A MONSTROUS DEVIL BABY, WHICH HE INTENDS TO FUSE WITH ANNA TO CREATE THE DEMON-GOD, ASTAROTH; THE PLAN IS PART OF A PACT MADE BETWEEN THE PRIEST AND CATHERINE'S FATHER HENRY WHEN SHE WAS BORN. IN TERROR FOR HIS LIFE, HENRY REVEALS CATHERINE'S HIDING PLACE TO FATHER MICHAEL. UNDER THE PRIEST'S INFLUENCE, CATHERINE KILLS ANNA AND FLEES VERNEY'S FLAT. BUT IT IS DAVID WHO IS BURNED TO DEATH IN PLACE OF HENRY. THE PACT ENDED, HENRY TELLS VERNEY WHERE THE CEREMONY IS TO TAKE PLACE. VERNEY VANQUISHES THE SATANIST USING RITUAL MAGIC, BUT THE PROCESS OF INCARNATION MAY ALREADY BE COMPLETE.

With all and sundry now contributing to the ever-changing plot, *To the Devil a Daughter* was never going to be smooth sailing. To give the subject some spurious resonance, its simple premise is rigged out in all manner of purposeful (and purposeless) confusions, but the central flaw is the incredible complexity by which the demon Astaroth is supposedly to be given human form. The notional possession (of Catherine Beddows) is *literalized*, with the devil baby first delivered of a willing acolyte, then crawling *into* the girl, in order to achieve the fusion. This repulsive nonsense had no precedent in Wheatley's original, leading him to label the film "thoroughly disgusting." "Dennis Wheatley said to me, 'I cannot understand how they could take my story and completely degrade it,'" Lee confirmed. The curious result was a cross between *Rosemary's Baby* (1968) and *It's Alive* (1974), but lacking the conviction of either.

This sin is doubly injurious, in that Lee delivers his finest-ever performance for Hammer in the role of the excommunicated priest, nicely underplaying throughout to impart a chill sense of menace similar to that achieved by Vincent Price in *Witchfinder General*. There the similarity between the two ends, though. *To the Devil a Daughter* is otherwise slack, slow-moving, and short on style.

The film remains notorious for its climax, or *lack* of it. What was originally intended to be shot in the crypt of St. Martin's-in-the-Field in Trafalgar Square was hastily relocated to the chapel over the Hellfire Caves, on the Dashwood estate at High Wycombe in Buckinghamshire. Here, the final battle between good and evil was to be enacted. But any repeat of the kind of ritualistic duel that had proved so effective in *The Devil Rides Out* was given nowhere to go in a film that had already eschewed the taint of such fantastical goings-on. Wheatley was always careful to ensure that readers of his novels were well aware of the rules by which the mystical game was to be played, but in Hammer's reconstructed version, the conflict is conducted in a mumbo-jumbo of obscure ceremonial to which only the combatants are privy, further depriving what climax there is of any possibility of suspense. To cap it off, the hapless priest is vanquished by a simple blow to the head from a stone hurled by Verney!

The script had called for death "by metamorphosis." ("He howls out in agony, and drops onto his hands and knees. He undergoes a rapid magical transformation from creature to creature, becoming in turn a bear, a lizard, an ant, a maggot and finally, in death, himself again. . . . Father Michael lies dead at Verney's feet. His body is drawn tightly together, like a fetus or a chrysalis; his skin has darkened and dried, it appears as if no juice of life remains in him.") But even as filmed, there *had* been more to the scene. According to Christopher Lee: "When we shot the film, I recovered, and staggered to my feet. I saw Widmark and Kinski out of the circle; I got up, and with the dagger in my hand, ran after them, forgetting the significance of crossing that circle of blood. . . . The moment I touched it: divine retribution—there was a flash of lightning from on high, which struck me. I was thrown over backwards and I lay on the ground in a crucified position."

Well, it may have proved more exciting than what remained of it in the final cut.[5] But what had happened to it? Like Father Michael, Peter Sykes had been overruled by a higher authority. Lee again: "Somebody said, 'We'd better not have *that* as the end, because Christopher's done several films where he's been struck by lightning.'" In fact, he had done *one* (*Scars of Dracula*), and the producer of *To the Devil a Daughter* might well have been referencing recent memory. Wicking's original idea for the scene had been more daring—Father Michael was to have come face to face with Astaroth on the astral plane and lose his mind—but the idea of an arch-Satanist felled by a thud on the head was at least in keeping with the concept of Devil worship as espoused in what was now to be Hammer's last horror film: terminally dull.



The deleted climax of *To the Devil a Daughter* (Christopher Lee).

In Light all things thrive and bear fruit. In Darkness they decay and die. That is why we must follow the teachings of the Lords of Light.

—Dennis Wheatley—screen caption,
To the Devil a Daughter

At the Monstercon, Michael Carreras was tired and dispirited. The painful passage of *To the Devil a Daughter* from script to screen had taken its toll. But the price exacted was to be higher still when he finally came to view the fine cut on his return to England.

Appalled at the weak ending, Carreras had Chris Wicking reprise his original concept, in which the Devil was to appear in the guise of Hammer regular Shane Briant ("The idea was to have these two men battling naked in a field," explains Wicking. "To me, that went into Marvel country.") and promptly went to Nat Cohen for additional funds to reshoot. Cohen screened the existing film to a bevy of EMI executives. It met with general approval, and he pronounced himself content with things as they stood. No further money would be forthcoming. Carreras's instincts told him this was a mistake, as it turned out to be. The first returns were good, but interest soon evaporated with poor word-of-mouth.[6]

The whole affair was a catalog of misfortune and mismanagement. Michael Carreras was not aware of all the ins and outs that had brought about such a halfhearted conclusion, but he ought to have been. Richard Widmark was still a star of some importance, yet Michael and he had not met once throughout the entire shoot. While Hammer's managing director had chosen to assume that all was well, Roy Skeggs had been dancing attendance on the disgruntled actor to dissuade him from walking out on the production over what he felt was the "amateurishness" of it all.

For a long time afterward, Carreras was to believe that Peter Sykes had "betrayed" him—that while Wicking and he "were making one film in head office, Sykes and Roy

Skeggs were making another one at the studio." There was some truth in that. "Suddenly these rushes started turning up on the screen that bore no resemblance to anything I had anything to do with," said Wicking, who had been appointed by Carreras to look after production on his behalf while he was in New York. And no wonder. Skeggs and Sykes had decided unilaterally to avail themselves of the services of one Gerald Vaughan-Hughes, whose only previous feature credit as a screenwriter had been the lighthearted Dirk Bogarde spy-romp *Sebastian* (1968) and whom they had asked to try his hand at the proceedings in Carreras's absence. "We are known as the Pink Page Production Company because we're changing the script so rapidly," director Sykes had confessed to *Screen International* in an interview that would expose his ambivalence about *To the Devil a Daughter*.

It is the film's resolute desire to maintain a grounding in reality that is its downfall, finally. What Dennis Wheatley had achieved in the novel through the expeditious use of black magic is communicated here by the ludicrous device of what looks like a microwaved red jelly baby trying to negotiate its predestined way from one surrogate mother to another. The terrible anticlimax only compounds the injury. "Together, they ruined the film," said Christopher Lee, who needed only a timely word of encouragement from Widmark to persuade him to pack his bags for good and leave Blighty for Los Angeles. But there was more to it than that. The spectacle of so many professional filmmakers so profoundly at odds with one another was confirmation that Hammer's race was run.

The British Film Institute's *Monthly Film Bulletin* liked *To the Devil a Daughter*. "It suggests that Hammer is at last finding successful ways of reworking the Gothic idiom," predicted Tony Rayns. If that were not enough to send a chill down the spine of anyone hopeful of a good commercial return, the *Evening Standard* was ready with the ice bucket. "*To the Devil—A Daughter* reduces Dennis Wheatley's novel to an obsession with gynaecological deliveries, bloodstained wombs, sacrificed babies and a scene where a slimy red gremlin appears to crawl into a naked woman," it advised.

Wheatley himself had been more forthright still about the damage that was to be wrought in his name; some months earlier, he had referred to Hammer's proposed script as a "hopeless mess" and an "appalling travesty" in a disgruntled missive to Michael Carreras, before a single frame of film had even been shot.

Roy Skeggs's resignation as a director followed the close of production. He would return to supervising the sales ledger with Brian Lawrence, but also from the safer haven of a self-owned company: Cinema Arts International. For the few who remained, all eyes may have been turning to *Vampirella*, but it was already a minute after midnight, and with the whimpering demise of Father Michael in *To the Devil a Daughter* had echoed the last note in the barely audible swan song of Hammer Horror.

> *I have to tell you that we have irrefutable evidence that not only does the Loch Ness Monster exist, it is at present at large on the high seas.*
>
> —shooting script, *Nessie*

Hammer had experienced an unbroken series of commercial setbacks since 1971. Only a handful of its films had received decent distribution in the United States, and several had seen no release at all. Even in the United Kingdom, a realistic circuit booking could no longer be assured. Yet Michael Carreras had felt no compunction about stepping in and saving *To the Devil a Daughter*. While a coterie of hired hands crucified the film along with its villain, he was still playing the studio boss and pursuing the next big deal (*Vampirella*) and, soon, another project that would prove to be even more slippery to the grasp: *Nessie*.

As the New Year issue of *Screen International* went to press, complete with a seasonal motto from Roy Skeggs that it was "going to be a good 1976," he, in turn, was now being replaced at Hammer by one-time film publicist Euan Lloyd, who was himself a client of PFS. By March 1976, with Lloyd in place and *Vampirella*, *Nessie*, and a large-scale western called *Death Rattle* all competing for attention on the drawing board, Britain was facing bankruptcy, and a humiliating meeting with the International Monetary Fund had been arranged to bail it out of trouble. The signs did not bode well, and the next three years were to witness the collapse of all these major projects, as well as sundry other minor ones along the way.

By June, Columbia had turned down the first of the big three—*Vampirella*. The project then went through numerous script rewrites (from an initial treatment by the trusty Jimmy Sangster) and ended, after more than a year, with the all-purpose "Henry Younger" combining the contributions of Chris Wicking, John Starr, and Lew Davidson. John Hough was set to direct

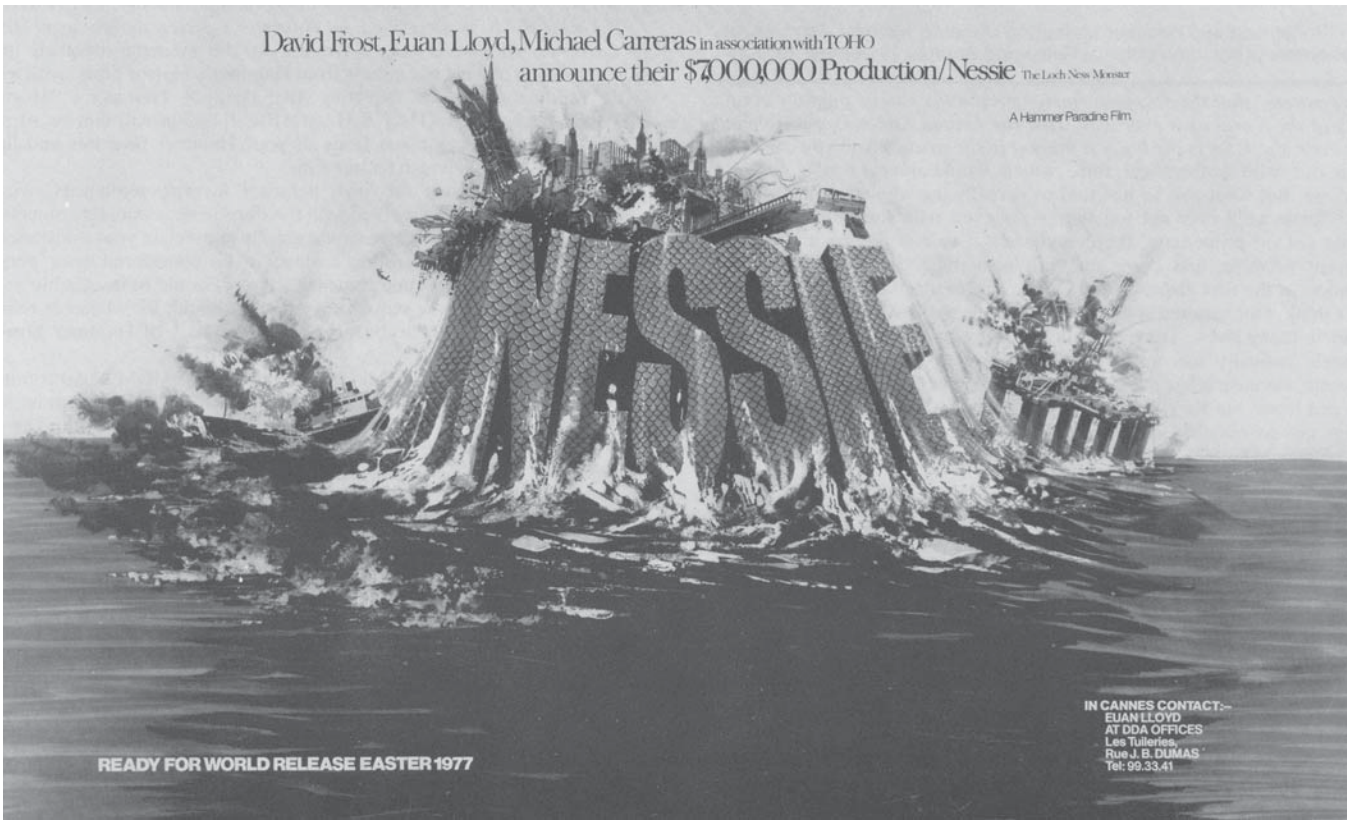
and AIP was once again in the running as a potential coproducer, but wrangles with James Warren over the merchandising rights to the character eventually saw her slink back into the panels of the comic from whence she had come, taking even more of Hammer's fast-depleting funds with her.

Next on the list was *Death Rattle*, a $1.3 million coproduction with MOS films, to be shot on location in South Africa. Again, Carreras sought the reassuring hand of Sangster—but as associate producer on a Bima Stagg script this time. The film was rejected by all the stars to whom it was pitched: Robert Mitchum, James Coburn, Candice Bergen, and even Joni Mitchell.

In the meanwhile, Hammer had gained the services of ex-production manager Tom Sachs, whose association with the company went back to the days of *The Flanagan Boy*. Sachs had traveled the same route through the industry as Aida Young, and having rejoined Hammer as production manager on *The Vampire Lovers*, he had worked on other horrors of the early seventies before following an independent career as an associate producer. "I had scripts that I was trying to push, and Michael and I would talk and I would spend time with him," Sachs recalls. One was *The Sell Out* (1975), which he had hoped that Carreras and Hammer might do—but they "couldn't get it off the ground." Sachs finally went to Joe Schaftel, "who managed it in the end."

Like Wicking, Sachs had come equipped with his own ideas about the road that Hammer should take. But where Wicking saw the future in comic-book fantasy on a modest scale, Sachs saw it in a return to high-class horror, after the appearance of big-budget fright films like *The Omen* (1976). "I said to Michael, '*This* is where Hammer ought to be.' He agreed in principle, but he always dragged his feet; I suspect it was because he actually couldn't raise that sort of money." At this juncture, neither could Carreras raise that sort of enthusiasm. There was no shortage of ideas, only a shortage of resources to action them.

In Tom Sachs, Hammer had been handed a replacement for Roy Skeggs on the production side. "Michael had nobody else," observed the company's latest recruit. "He needed somebody to do the nuts-and-bolts, because that wasn't really his bag. I was prepared to do it in order to get things moving." But there was no guarantee of financial reward. "If there wasn't any money, you did it in the hope that you could launch something," Sachs said. When his hopes were dashed after abortive attempts to launch *Vlad the Impaler* and *The Scavengers*, he was offered recompense by way of a directorship, but by then,


David Frost, Euan Lloyd, Michael Carreras in association with TOHO
announce their $7,000,000 Production/Nessie The Loch Ness Monster
A Hammer Paradine Film
NESSIE
READY FOR WORLD RELEASE EASTER 1977
IN CANNES CONTACT:-
EUAN LLOYD
AT DDA OFFICES
Les Tuileries,
Rue J. B. DUMAS
Tel: 99.33.41

Preproduction ad for *Nessie*.

the value of that was much the same. "Michael felt it would be beneficial if I became a director, but I didn't want to do it. It was a very uncertain situation and I didn't feel I wanted to get involved."

As reserves dwindled, ideas conversely became bigger and bolder. "It was one desperate act after another," Carreras would judge in retrospect. With two down and one to go, that left far and away the biggest of them, the $4 million *Nessie*—a special-effects fantasy about the legendary beast of Loch Ness, in which the monster grows to gigantic proportions through ingesting a toxic chemical called Mutane 4, escapes from the confines of the loch, demolishes a hovercraft and a North Sea oil rig, and eventually is brought to book in the Sunda Straits of the South China Sea. Michael and Euan Lloyd had provided the story line, John Starr the treatment, and Chris Wicking the screenplay; working from material he had unearthed in Bernard Heuvelmans's *In the Wake of Sea Serpents*, Wicking devised a ploy that enabled the mutant Nessie to leave the loch and head for "home": the bones of plesiosaurs had been found on remote islands in the South Pacific, and while the monster is an elasmosaurus in the script, he nevertheless felt that his theory might still hold water.

The film was originally to have been a joint venture of Columbia, Hammer, Toho of Japan, Lloyd, and David Frost's Paradine Productions. "Paradine had a lot of 'clout' and they managed to come up with quite a bit of cash to get it moving," said Sachs. "The problem was that the script wasn't good enough to raise the rest of the cash, and all sorts of people had a go at rewriting it." With Paradine had come Bryan Forbes (through his involvement on *The Slipper and the Rose* [1976]), and by July 1976, Forbes had furnished the shooting script on condition that he could also direct the film if he so chose. (Forbes viewed the overt commercialism of the project with some disdain; his breakdown of a sequence wherein Nessie surfaces beside a group of swimmers offered this guidance to a director: "We concentrate on following CANDY, on the principle that a girl underwater has more to offer than a man.")

As *Nessie* readied herself for her big-screen debut on a revised budget of $7 million, David Begelman—head of Columbia and the man behind *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (before joining Columbia, Begelman had been Steven Spielberg's agent)—was suspended by the board on a charge of financial malpractice (he was later fired). Principal photography on *Nessie* had been due to start on May 1, 1977, but the musical chairs in the Columbia boardroom put the project into turnaround, and by the following March, with Toho and everyone else subsequently pulling out of the picture, *Nessie* would be dead in the water.[7]

The latter half of the seventies may have seen the dawning of a cinema of spectacle and special effects, but British studios and technicians were now being looked on merely as ancillary to Hollywood production, rather than an investment opportunity in their own right. Times were hard, and it was becoming more difficult by the week to finance a half-decent film in the shrinking economic environment of the United Kingdom. That none of these projects would see the light of day had as much to do with bad luck as bad judgment, in the final analysis—something that had dogged Michael Carreras throughout most of his career in films. Even Chris Wicking, a source of strength and support for three years (on nothing more than a retainer for much of that time) could no longer be afforded. Hammer was reduced to the duo of Carreras and Tom Sachs (though Euan Lloyd was to remain on the board to the end), with Jimmy Carreras,



Expressions of concern: Roy Skeggs and Brian Lawrence during the final days of Hammer Films.

the second of Michael's three sons, providing the helping hand around the office.

With *Nessie* floundering and little return on their investment so far, the managers of Pension Funds Securities began to tighten their grip. Brian Lawrence and Roy Skeggs, through their individual companies, were doing what they could to keep the vulpine mortgagor from the door of Hammer House. But this was to leave Carreras out in the cold. Aside from administration fees, the money coming in to Hammer was increasingly being debited to PFS in repayment of the loan. "Hammer was owned by the Pension Fund," Sachs explains. "And it was getting progressively more difficult to get them to contribute. Every bit of money that came in—like front monies on *Nessie* at that time—helped not only to launch the picture, but bolster the company's finances as well." Having now been cut adrift from the arterial supply, Carreras and Sachs were forced to vacate Hammer's offices in Wardour Street and Elstree and move to the Coach House—a converted stable at Pinewood Studios.

∽

> *He has asked us to a final meeting with him—a* last supper *in a sense*.
>
> —Edward Hyde, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*[8]

Michael Carreras battled gamely on into 1978 by digging into his own pocket to fund the day-to-day running of Hammer. With his back right to the wall, he at last managed to find a "live one." When things had begun to sour with EMI, Carreras had nurtured a relationship with Rank—in particular, with distribution head Frank Poole—and this had led to the development of *The Lady Vanishes*, which Rank owned, several years before.[9] All else having failed, the George Axelrod script was dusted off and looked at afresh, but bad sense was again to get the better of good judgment. Tom Sachs was lined up to produce on this occasion, but the film that was to result would suffer from the by now predictable compromise between intent and actuality.

With Pension Funds Securities putting the squeeze on, what was originally to have been done for American television was now blown out of all proportion into a major feature, with neither of the stars (Cybill Shepherd and Elliott Gould) being first choice for the roles they were to play. "We set it up with Sam Arkoff," said Sachs. "But Sam wanted it 'Americanized,' and the Rank Organization didn't see that at all; they saw it as an indigenous British product. . . . So there was this difference of opinion, and Sam dropped out." Had it worked, *Mistress of the Seas* was to have followed it. But an old Hitchcock is an old Hitchcock, even when it goes way over an already inflated budget of £2,100,000!

In August 1978, the account of Hammer Film Productions was frozen on instruction from PFS and hived off as a repository for all outstanding residuals, with PFS as sole beneficiary. This move effectively prevented Hammer from functioning, so to continue on, one of the "bird" companies that had remained inactive—Jackdaw—was dug out of the drawer to undergo a change of name to Hammer Films Limited, for the purpose of providing a new corporate umbrella. It was indeed a bird of ill omen, and though *The Lady Vanishes* would go into production at Pinewood and in Salzburg, Austria, in September, the end was beginning. "*Lady Vanishes* was like MGM's *Ben Hur*," Sachs notes. "It was either going to get Hammer out of trouble or it was going to sink them. 'Shit or bust,' as Michael put it. And he did everything possible to make the best picture that he could." But the ailing concern was already overtrading. "I didn't steer what I had left in the right direction," Carreras would reflect. "I tried to hang on; I tried to revitalize. I shouldn't. I



Last supper for Hammer: Christopher Lee as Father Michael Rayner in *To the Devil a Daughter.*

should have chucked it all away and said, 'Okay—it's a new world.'"

It was a new world, all right. A new day.

By April 1979, the financial pressure being applied to the fractured operation that was all that now remained of Hammer Films had become intolerable. *The Lady Vanishes* was ready for a release in May, and while big things could no longer be expected of it, it was felt that the film would engender sufficient revenue to at least stave off foreclosure. The preceding two years had seen only £20,000 paid over to Pension Funds Securities against the loan, but for the first time since 1976, Hammer had a film in release, and the possibility of light at the end of the tunnel was real at last. "It will be all right—won't it, Michael?" had become a regular entreaty from Brian Lawrence throughout the darkest days. For once, Carreras felt he could reassure his associate of thirty years' standing with some conviction.

This time, the monthly meeting with Hammer's paymasters was scheduled to take place at the offices of Thompson McKlintock in the City of London. Michael Carreras—his habitual trepidation tempered by hope for a change—was accompanied, as usual, by Roy Skeggs and Lawrence. On arrival, the three separated, and Carreras was ushered into another office for a private discussion with Tom Heyes and David Watts, acting for PFS. But the time for discussion was past. Carreras was told that the company was to be placed in the hands of the Official Receiver. It was the end of the road. "What will you do when you leave here, Mister Carreras?" came the polite, though faintly embarrassed inquiry. Carreras shrugged, but felt obliged to deliver an appropriate riposte. "Sell my house," he replied. Sadly, he had done that seven years before.

Skeggs and Lawrence were duly informed of what had taken place and were invited to continue with the collection of what residuals they could to reduce Hammer's indebtedness. The company was declared insolvent to the tune of £800,000. Stunned but not entirely surprised by the turn of events, they agreed. It was an offer neither man could reasonably refuse. (Both were subsequently reinstated as directors, in place of Michael Carreras and Euan Lloyd, respectively.)

Within days of the meeting that effectively brought Hammer to an end, *The Lady Vanishes* opened at the Odeon Leicester Square—but the fact that it was "A Hammer Film" had already been relegated to the status of an afterthought on the credits.

Epilogue: After the Fall

Michael Carreras's resignation as a director of Hammer Films became effective on April 30, 1979. There had been no corporate wrangles to herald the final dissolution. There were disagreements and disappearances, but no boardroom battles had been fought and lost.

Roy Skeggs and Brian Lawrence continued with their roles as administrators on behalf of Pension Funds Securities and structured a proposal that would prevent liquidation and bring about a return to solvency. As the first step toward buying its way back out of debt, the company made two film series for the home screen in association with Lew Grade's ITC and Fox: *The Hammer House of Horror* in 1980 and *The Hammer House of Mystery and Suspense*. Despite the odd episode that would produce an intermittent sparkle in glassing eyes, the bulk of them were little more than a death rattle. They did the trick, however. By the time PFS tired of the arrangement, the nominee directors found themselves in a position to bid for the company. Hammer was sold at last—lock, stock, and barrel—for £100,000.

The premier incarnation of *Hammer House* thrashed about in the treacherous waters of an ITV network slot that seemed to come and go with an unnerving suddenness. With its faddish affectation for punning titles, the series veered between a committee concept of classic Hammer Horror—"Guardian of the Abyss," "Children of the Full Moon"—and a hodgepodge of derivative "shockers" that were more akin to reject episodes from an Amicus portmanteau production—"Silent Scream," "A Visitor from the Grave" (from a script by John Elder), "Rude Awakening." Two of them were genuinely frightening; the rest were simply frightful. Style and content were overhauled during shooting when it was realized that a problem would arise with the American networks over the explicit nudity and the less-than-explicit gore, and the watering down that resulted diluted the second batch of shows to such an extent that they became indistinguishable from any other TV "Mystery Movie of the Week."

Brian Lawrence finally relinquished *his* hold on a part of Hammer in May 1985. Since that time, there has been the recurrent banshee wail portending of imminent revival, but after a decade, it seemed that even this was merely an echo in the darkness. The company may have been laid to rest in an unquiet grave, but it appeared singularly unable to break free from the constraints of the garlic flower. Much was heard in the interim, but nothing whatever was *seen*.

> *Dracula's screams of agony echo and re-echo. . . and suddenly cease.*
>
> PREM: *Nothing will be left. The memory, nothing more.*
>
> —From John Elder's unfilmed
> *Dracula, High Priest of Vampires*

As M. R. James wrote in "Casting the Runes" (1911), "One detail shall be added. . . ."

On August 5, 1993, more than fourteen years after Carreras's departure, a bulletin made the BBC's six o'clock news: "Hammer horror films—coming back from the dead?" The item went on to reveal a deal between Hammer and Warner Bros., whereby Warners (after paying what the *Hollywood Reporter* referred to in its July 26 issue as a "high six-figure sum") planned a $100 million program of remakes of some of Hammer's greatest horrors,

beginning with *The Quatermass Xperiment* at $40 million (as opposed to some £40,000, forty years before).

The *Reporter* clarified the situation thus: Warner Bros. (and *The Omen*'s Richard Donner) had apparently taken up option rights on "the more than 200 mainly horror, terror, and suspense-genre films in the Hammer library," and explained that the fee had included "rights to original novels and short stories, screenplays, plays, and material that was optioned and developed by Hammer but never produced." This deal ultimately proved abortive, but it was to be the first of many such announcements over succeeding years as a revival of interest in Hammer—inspired by a new generation of fans and a resurgence in popularity of the horror film—took hold as the world moved into a new millennium.

Roy Skeggs added and subtracted directors on the letterhead of what, in his hands, had now become little more than a "franchise" operation designed to capitalize on the Hammer name through videos, calendars, trading cards, and other ephemera, before finally relinquishing control of the company (due to ill health) to a consortium headed by advertising magnate and modern art collector Charles Saatchi.

In May 2007, Hammer was sold once more to Cyrte Investments, effectively the private bank of Dutch media mogul Jan de Mol, creator of the reality-TV show *Big Brother*. Operating in partnership with ex-Italian premier Silvio Berlusconi's Mediaset empire, Cyrte is a powerful Euro-telecoms player with interests in "new technology"—the Web, mobile platforms, and the like. Its portfolio includes RDF Media, a film production/distribution house based in the United Kingdom. Cyrte acquired the whole Hammer back catalog of "300 titles" for an undisclosed sum and promised to put £25 million into new production. The comparison cited for the benefit of the media was *28 Weeks Later* as the kind of film with which the new Hammer would be looking to compete. Simon Oakes, Cyrte's front man and Hammer CEO, spoke this time of "reimagining" the Hammer Horrors, rather than remaking them.

True to its corporate word, the first new "Hammer" film since the 1970s was set in motion by Cyrte in September 2007 as *Beyond the Rave*, a modishly disposable vampire yarn cobbled together by Matthias Hoene and starring a raft of unknowns, but shot in its namesake's beloved Black Park in Bucks and featuring a brief, campy cameo for now-ubiquitous Hammer "icon" Ingrid Pitt. *Beyond the Rave* eventually premiered as an online "serial" on social networking site MySpace—hardly an auspicious start for the reborn company. Bigger things were in the pipeline, however.

On September 22, 2008, a more conventional (and more traditionally Gothic) feature went before the cameras in Ireland's County Donegal titled *The Wake Wood*. A revisionist take on W. W. Jacobs's supernatural staple "The Monkey's Paw," by David Keating and Brendan McCarthy, *The Wake Wood* revolves around a bereaved couple who, through pagan magic, are afforded the chance to be reunited with their deceased daughter for three days—only to find that when it comes time for them to separate again, they cannot give her up. Homegrown talents Keating and McCarthy respectively directed and produced, while Harry Potter regular Tim Spall, *Shanghai Knights* bad boy Aidan Gillen, and Eva Birthistle took the leads. A release date was set for the fall of 2009. Announced to follow up this inaugural production was *Let the Right One In*, a remake of a Swedish vampire tale, to be written and directed by *Cloverfield*'s Matt Reeves.

For now, Hammer is returned in name only—a marketing offshoot of Los Angeles–based Spitfire Pictures, with whom it shares a clutch of execs under the Cyrte umbrella of HS Media. But *The Wake Wood*, the first "Hammer"-branded horror feature for 33 years, might just be the beginning of a genuine resurrection. Like Dracula in so many of the classics of Hammer Horror, the company itself may at long last be rising from the grave. Oakes and Cyrte missed the obvious in their efforts to cash in on the illustrious name, however, as their film should perhaps have been better titled *28 Years Later*.

As it used to say on the screen captions of old, before the final fade-out: *Is it the end . . . or the beginning?* Time will tell.

Afterword: The Spirit of Hammer

Michael Carreras

Like the "Sin Eater" of old, I have just had to digest thirty-two years of my life, as laid out by Denis Meikle. And now he asks me to recall my personal "highs" and "lows"—what a task! If one puts aside the films that have already spoken for themselves in every possible way to four different generations of audiences and the fact that, from nowhere, Hammer became an international household name, then I am left with the people and the events. Family, friends, artists, technicians—all of whom either worked on, or lived with, the films in the making.

Friendships are forged deep in short time spans, then put aside perhaps for years, and renewed again as if only a weekend had gone between. Most are finally lost along the way. Some are still with me. My wife of forty-five years—Jo—has seen it all. My younger children, Jimmy and Anthony, tried it for short periods but moved on, while Christopher took to it like a duck to water and is still swimming strongly outside of Hammer.

How can I ever forget being stranded on the "Nab" Tower (*The Dark Light*) with Jack and Steve, electricians who taught me how to play poker the hard way? Or being chased by baboons in Namibia, watching Raquel Welch acting to thin air in Lanzarote, or working with Robert Aldrich in the war-torn sections of Berlin. Or meeting the "giants"—Harry Cohn, Spyros Skouras, Jack Warner. Or the Hound of the Baskervilles licking my hand between takes. Or the Blackpool Tower, Monica Hustler, dear Tom Conway, Peter Bryan, Ursula Andress, Dennis Wheatley—working in Hong Kong, driving a steam train in Austria, and my many trips to New York and Los Angeles. Alex Paal, Bob Lippert, Eliot and Kenny Hyman. Doing a government-sponsored location survey of Kenya and Western Australia for the British Film Finance Corporation. Magical experiences, all.

Then there was knowing Bette Davis, Jack Palance, the "Slave Girls of the White Rhino," the "Seven Golden Vampires," and "Sister Hyde." "Mrs. T," who looked after my inner man for so many years at Bray Studios. The young Tony Hinds and Jimmy Sangster, who will always be part of me. Brian Lawrence, who came from a cloistered world to join us and stayed the longest. Roy Skeggs, who joined last, was to control the company. And at the very start, the three Grayson brothers (director Godfrey, writer Ambrose, and composer Rupert), Francis Searle, and Vernon Sewell, who guided us through the first nineteen films between them. They made us professionals and set us on our way to join other filmmakers. Terence Fisher, Val Guest, Jack Asher, Roy Ward Baker, and Don Chaffey (*One Million Years B.C.*)—all were good friends.

Molly and Rosemary in wardrobe. Hugh and Pauline Harlow, Len Harris, Phil Martell—the man with a metronome in his head. Esther Harris, who made our "trailers" (and better films than we did!). Costumer Monty Berman. Aida Young, Tom Sachs, Chris Wicking, and, of course, Anthony Nelson Keys, who contributed greatly in so many ways. And the hundreds of others who at one time or another became "family" members. How can I fit them all in in such a short space? ("Don't go rabbiting on," Denis said.)

As for the highs and the lows—just going to the studio each morning was the highest of highs! Anything else was just a little, or a lot, lower than that—and I'm

not saying which was which. But I cannot end without admitting that the early days (1949–1954, "BF"—Before Frankenstein) were my own favorites. Working on forty-three productions in six years in the house studios with the family units. The learning and growing period.

After that, 1959 was my own vintage year. I produced *The Mummy*, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*, *Hell Is a City*, and *Yesterday's Enemy*—two of which are still my favorite films—and before the year was out, three were playing simultaneously at major cinemas in the West End of London. I was then thirty-two.

And now—the almost 160 films, the Founding Fathers, the officers and staff of the company, the business deals, and everything else about the inner workings of Hammer are all documented and intellectualized in *A History of Horrors* for those who want to know.

Thank you, Denis, for your devotion to this work—but I honestly believe that of equal importance to all of this in the fortunes of Hammer was the family of friends who generated the underlying "Spirit of Hammer" that made it all work. They know who they are—and I say thank you to all of them for letting me in on it.

Appendix A: The Hammer Horrors—Cast and Credits



Cast and crew of *The Quatermass Xperiment* on the Westminster Abbey set at Bray Studios.

The sixty feature films (and one series pilot) listed in this appendix are those considered most eligible to be designated as Hammer Horror. Where they are not obvious from the subject matter (or the fact that they contain elements of Grand Guignol), consideration has been given to how they were sold, and the British censor's "X" certificate has also been taken as a rule of thumb. Several psycho-thrillers are included, where they enjoy an air of the fantastic, but others are not (such as *The Nanny*, which is little more than a psychological case study). A great many films are borderline, nevertheless: *Four Sided Triangle* is included because of its position as the first Hammer film to use the trappings of science-horror, as is *The Damned* because of its "importance," but *The Camp on Blood Island* (which was sold as an atrocity piece) is not, nor is *The Old Dark House*, which was based on a Universal horror film but designed and marketed as a comedy, or *The Horror of Frankenstein*, which was also intended to be a comedy. *Straight On till Morning* is another exception, but a line has to be drawn somewhere. Essential details of all other Hammer films can be found in appendix B. *Produced* dates below are those of the *actual* commencement of production, that is, when principal photography began, and have been given as the Monday of the first week, though shooting, in a few instances, may have begun a day or two later. *Released* dates are those of the films' British general release (except where * denotes a premier engagement); ** denotes the date of review in the British Film Institute's *Monthly Film Bulletin*, and although this has been given as a date of release in some cases, it is not necessarily correct in that context; *** denotes trade show.

Room to Let

Hammer, 68 minutes; black-and-white; Cert A
Produced October 3, 1949 / Released May 15, 1950**
Distributor: Exclusive

Cast

Curly Minter	Jimmy Hanley
J. J.	J. A. La Penna
Harding	Aubrey Dexter
Sergeant	Reginald Dyson
P.C. Smith	Charles Mander
Mansfield	Cyril Conway
Doctor Fell	Valentine Dyall
Alice	Merle Tottenham
Molly	Constance Smith
Mrs. Musgrave	Christine Silver
Editor	Laurence Naismith
Michael	Charles Hawtrey
Atkinson	John Clifford
Porter	Stewart Saunders
Tom	Charles Houston
Matron	Harriet Peterworth
Butler	F. A. Williams

Credits

Director	Godfrey Grayson
Producer	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay	John Gilling, Godfrey Grayson
Based on the BBC feature by	Margery Allingham
Music composed/ conducted by	Frank Spencer
Director of Photography	Cedric Williams
Camera Operator	Peter Bryan
Art Director	Denis Wreford
Editor	James Needs
Cutter	Alfred Cox
Production Manager	Arthur Barnes
Assistant Director	Jimmy Sangster
Continuity	Renée Glynne
Recordist	Edgar Vetter
Makeup	Phil Leakey
Hairstylist	Monica Hustler
Dress Designer	Myra Cullimore
Casting	Prudence Sykes

Four Sided Triangle

Hammer, 81 (U.S. 74) minutes; black-and-white; Cert A
Produced July 28, 1952 / Released May 25, 1953
Distributor: Exclusive/Astor (U.S.)

Cast

Lena/Helen	Barbara Payton
Dr. Harvey	James Hayter
Bill	Stephen Murray
Robin	John Van Eyssen
Sir Walter	Percy Marmont
Lena as a Child	Jennifer Dearman
Bill as a Child	Glyn Dearman
Robin as a Child	Sean Barrett
Lord Grant	Kynaston Reeves
Solicitor	John Stuart
Lady Grant	Edith Saville

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Michael Carreras, Alexander Paal
Screenplay by	Paul Tabori, Terence Fisher
Adaptation by	Paul Tabori
Based on the novel by	William F. Temple
Music composed by	Malcolm Arnold
Music conducted by	Muir Mathieson
Director of Photography	Reginald Wyer
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Art Director	J. Elder Wills
Editor	Maurice Rootes
Sound Recordist	Bill Salter
Production Manager	Victor Wark
Assistant Director	Bill Shore
Second Asst. Director	Aida Young
Makeup	D. Bonnor-Moris
Hair Stylist	Nina Broe
Dialogue Director	Nora Roberts
Continuity	Renée Glynne
Stills Cameraman	John Jay

The Quatermass Xperiment

(U.S. titles: *Shock*, *The Creeping Unknown*)
Hammer, 82 (U.S. 78) minutes; black-and-white; Cert X
Produced October 18, 1954 / Released November 20, 1955
Distributor: Exclusive/United Artists (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Rififi/The Black Sleep*

Cast

Prof. Bernard Quatermass	Brian Donlevy
Inspector Lomax	Jack Warner
Judith Carroon	Margia Dean
Victor Carroon	Richard Wordsworth

Rosie	Thora Hird
Gordon Briscoe	David King-Wood
Christie	Harold Lang
Blake	Lionel Jeffries
Marsh	Maurice Kauffmann
TV Producer	Gordon Jackson
Green	Gron Davies
Reichenheim	Stanley Van Beers
BBC Announcer	Frank Phillips
Sergeant Bromley	Arthur Lovegrove
Major	John Stirling
Young Man	Eric Corrie
Maggie	Margaret Anderson
Maggie's Father	Henry Longhurst
Fireman	Michael Godfrey
Inspector	Fred Johnson
Local Policeman	George Roderick
Fire Chief	Ernest Hare
Laboratory Assistant	John Kerr
Best	John Wynn
Chemist	Toke Townley
Zoo Keeper	Bartlett Mullins
Mother (at Zoo)	Molly Glessing
Zoo Official	Mayne Lynton
Night Porter	Harry Brunning
Tucker	Barry Lowe
Mrs. Lomax	Jane Aird
Station Sergeant	Sam Kydd
Floor Boy	Arthur Gross
Sound Engineer	James Drake
Station Policeman	Edward Dane
Sir Lionel	Basil Dignam
First Nurse	Betty Impey
Second Nurse	Marianne Stone
Young Girl	Jane Asher

Credits

Directed by	Val Guest
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	Richard Landau, Val Guest
Based on the BBC TV serial by	Nigel Kneale
Music composed by	James Bernard
Music conducted by	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Walter Harvey, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Art Director	J. Elder Wills
Editor	James Needs
Asst. Editor	Henry Richardson
Sound Recordist	H. C. Pearson
Production Manager	T. S. Lyndon-Haynes
Assistant Director	Bill Shore
2nd Asst. Director	Aida Young
Makeup	Phil Leakey
Hairdresser	Monica Hustler
Wardrobe	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Renée Glynne
Special Effects	Les Bowie

X the Unknown

Hammer, 78 minutes; black-and-white; Cert X
Produced January 9, 1956 / Released November 5, 1956
Distributor: Exclusive/Warner Bros. (U.S.)
Original cofeature (U.K./U.S.): *Les Diaboliques/The Curse of Frankenstein*

Cast

Dr. Adam Royston	Dean Jagger
Elliott	Edward Chapman
McGill	Leo McKern
LCpl. "Spider" Webb	Anthony Newley
Jack Harding	Jameson Clark
Peter Elliott	William Lucas
Lieutenant Bannerman	Peter Hammond
Zena	Marianne Brauns
"Haggis"	Ian MacNaughton
Sergeant Grimsdyke	Michael Ripper
Major Cartwright	John Harvey
Old Soldier	Edwin Richfield
Vi Harding	Jane Aird
Old Tom	Norman Macowan
Unwin (Radiographer)	Neil Hallett
Private Lancing	Kenneth Cope
Willie Harding	Michael Brooke
Ian Osborn	Frazer Hines
Russell	Neil Wilson
Jerry	John Stone
Police Sergeant Yeardye	Archie Duncan
Police Car Driver	John Stirling
Police Radio Operator	Shaw Taylor
P.C. Williams	French Taylor
Vicar	Brown Derby
Hospital Director	Max Brimmell
Dr. Kelly	Robert Bruce
Nurse	Stella Kemball
Gateman	Anthony Sagar
Security Man	Philip Levene
Soldier in Trench	Barry Steele
Second Guard	Lawrence James
First Soldier	Brian Peck
Second Soldier	Edward Judd
First Reporter	Stevenson Lang

Credits

Directed by	Leslie Norman (who replaced Joseph Losey [Joseph Walton])
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Story and Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Director	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Gerald Gibbs
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Editor	James Needs
Sound Mixer	Jock May
Dubbing Editor	Alfred Cox
Production Manager	Jimmy Sangster
Assistant Director	Christopher Sutton
Makeup/Special Makeup Effects	Phil Leakey
Wardrobe	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	June Randall
Special Effects	Jack Curtis, Bowie Margutti Ltd.
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

Quatermass 2

(U.S. title: *Enemy from Space*)
Hammer, 85 minutes; black-and-white; Cert X
Produced May 21, 1956 / Released June 17, 1957
Distributor: United Artists
Original cofeature (U.K.): *And God Created Woman*

Cast

Professor Quatermass	Brian Donlevy
Lomax	John Longden
Jimmy Hall	Sidney James
Marsh	Bryan Forbes
Brand	William Franklyn
Sheila	Vera Day
Dawson	Charles Lloyd Pack
Vincent Broadhead, MP	Tom Chatto
The P.R.O.	John Van Eyssen
Gorman	Percy Herbert
Ernie	Michael Ripper
E. J. McLeod	John Rae
Mrs. McLeod	Jane Aird
Secretary	Marianne Stone
Kelly	Betty Impey
Inspector	Lloyd Lamble
Commissioner	John Stuart
Banker	Gilbert Davis
Woman MP	Joyce Adams
Peterson	Edwin Richfield
Michaels	Howard Williams
Lab Assistants	Philip Baird, Robert Raikes
Intern	John Fabian
Superintendent	George Merritt
Constable	Arthur Blake
Harry	Michael Balfour
Young Man in Car	Ronald Wilson
Young Woman in Car	Jan Holden

Credits

Directed by	Val Guest
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	Nigel Kneale, Val Guest
Based on the BBC TV serial by	Nigel Kneale
Music composed by	James Bernard
Music conducted by	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Gerald Gibbs
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Art Director	Bernard Robinson
Editor	James Needs
Sound Recordist	Cliff Sandell
Sound Editor	Alfred Cox
Production Manager	John Workman
Assistant Director	Don Weeks
Makeup	Phil Leakey
Wardrobe	Rene Coke
Continuity	June Randall
Special Effects	Bill Warrington, Les Bowie, Henry Harris, Frank George
Production Supervisor	Anthony Nelson Keys
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

The Curse of Frankenstein

Hammer/Clarion, 82 minutes; Eastmancolor; Cert X
Produced November 19, 1956 / Released May 20, 1957
Distributor: Warner Bros.
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Woman of Rome*/*X the Unknown*

Cast

Victor Frankenstein	Peter Cushing
Elizabeth	Hazel Court
Paul Krempe	Robert Urquhart
Creature	Christopher Lee

Young Victor	Melvyn Hayes
Justine	Valerie Gaunt
Professor Bernstein	Paul Hardtmuth
Aunt Sophie	Noel Hood
Grandpa	Fred Johnson
Little Boy	Claude Kingston
Priest	Alex Gallier
Warder	Michael Mulcaster
Burgomeister	Andrew Leigh
Burgomeister's Wife	Anne Blake
Young Elizabeth	Sally Walsh
Lecturer	Middleton Woods
Uncle	Raymond Ray
Mother	Marjorie Hume
Fritz	Joseph Behrman
Undertaker	Ernest Jay

The following roles were originally cast, then recast as above or eliminated:

Schoolmaster	Henry Caine
Kurt	Patrick Troughton
Burgomeister	Hugh Dempster
Father Felix	Raymond Rollett
Uncle	J. Trevor Davis
A Tramp	Bartlett Mullins
Second Priest	Eugene Leahy

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster
Based on the classic story by	Mary W. Shelley
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Director	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Jack Asher, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Focus Puller	Harry Oakes
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Ted Marshall
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Assistant Editor	Roy Norman
Sound Recordist	W. H. May
Sound Camera Operator	Michael Sale
Boom Operator	Jimmy Parry
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	Derek Whitehurst
Second Asst. Director	Jimmy Komisarjevsky
Third Asst. Director	Hugh Harlow
Makeup	Phil Leakey
Hair stylist	Henry Montsash
Continuity	Doreen Soan
Casting Director	Dorothy Holloway
Stills Cameraman	John Jay, Tom Edwards
Production Secretary	Faith Frisby
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

The Abominable Snowman

(U.S. title: *The Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas*)
Hammer, 90 (U.S. 85) minutes; black-and-white/ Regalscope; Cert A
Produced January 28, 1957 / Released August 26, 1957
Distributor: Warner Bros.
Original second feature (U.K.): *Untamed Youth*

Cast

Tom Friend	Forrest Tucker
Dr. John Rollason	Peter Cushing
Helen Rollason	Maureen Connell
Peter Fox	Richard Wattis
Ed Shelley	Robert Brown
McNee	Michael Brill
Kusang	Wolfe Morris
Lhama	Arnold Marlé
Major Domo	Anthony Chinn
Yeti	Jock Easton, Joe Powell, Fred Johnson

Credits

Directed by	Val Guest
Produced by	Aubrey Baring
Screenplay by	Nigel Kneale, based on his BBC-TV play "The Creature"
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed by	Humphrey Searle
Musical Director	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Ted Marshall
Editor	Bill Lenny
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	Robert Lynn
Makeup	Phil Leakey
Hairdressing	Henry Montsash
Dress Designer	Beatrice Dawson
Wardrobe	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Doreen Soan
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

Dracula

(U.S. title: *Horror of Dracula*)
Hammer, 82 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced November 11, 1957 / Released June 16, 1958
Distributor: Rank/Universal-International (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *There's Always a Price Tag/The Thing That Couldn't Die*

Cast

Dr. Van Helsing	Peter Cushing
Count Dracula	Christopher Lee
Arthur Holmwood	Michael Gough
Mina Holmwood	Melissa Stribling
Lucy Holmwood	Carol Marsh
Gerda	Olga Dickie
Jonathan Harker	John Van Eyssen
Vampire Woman	Valerie Gaunt
Tania	Janina Faye
Inga	Barbara Archer
Dr. Seward	Charles Lloyd Pack
Policeman	George Merritt
Landlord	George Woodbridge
Frontier Official	George Benson
Marx, the Undertaker	Miles Malleson
Porter	Geoffrey Bayldon
Lad	Paul Cole
Coach Driver	Guy Mills
Driver's Companion	Dick Morgan
Hearse Driver	John Mossman

The following roles were originally cast and filmed but eliminated during postproduction:

Woman in Coach	Judith Nelmes
Man in Coach	Stedwell Fulcher
Fat Merchant	Humphrey Kent
Priest	William Sherwood

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster
Based on the novel by	Bram Stoker
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed by	James Bernard
Music conducted by	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Jack Asher, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Bill Lenny
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	Robert Lynn
Makeup	Phil Leakey, Roy Ashton
Hairstylist	Henry Montsash
Wardrobe	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Doreen Dearnaley
Special Effects	Sydney Pearson, Les Bowie
Stills Cameraman	Tom Edwards
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

The Revenge of Frankenstein

Hammer/Cadogan, 89 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced January 6, 1958 / Released August 28, 1958*
Distributor: BLC/Columbia (U.S.)
Original cofeature (U.S.): *Curse of the Demon*

Cast

Dr. Victor Stein	Peter Cushing
Dr. Hans Kleve	Francis Matthews
Margaret	Eunice Gayson
The Creature (Karl)	Michael Gwynn
Bergman	John Welsh
Fritz	Lionel Jeffries
The Dwarf/Karl	Oscar Quitak
Up Patient	Richard Wordsworth
President	Charles Lloyd Pack
Inspector	John Stuart
Molke	Arnold Diamond
Countess Barscynska	Margery Gresley
Vera Barscynska	Anna Walmsley
Janitor	George Woodbridge
Kurt	Michael Ripper
Boy	Ian Whittaker
Gerda	Avril Leslie
Tattooed Patient	Michael Mulcaster
Priest	Alex Gallier

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster
Additional dialogue by	H. Hurford Janes
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed by	Leonard Salzedo
Musical Director	Muir Mathieson
Director of Photography	Jack Asher, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Alfred Cox
Sound Recordist	Jock May

Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	Robert Lynn
Makeup	Phil Leakey, Hal Lesley
Hairstylist	Henry Montsash
Wardrobe	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Doreen Dearnaley
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

Tales of Frankenstein: "The Face in the Tombstone Mirror"

Hammer, 26 minutes; black-and-white; television
Produced January/February 1958
Distributor: Columbia/Screen Gems

Cast

Baron Von Frankenstein	Anton Diffring
Christine Halpert	Helen Westcott
The Monster	Don Megowan
Wilhelm	Ludwig Stossel
Max Halpert	Richard Bull
Doctor	Raymond Greenleaf
Gottfried	Peter Brocco

Credits

Directed by	Curt Siodmak
Produced by	Michael Carreras
Story by	Curt Siodmak
Teleplay by	Catherine Kuttner (C. L. Moore), Henry Kuttner
Associate Producer	Curt Siodmak
Director of Photography	Gert Andersen, ASC
Art Director	Carl Anderson
Set Decorator	James M. Crowe
Supervising Editor	Richard Fanti, ACF
Film Editor	Tony DeMarco
Production Assistant	Seymour Friedman
Assistant Director	Floyd Joyer
Makeup by	Clay Campbell, SMA
Hair styles by	Helen Hunt

The Hound of the Baskervilles

Hammer, 87 minutes; Technicolor; Cert A
Produced September 13, 1958 / Released May 4, 1959*
Distributor: United Artists

Cast

Sherlock Holmes	Peter Cushing
Dr. Watson	André Morell
Sir Henry Baskerville	Christopher Lee
Cecile Stapleton	Marla Landi
Sir Hugo Baskerville	David Oxley
Dr. Richard Mortimer	Francis de Wolff
Bishop Frankland	Miles Malleson
Stapleton	Ewen Solon
Barrymore	John Le Mesurier
Mrs. Barrymore	Helen Goss
Perkins	Sam Kydd
Lord Caphill	Michael Hawkins
Servant Girl	Judi Moyens
Selden, the Convict	Michael Mulcaster
Servant	David Birks
Lord Kingsblood	Ian Hewitson
Mrs. Goodlippe	Elizabeth Dott

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Hinds, Kenneth Hyman
Screenplay by	Peter Bryan
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed by	James Bernard
Music conducted by	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Jack Asher, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Alfred Cox
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	John Peverall
Second Asst. Director	Tom Walls
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hairstyles	Henry Montsash
Wardrobe	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Shirley Barnes
Special Effects	Sydney Pearson
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

The Man Who Could Cheat Death

Hammer/Cadogan, 83 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced November 17, 1958 / Released November 30, 1959*
Distributor: Paramount
Original second feature (U.K.): *The Evil That Is Eve*

Cast

Dr. Georges Bonnet	Anton Diffring
Janine Dubois	Hazel Court
Pierre Gerard	Christopher Lee
Prof. Ludwig Weiss	Arnold Marlé

Margo	Delphi Lawrence
Inspector Legris	Francis de Wolff
Street Girl	Gerda Larsen
Little Man	Middleton Woods
Tavern Customer	Denis Shaw
Footman	Frederick Rawlings
Woman	Marie Burke
Man	Charles Lloyd Pack
Servant	John Harrison
Second Doctor	Ronald Adam
Third Doctor	Barry Shawzin

The following roles were originally cast and filmed but eliminated during postproduction:

Morgue Attendant	Michael Ripper
Roget	Ian Hewitson
First Doctor	Lockwood West

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Michael Carreras
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster
Based on a play by	Barré Lyndon
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed by	Richard Rodney Bennett
Musical Supervisor	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Jack Asher, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Editor	John Dunsford
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	John Peverall
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hairstylist	Henry Montsash
Wardrobe	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Shirley Barnes
Special Effects	Les Bowie
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

The Mummy

Hammer, 88 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced February 25, 1959 / Released November 2, 1959
Distributor: Rank/Universal-International (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Bed without Breakfast/Curse of the Undead*

Cast

John Banning	Peter Cushing
The Mummy/Kharis	Christopher Lee
Isobel/Ananka	Yvonne Furneaux
Stephen Banning	Felix Aylmer
Joseph Whemple	Raymond Huntley
Inspector Mulrooney	Eddie Byrne
Mehemet Akir	George Pastell
Poacher	Michael Ripper
Police Constable	George Woodbridge
Pat	Harold Goodwin
Mike	Denis Shaw
Irish Customer	Gerald Lawson
Dr. Reilly	Willoughby Gray
Coroner	John Stuart
Police Sergeant	David Browning
Bill	Frank Sieman
Attendant	Stanley Meadows
Head Porter	Frank Singuineau
First Libation Priest	John Harrison
Second Libation Priest	James Clarke

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Michael Carreras
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed by	Franz Reizenstein
Musical Supervisor	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Jack Asher, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Alfred Cox
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	John Peverall
Second Asst. Director	Tom Walls
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hairstylist	Henry Montsash
Wardrobe Mistress	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Marjorie Lavelly
Special Effects	Bill Warrington, Les Bowie
Technical Advisor	Andrew Low
Egyptian masks made by	Margaret Robinson

The Stranglers of Bombay

Hammer, 80 minutes; black-and-white/Megascope; Cert A
Produced July 6, 1959 / Released December 4, 1959*
Distributor: BLC/Columbia (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K.): *Kill Her Gently*

Cast

Captain Lewis	Guy Rolfe
Connaught-Smith	Allan Cuthbertson
Colonel Henderson	Andrew Cruickshank
High Priest	George Pastell
Patel Shari	Marne Maitland
Mary	Jan Holden
Silver	Paul Stassino
Ram Das	Tutte Lemkow
Gopali	David Spenser
Burns	John Harvey
Bundar	Roger Delgado
Karim	Marie Devereux
Flood	Michael Nightingale
Dorothy Flood	Margaret Gordon
Walters	Steven Scott
Corporal Roberts	Jack McNaughton
Camel Vendor	Ewen Solon
Merchant	Warren Mitchell

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	David Z. Goodman
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Director	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Alfred Cox
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Sound Editor	Arthur Cox
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	John Peverall
Second Asst. Director	Tom Walls
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hair Stylist	Henry Montsash
Wardrobe Mistress	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Tilly Day
Historical Adviser	Michael Edwardes
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras
In association with	Kenneth Hyman

The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll

(U.S. titles: *Jekyll's Inferno*, *House of Fright*)
Hammer, 88 (U.S. 80) minutes; Technicolor/Megascope; Cert X
Produced November 23, 1959 / Released October 7, 1960*
Distributor: BLC/Columbia/American-International (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Hot Hours/Terror in the Haunted House*

Cast

Dr. Henry Jekyll/Edward Hyde	Paul Massie
Kitty Jekyll	Dawn Addams
Paul Allen	Christopher Lee
Ernst Littauer	David Kossoff
Inspector	Francis de Wolff
Maria	Norma Marla
First Brass	Joy Webster
Second Brass	Roberta Kirkwood
Sphinx Girl	Magda Miller
Second Sphinx Girl	Doreen Ismail
Clubman	William Kendall
Nanny	Helen Goss
Jane	Janina Faye
Coroner	Percy Cartwright
Major Domo	Joan Tyrrell
Corinthian	"Tiger" Joe Robinson
Boxer	Douglas Robinson
Plainclothes Man	Donald Tandy
Groom	Frank Atkinson
Tough	Oliver Reed
First Gambler	Felix Felton
Second Gambler	Walter Gotell
Third Gambler	Anthony Jacobs
Tavern Customer	Denis Shaw
Tavern Girl	Pauline Shepherd
Tavern Women	Prudence Hyman, Lucy Griffiths
Singers	Ralph Broadbent, Laurence Richardson, Alex Miller, Archie Baker
Gypsy Girl	Maria Andipa
Cabby	Arthur Lovegrove
Nurse	Joyce Wren
Sphinx Girls	Patricia Sayers, Carole Haynes, Jean Long, Marilyn Ridge, Hazel Graeme, Moyna Sharwin, Pauline Dukes, Josephine Jay, Bandana Das Gupta, Gundel Sargent, Shirli Scott-James

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Michael Carreras
Screenplay by	Wolf Mankowitz
Based on the novel by	Robert Louis Stevenson
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music/Songs composed by	Monty Norman, David Heneker
Musical Supervisor	John Hollingsworth
Dance Director	Julie Mendez
Director of Photography	Jack Asher, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Eric Boyd-Perkins
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Sound Editor	Archie Ludski
Production Manager	Clifford Parkes
Assistant Director	John Peverall
Second Asst. Director	Hugh Harlow
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hairdresser	Ivy Emmerton
Costume Designer	Mayo
Wardrobe Mistress	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Tilly Day
Casting	Dorothy Holloway

The Brides of Dracula

Hammer/Hotspur, 85 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced January 26, 1960 / Released July 7, 1960*
Distributor: Rank/Universal-International (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Teenage Lovers/ The Leech Woman*

Cast

Dr. Van Helsing	Peter Cushing
Baroness Meinster	Martita Hunt
Marianne Danielle	Yvonne Monlaur
Greta	Freda Jackson
Baron Meinster	David Peel
Dr. Tobler	Miles Malleson
Herr Lang	Henry Oscar
Frau Lang	Mona Washbourne
Gina	Andree Melly
Hans	Victor Brooks
The Curé	Fred Johnson
Coachman	Michael Ripper
Landlord	Norman Pierce
Landlord's Wife	Vera Cook
Village Girl/Vampire	Marie Devereux
Severin	Harold Scott
Latour	Michael Mulcaster

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster, Peter Bryan, Edward Percy
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed by	Malcolm Williamson
Musical Supervisor	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Jack Asher, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Thomas Goswell
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Alfred Cox
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Sound Editor	James Groom
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	John Peverall
Second Asst. Director	Hugh Harlow
Makeup Artist	Roy Ashton
Hairstylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Mistress	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Tilly Day
Special Effects	Sydney Pearson
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

The Terror of the Tongs

Hammer/Merlin, 77 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced April 19, 1960 / Released September 29, 1961
Distributor: BLC/Columbia (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *Homicidal*

Cast

Chung King	Christopher Lee
Capt. Jackson Sale	Geoffrey Toone
Lee	Yvonne Monlaur
Harcourt	Brian Worth
Inspector Dean	Richard Leech
Beggar	Marne Maitland
Helena	Barbara Brown
Maya	Marie Burke
Anna	Bandana Das Gupta
Ming	Burt Kwouk
Tang Hao	Roger Delgado
Guardian	Milton Reid
Doctor Chao	Charles Lloyd Pack

Confucius	Eric Young
Priest	Michael Hawkins
Executioner	Johnny Arlen
Tang How	Ewen Solon
Sergeant	Santso Wong
Lee Chung	Andy Ho
Spokesman	Arnold Lee
Sailor	Harold Goodwin

Credits

Directed by	Anthony Bushell
Produced by	Kenneth Hyman
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Thomas Goswell
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Eric Boyd-Perkins
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Sound Editor	Alban Streeter
Production Manager	Clifford Parkes
Assistant Director	John Peverall
Second Asst. Director	Joe Levy
Makeup	Roy Ashton, Colin Garde
Hairdresser	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Mistress	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Tilly Day
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

The Curse of the Werewolf

Hammer/Hotspur, 88 (U.S. 91) minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced September 12, 1960 / Released April 30, 1961
Distributor: Rank/Universal-International (U.S.)
Original second feature: *The Shadow of the Cat*

Cast

Don Alfredo Corledo	Clifford Evans
Leon Corledo	Oliver Reed
Servant girl	Yvonne Romain
Cristina Fernando	Catherine Feller
The Marqués Siniestro	Anthony Dawson
The Marquesa	Josephine Llewellyn
The Beggar	Richard Wordsworth
Teresa	Hira Talfrey
Young Leon	Justin Walters
The Priest	John Gabriel
Pepe Valiente	Warren Mitchell
Dominique	George Woodbridge
Old Soaker	Michael Ripper
Don Fernando	Ewen Solon
Don Enrique	Peter Sallis
José	Martin Matthews
Rico Gomez	David Conville
Rosa	Anne Blake
Yvonne	Renny Lister
Isabel	Joy Webster
Jailer	Denis Shaw
Senora Zumara	Serafina di Leo
Vera	Sheila Brennan
First Footman	Desmond Llewelyn
Second Footman	Gordon Whiting
Landlord	Hamlyn Benson
Sergeant	Alister Williamson
Policeman	John Bennett
Chef	Charles Lamb
Midwife	Kitty Attwood
Farmers	Howard Lang, Stephen W. Scott, Max Butterfield, Michael Peake
Tavern customers	Rodney Burke, Alan Page, Richard Golding
Official	Ray Browne
Gardener	Frank Siernan
Page	Michael Lewis
Child (Servant girl)	Loraine Carvana

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed/ conducted by	Benjamin Frankel
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Alfred Cox
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Sound Editor	Alban Streeter
Production Manager	Clifford Parkes
Assistant Director	John Peverall
Second Asst. Director	Dominic Fulford
Makeup	Roy Ashton, Colin Garde

Hairstylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Mistress	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Tilly Day
Casting	Stuart Lyons
Special Effects	Les Bowie
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

Taste of Fear

(U.S. title: *Scream of Fear*)
Hammer, 82 minutes; black-and-white; Cert X
Produced October 24, 1960 / Released June 5, 1961
Distributor: BLC/Columbia (U.S.)

Cast

Penny Appleby	Susan Strasberg
Bob	Ronald Lewis
Jane Appleby	Ann Todd
Dr. Gerrard	Christopher Lee
Spratt	Leonard Sachs
Marie	Anne Blake
Inspector Legrand	John Serret
Father	Fred Johnson

Credits

Directed by	Seth Holt
Produced by	Jimmy Sangster
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster
Music composed by	Clifton Parker
Musical Supervisor	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Douglas Slocombe
Camera Operator	Desmond Davis
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Thomas Goswell
Asst. Art Director	Bill Constable
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Eric Boyd-Perkins
Sound Recordist	Leslie Hammond
Production Manager	Bill Hill
Assistant Director	David Tomblin
Second Asst. Director	Terry Lens
Makeup	Basil Newall
Hairdresser	Eileen Bates
Wardrobe Mistress	Dora Lloyd
Continuity	Pamela Mann
Casting Director	Stuart Lyons
Stills Cameraman	George Higgins
Asst. to Executive Producer	Ian Lewis
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

The Damned

(U.S. title: *These Are the Damned*)
Hammer, 96/87 (U.S. 77) minutes; black-and-white/ Hammerscope; Cert X
Produced May 8, 1961 / Released May 19, 1963
Distributor: BLC/Columbia (U.S.)
Original cofeature (U.K.): *Maniac*

Cast

Simon Wells	Macdonald Carey
Joan	Shirley Anne Field
Freya	Viveca Lindfors
Bernard	Alexander Knox
King	Oliver Reed
Major Holland	Walter Gotell
Captain Gregory	James Villiers
Ted	Thomas Kempinski
Sid	Kenneth Cope
Mr. Dingle	Brian Oulton
Miss Lamont	Barbara Everest
Mr. Stuart	Allan McClelland
Mr. Talbot	James Maxwell
Victoria	Rachel Clay
Elizabeth	Caroline Sheldon
Anne	Rebecca Dignam
Mary	Siobhan Taylor
Richard	Nicholas Clay
Henry	Kit Williams
William	Christopher Witty
George	David Palmer
Charles	John Thompson

Credits

Directed by	Joseph Losey
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	Evan Jones
From the novel *The Children of Light* by	H. L. Lawrence
Associate Producer	Anthony Nelson Keys
Music composed by	James Bernard
Song "Black Leather Rock" by	James Bernard, Evan Jones
Musical Director	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Production Layout	Richard Macdonald

Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Reginald Mills
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Sound Editor	Malcolm Cooke
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	John Peverall
Second Asst. Director	Dominic Fulford
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hair Stylist	Frieda Steiger
Costumes	Molly Arbuthnot
Continuity	Pamela Davies
Casting	Stuart Lyons
Sculptures	Elisabeth Frink
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

Captain Clegg

(U.S. title: *Night Creatures*)
Hammer-Major, 82 minutes; Technicolor; Cert A
Produced September 25, 1961 / Released June 7, 1962*
Distributor: Rank/Universal-International (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *The Phantom of the Opera*

Cast

Dr. Blyss/Nathaniel Clegg	Peter Cushing
Imogene	Yvonne Roniain
Captain Collier	Patrick Allen
Harry	Oliver Reed
Mipps	Michael Ripper
Rash	Martin Benson
Bosun	David Lodge
Squire	Derek Francis
Mrs. Rash	Daphne Anderson
Mulatto	Milton Reid
Frightened Man	Jack MacGowran
First Sailor	Peter Halliday
Second Sailor	Terry Scully
Tom Ketch	Sydney Bromley
Gerry	Rupert Osborne
Wurzel	Gordon Rollings
Peg-leg	Bob Head
Pirate Bosun	Colin Douglas

Credits

Directed by	Peter Graham Scott
Produced by	John Temple-Smith
Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Additional dialogue by	Barbara S. Harper
Music composed by	Don Banks
Musical Director	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Eric Boyd-Perkins
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Sound Editor	Terry Poulton
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	John Peverall
Second Asst. Director	Peter Medak
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hairstylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Supervisor	Molly Arbuthnot
Wardrobe Mistress	Rosemary Burrows
Special Effects	Les Bowie

Fight sequences supervised by Bob Simmons

The Phantom of the Opera

Hammer/Laverstock, 84 minutes; Technicolor; Cert A
Produced November 21, 1961 / Released June 7, 1962*
Distributor: Rank/Universal-International (U.S.)
Original second feature: *Captain Clegg* (*Night Creatures*)

Cast

The Phantom/Prof. Petrie	Herbert Lom
Christine Charles	Heather Sears
Harry Hunter	Edward de Souza
Lattimer	Thorley Walters
Lord Ambrose D'Arcy	Michael Gough
Bill	Harold Goodwin
Rossi	Martin Miller
Maria	Liane Aukin
Teresa	Leila Forde
Yvonne	Sonya Cordeau
Xavier	Marne Maitland
Charwoman	Miriam Karlin
Rat-catcher	Patrick Troughton
Mrs. Tucker	Renee Houston
Weaver	Keith Pyott
Sergeant Vickers	John Harvey
First Cabby	Michael Ripper
Second Cabby	Miles Malleson
Frenchman in Tavern	Geoff L'Oise
The Dwarf	Ian Wilson

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Hinds

Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Based on a composition by	Gaston Leroux
Associate Producer	Basil Keys
Music composed/ conducted by	Edwin Astley
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Len Harris
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Alfred Cox
Sound Recordist	Jock May
Sound Editor	James Groom
Production Manager	Clifford Parkes
Assistant Director	John Peverall
Second Asst. Director	Peter Medak
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hair Stylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Supervisor	Molly Arbuthnot
Wardrobe Mistress	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Tilly Day, Pauline Wise
Opera scenes staged by	Dennis Maunder (by permission of the General Administrator, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden Ltd.)

Maniac

Hammer, 86 minutes; black-and-white; Cert X
Produced May 27, 1962 / Released May 19, 1963
Distributor: BLC/Columbia (U.S.)
Original cofeature (U.K./U.S.): *The Damned*/ *The Old Dark House*

Cast

Paul Farrell	Kerwin Mathews
Eve Beynat	Nadia Gray
Georges Beynat	Donald Houston
Annette Beynat	Liliane Brousse
Salon (Gendarme)	Norman Bird
Inspector Etienne	George Pastell
Giles	Jerold Wells
Janiello	Arnold Diamond
Blanchard	Leon Peers
Grace	Justine Lord

Credits

Directed by	Michael Carreras
Produced by	Jimmy Sangster
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster
Music composed/ conducted by	Stanley Black
Director of Photography	Wilkie Cooper
Camera Operator	Harry Gillam
Art Director	Edward Carrick
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Tom Simpson
Sound Recordist	Cyril Swern
Sound Editor	Roy Baker
Production Manager	Bill Hill
Assistant Director	Ross MacKenzie
Second Asst. Director	Terry Lens
Makeup	Basil Newall
Hairdresser	Pat McDermott
Wardrobe Supervisor	Molly Arbuthnot
Wardrobe Mistress	Jean Fairlie
Continuity	Kay Rawlings
Stills Cameraman	James Swarbrick
Asst. to Producer	Ian Lewis

Paranoiac

Hammer, 80 minutes; black-and-white; Cert X
Produced July 23, 1962 / Released January 26, 1964
Distributor: Rank/Universal-Intemational (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *The Kiss of the Vampire*

Cast

Eleanor Ashby	Janette Scott
Simon Ashby	Oliver Reed
Françoise	Liliane Brousse
Tony	Alexander Davion
Harriet	Sheila Burrell
John Kossett	Maurice Denham
Keith Kossett	John Bonney
Williams	John Stuart
Vicar	Colin Tapley
RAF Type	Harold Lang
First Woman	Laurie Leigh
Second Woman	Marianne Stone
Tramp	Sydney Bromley
Sailor	Jack Taylor

Credits

Directed by	Freddie Francis
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster
Associate Producer	Basil Keys
Music composed by	Elisabeth Lutyens
Musical Supervisor	John Hollingsworth
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson

Art Director	Don Mingaye
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant
Camera Operator	Moray Grant
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	James Groom
Production Manager	John Draper
Assistant Director	Ross MacKenzie
Second Asst. Director	Hugh Harlow
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hairdresser	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Supervisor	Molly Arbuthnot
Wardrobe Mistress	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Pauline Wise
Special Effects	Les Bowie
Still Cameraman	Curtis Reeks

The Kiss of the Vampire

(U.S. TV title: *Kiss of Evil*)
Hammer, 98 minutes; Eastmancolor; Cert X
Produced September 7, 1962 / Released January 26, 1964
Distributor: Rank/Universal-International (U.S.)
Original second feature: *Paranoiac*

Cast

Professor Zimmer	Clifford Evans
Dr. Ravna	Noel Willman
Gerald Harcourt	Edward de Souza
Marianne Harcourt	Jennifer Daniel
Carl Ravna	Barry Warren
Sabena Ravna	Jacquie Wallis
Tania	Isobel Black
Bruno	Peter Madden
Anna	Vera Cook
Father Xavier	Noel Howlett
Hans	Stan Simmons
First Disciple	Brian Oulton
Police Sergeant	John Harvey
Woman at Graveyard	Olga Dickie
First Girl Disciple	Margaret Read
Second Girl Disciple	Elizabeth Valentine

Credits

Directed by	Don Sharp
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	John Hollingsworth
Director of Photography	Alan Hume
Camera Operator	Moray Grant
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	James Groom
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	Douglas Hermes
Second Asst. Director	Hugh Harlow
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hair Stylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Supervisor	Molly Arbuthnot
Wardrobe Mistress	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Pauline Wise
Special Effects	Les Bowie

Nightmare

Hammer, 82 minutes; black-and-white; Cert X
Produced December 17, 1962 / Released June 1, 1964
Distributor: Rank/Universal-International (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *The Evil of Frankenstein*

Cast

Henry Baxter	David Knight
Grace Maddox	Moira Redmond
Janet	Jennie Linden
Mary Lewis	Brenda Bruce
John	George A. Cooper
Woman in White	Clytie Jessop
Mrs. Gibbs	Irene Richmond
Doctor	John Welsh
Barman	Timothy Bateson
Janet as a Child	Elizabeth Dear
Mother	Isla Cameron
Maid	Julie Samuel
Tramp	Sydney Bromley
Sir Dudley	Hedger Wallace

Credits

Directed by	Freddie Francis
Produced by	Jimmy Sangster
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster
Music composed by	Don Banks
Musical Supervisor	John Hollingsworth
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Director of Photography	John Wilcox
Camera Operator	Ronnie Maasz
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	James Groom
Production Manager	Don Weeks

Assistant Director	Douglas Hermes
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hairdresser	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Supervisor	Molly Arbuthnot
Wardrobe Mistress	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Pauline Wise
Special Effects	Les Bowie

The Evil of Frankenstein

Hammer, 84 minutes; Eastmancolor; Cert X
Produced October 14, 1963 / Released June 1, 1964
Distributor: Rank/Universal-International (U.S.)
Original second feature: *Nightmare*

Cast

Frankenstein	Peter Cushing
Zoltan	Peter Woodthorpe
Chief of Police	Duncan Lamont
Hans	Sandor Elès
Beggar Girl	Katy Wild
Burgomaster	David Hutcheson
Priest	James Maxwell
Drunk	Howard Goorney
Policemen	Anthony Blackshaw, David Conville
Burgomaster's Wife	Caron Gardner
Body Snatcher	Tony Arpino
Landlord	Alister Williamson
Manservant	Frank Forsyth
Curé	Kenneth Kove
Little Girl	Michele Scott
Hypnotized Man	Timothy Bateson
Roustabouts	Derek Martin, Robert Flynn, Anthony Poole, James Garfield
The Creature	Kiwi Kingston

Credits

Directed by	Freddie Francis
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Music composed by	Don Banks
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	John Wilcox, BSC
Camera Operator	Ronnie Maasz
Focus Puller	G. Glover
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Chris Barnes
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Camera Operator	A. Thorne
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Dubbing Mixer	Michael Sale
Boom Operator	T. Buchanan
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	Bill Cartlidge
Second Asst. Director	Hugh Harlow
Third Asst. Director	Stephen Victor
Makeup	Roy Ashton, Richard Mills
Hair Stylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Mistress	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Pauline Harlow
Special Effects	Les Bowie
Construction Manager	Arthur Banks
Production Secretary	Maureen White
Stills Cameraman	Tom Edwards

The Gorgon

Hammer, 83 minutes; Eastmancolor; Cert X
Produced December 9, 1963 / Released October 18, 1964
Distributor: BLC/Columbia (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb*

Cast

Namaroff	Peter Cushing
Professor Meister	Christopher Lee
Paul	Richard Pasco
Carla Hoffman	Barbara Shelley
Professor Heitz	Michael Goodliffe
Kanof	Patrick Troughton
Coroner	Joseph O'Conor
Megaera/The Gorgon	Prudence Hyman
Ratoff	Jack Watson
Hans	Redmond Phillips
Bruno Heitz	Jeremy Longhurst
Sascha	Toni Gilpin
Martha	Joyce Hemson
Policeman	Michael Peake
Cass	Alister Williamson
Nurse	Sally Nesbitt

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Screenplay by	John Gilling
Original story by	J. Llewellyn Devine
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Marcus Dods
Director of Photography	Michael Reed

Camera Operator	Cecil Cooney
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Eric Boyd-Perkins
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	Bert Batt
Second Asst. Director	Hugh Harlow
Makeup Artist	Roy Ashton
Hairstylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Mistress	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Pauline Harlow
Special Effects	Syd Pearson
Fight Arranger	Peter Diamond

The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb

Hammer/Swallow, 80 minutes; Technicolor/Techniscope; Cert X
Produced February 24, 1964 / Released October 18, 1964
Distributor: BLC/Columbia (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *The Gorgon*

Cast

Adam Beauchamp/Re	Terence Morgan
John Bray	Ronald Howard
Alexander King	Fred Clark
Annette Dubois	Jeanne Roland
Hashmi Bey	George Pastell
Sir Giles Dalrymple	Jack Gwillim
Inspector Mackenzie	John Paul
Professor Dubois	Bernard Rebel
Ra-Antef	Michael McStay
The Mummy	Dickie Owen
Jenny	Jill Mai Meredith
Jessop	Vernon Smythe
Nightwatchman	Michael Ripper
First Workman	Jimmy Gardner
Second Workman	Harold Goodwin
Landlady	Marianne Stone

Credits

Directed by	Michael Carreras
Produced by	Michael Carreras
Screenplay by	Henry Younger (Michael Carreras/Alvin Rakoff)
Associate Producer	Bill Hill
Music composed by	Carlo Martelli
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Otto Heller, BSC
Camera Operator	Bob Thompson
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Eric Boyd-Perkins
Sound Recordist	Claude Hitchcock
Sound Editor	James Groom
Assistant Director	Bert Batt
Second Asst. Director	Hugh Harlow
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hair Stylist	Iris Tilley
Wardrobe	Betty Adamson, John Briggs
Continuity	Eileen Head
Casting	David Booth
Technical Adviser	Andrew Low

Fanatic

(U.S. title: *Die! Die! My Darling!*)
Hammer, 96 (U.S. 105) minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced September 7, 1964 / Released March 21, 1965
Distributor: BLC/Columbia (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K.): *The Killers*

Cast

Mrs. Trefoile	Tallulah Bankhead
Patricia Carroll	Stefanie Powers
Harry	Peter Vaughan
Alan Glentower	Maurice Kauffmann
Anna	Yootha Joyce
Joseph	Donald Sutherland
Gloria	Gwendolyn Watts
Ormsby	Robert Dorning
Oscar	Philip Gilbert
Shopkeeper	Winifred Dennis
Woman in Shop	Diana King
Vicar	Henry McGee

Credits

Directed by	Silvio Narrizano
Produced by	Anthony Hinds
Screenplay by	Richard Matheson
From the novel *Nightmare* by	Anne Blaisdell
Music composed by	Wilfred Josephs
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Arthur Ibbetson
Camera Operator	Paul Wilson
Production Designer	Peter Proud
Art Director	Don Mingaye

Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	John Dunsford
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Production Manager	George Fowler
Assistant Director	Claude Watson
Second Asst. Director	Hugh Harlow
Makeup Artist	Roy Ashton, Richard Mills
Hairstylist	Olga Angelinetta
Wardrobe Mistress	Mary Gibson
Continuity	Renée Glynne
Special Effects	Syd Pearson
Fight Arranger	Peter Diamond

Dracula: Prince of Darkness

Hammer/Seven Arts, 90 minutes; Technicolor/ Techniscope; Cert X
Produced April 26, 1965 / Released January 9, 1966
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Fox (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *The Plague of the Zombies*

Cast

Dracula	Christopher Lee
Helen Kent	Barbara Shelley
Father Sandor	Andrew Keir
Charles Kent	Francis Matthews
Diana Kent	Suzan Farmer
Alan Kent	Charles Tingwell
Ludwig	Thorley Walters
Klove	Philip Latham
Brother Mark	Walter Brown
Landlord	George Woodbridge
Brother Peter	Jack Lambert
Priest	Philip Ray
Mother	Joyce Hemson
Coach Driver	John Maxim

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Screenplay by	John Sansom (Jimmy Sangster)
From an idea by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Based on characters created by	Bram Stoker
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Michael Reed
Camera Operator	Cecil Cooney
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Chris Barnes
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	Roy Baker
Production Manager	Ross MacKenzie
Assistant Director	Bert Batt
Second Asst. Director	Hugh Harlow
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hair Stylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Lorna Selwyn
Special Effects	Bowie Films Ltd.

Rasputin: The Mad Monk

Hammer/Seven Arts, 91 minutes; Technicolor/ CinemaScope; Cert X
Produced June 7, 1965 / Released March 6, 1966
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Fox (U.S.)
Original second feature: *The Reptile*

Cast

Grigori Yefimovich Rasputin	Christopher Lee
Sonia	Barbara Shelley
Dr. Zargo	Richard Pasco
Ivan	Francis Matthews
Vanessa	Suzan Farmer
Peter	Dinsdale Landen
Tsarina	Renée Asherson
Innkeeper	Derek Francis
The Bishop	Joss Ackland
Tsarvitch	Robert Duncan
Patron	Alan Tilvern
The Abbot	John Welsh
Court Physician	John Bailey
Burly Brute	Brian Wilde
Son	Michael Cadman
Daughter	Fiona Hartford
Tough	Bryan Marshall
Waggoner	Bartlett Mullins
Doctor	Michael Godfrey
First Tart	Helen Christie
Second Tart	Maggie Wright
Fat Lady	Celia Ryder
Girl	Veronica Nicholson
Foxy Face	Cyril Shaps
Wide Eyes	Lucy Fleming

Credits

Directed by	Don Sharp
Produced by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Music composed by	Don Banks
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Michael Reed
Camera Operator	Cecil Cooney
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Roy Hyde
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	Roy Baker
Production Manager	Ross MacKenzie
Assistant Director	Bert Batt
Second Asst. Director	Hugh Harlow
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hair Stylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Lorna Selwyn

The Plague of the Zombies

Hammer/Seven Arts, 91 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced July 28, 1965/Released January 9, 1966
Distributor: Wamer-Pathé/Fox (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *Dracula: Prince of Darkness*

Cast

Sir James Forbes	André Morell
Sylvia	Diane Clare
Dr. Peter Tompson	Brook Williams
Alice	Jacqueline Pearce
Clive Hamilton	John Carson
Denver	Alexander Davion
Sgt. Jack Swift	Michael Ripper
Martinus	Marcus Hammond
Constable Christian	Dennis Chinnery
Colored Servant	Louis Mahoney
Vicar	Roy Royston
John Martinus	Ben Aris
The Young Bloods	Tim Condren, Bernard Egan, Norman Mann, Francis Willey

Credits

Directed by	John Gilling
Produced by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Screenplay by	Peter Bryan
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Moray Grant
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Chris Barnes
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	Roy Baker
Production Manager	George Fowler
Assistant Director	Bert Batt
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hair Stylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Lorna Selwyn
Special Effects	Bowie Films Ltd.

The Reptile

Hammer/Seven Arts, 91 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced September 13, 1965 / Released March 6, 1966
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Fox (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *Rasputin: The Mad Monk*

Cast

Dr. Franklyn	Noel Willman
Valerie Spalding	Jennifer Daniel
Harry Spalding	Ray Barrett
Anna Franklyn	Jacqueline Pearce
Tom Bailey	Michael Ripper
Mad Peter	John Laurie
Malay	Marne Maitland
Charles Spalding	David Baron
The Vicar	Charles Lloyd Pack
Solicitor	Harold Goldblatt
Old Garnsey	George Woodbridge

Credits

Directed by	John Gilling
Produced by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Music composed by	Don Banks
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Moray Grant
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Roy Hyde

Sound Recordist	William Bulkley
Sound Editor	Roy Baker
Production Manager	George Fowler
Assistant Director	Bill Cartlidge
Makeup	Roy Ashton
Hair Stylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Lorna Selwyn
Special Effects	Bowie Films Ltd.

The Witches

(U.S. title: *The Devil's Own*)
Hammer/Seven Arts, 91 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced April 18, 1966 / Released December 11, 1966
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Fox (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Death Is a Woman/ The Kremlin Letter*

Cast

Gwen Mayfield	Joan Fontaine
Stephanie Bax	Kay Walsh
Alan Bax	Alec McCowen
Linda	Ingrid Brett
Dowsett	John Collin
Mrs. Dowsett	Carmel McSharry
Ronnie Dowsett	Martin Stephens
Granny Rigg	Gwen Ffrangcon Davies
Bob Curd	Duncan Lamont
Mrs. Curd	Viola Keats
Dr. Wallis	Leonard Rossiter
Sally	Ann Bell
Valerie	Michelle Dotrice
Mrs. Creek	Shelagh Fraser
Tom	Bryan Marshall

Credits

Directed by	Cyril Frankel
Produced by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Screenplay by	Nigel Kneale
From the novel *The Devil's Own* by	Peter Curtis (Norah Lofts)
Music composed by	Richard Rodney Bennett
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Choreographer	Denys Palmer
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant
Camera Operator	Cecil Cooney
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Chris Barnes
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Production Manager	Charles Permane
Assistant Director	David Tringham
Makeup	George Partleton
Hair Stylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Supervisor	Molly Arbuthnot
Wardrobe Master	Harry Haynes
Continuity	Anne Deeley
Casting	Irene Lamb

Frankenstein Created Woman

Hammer/Seven Arts, 86 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced July 4, 1966 / Released June 18, 1967
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Fox (U.S.)
Original second feature: *The Mummy's Shroud*

Cast

Baron Frankenstein	Peter Cushing
Christina	Susan Denberg
Dr. Hertz	Thorley Walters
Hans Baumer	Robert Morris
Anton	Peter Blythe
Karl	Barry Warren
Johann	Derek Fowlds
Kleve	Alan MacNaughton
Chief of Police	Peter Madden
Mayor	Philip Ray
Landlord	Ivan Beavis
Priest	Colin Jeavons
Bystander	Bartlett Mullins
Spokesman	Alec Mango
Hans as a Boy	Stuart Middleton
Prisoner/Hans's Father	Duncan Lamont
Sergeant	John Maxim
Jailer	Kevin Flood

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Moray Grant
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Spencer Reeve

Asst. Editor	Elizabeth Redstone
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Production Manager	Ian Lewis
Assistant Director	Douglas Hermes
2nd Asst. Director	Joe Marks
3rd Asst. Director	Christopher Neame
Makeup	George Partleton
Hair Stylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Mistress	Rosemary Burrows
Wardrobe Master	Larry Stewart
Continuity	Eileen Head
Scenic Artist	Felix Sergejak
Casting	Irene Lamb
Special Effects	Les Bowie

The Mummy's Shroud

Hammer/Seven Arts, 90 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced September 12, 1966 / Released June 18, 1967
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Fox (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *Frankenstein Created Woman*

Cast

Sir Basil Walden	André Morell
Stanley Preston	John Phillips
Paul Preston	David Buck
Barbara Preston	Elizabeth Sellars
Claire	Maggie Kimberley
Longbarrow	Michael Ripper
Harry Newton	Tim Barrett
Inspector Barrani	Richard Warner
Hasmid Ali	Roger Delgado
Haiti	Catherine Lacey
Prem, the Mummy	Eddie Powell
Prem (in Flashback)	Dickie Owen
Pharaoh	Bruno Barnabe
Pharaoh's Wife	Toni Gilpin
Kah-to-Bey	Toolsie Persaud
The Curator	Andreas Malandrinos

Credits

Directed by	John Gilling
Produced by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Screenplay by	John Gilling
From an original story by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Music composed by	Don Banks
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Moray Grant
Production Designer	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Chris Barnes
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Production Manager	Ed Harper
Assistant Director	Bluey Hill
Makeup	George Partleton
Hairstylist	Frieda Steiger
Wardrobe Mistress	Molly Arbuthnot
Wardrobe Master	Larry Stewart
Continuity	Eileen Head
Casting	Irene Lamb
Special Effects	Bowie Films Ltd.

Quatermass and the Pit

(U.S. title: *Five Million Years to Earth*)
Hammer/Seven Arts, 98 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced February 27, 1967 / Released November 19, 1967
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Fox (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Circus of Fear/The Viking Queen*

Cast

Dr. Roney	James Donald
Quatermass	Andrew Keir
Barbara Judd	Barbara Shelley
Colonel Breen	Julian Glover
Sladden	Duncan Lamont
Captain Potter	Bryan Marshall
Howell	Peter Copley
Minister	Edwin Richfield
Police Sergeant Ellis	Grant Taylor
Sergeant Cleghorn	Maurice Good
Watson	Robert Morris
Journalist	Sheila Steafel
Sapper West	Hugh Futcher
Elderly Journalist	Hugh Morton
Vicar	Thomas Heathcote
Abbey Librarian	Noel Howlett
Pub Customer	Hugh Manning
Blonde	June Ellis
Johnson	Keith Marsh
Corporal Gibson	James Culliford
Miss Dobson	Bee Duffell
Electrician	Roger Avon
Technical Officer	Brian Peck
Inspector	John Graham
Newsvendor	Charles Lamb

Credits

Directed by	Roy Ward Baker
Produced by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Screenplay by	Nigel Kneale
Based on the BBC-TV serial by	Nigel Kneale
Music composed by	Tristram Cary
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Moray Grant
Supervising Art Director	Bernard Robinson
Art Director	Ken Ryan
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Spencer Reeve
Sound Recordist	Sash Fisher
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Production Manager	Ian Lewis
Assistant Director	Bert Batt
Makeup	Michael Morris
Hair Stylist	Pearl Tipaldi
Wardrobe Mistress	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Doreen Dearnaley
Casting	Irene Lamb
Special Effects	Bowie Films Ltd.

The Devil Rides Out

(U.S. title: *The Devil's Bride*)
Hammer/Seven Arts, 95 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced August 7, 1967 / Released July 7, 1968
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Fox (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Slave Girls* (*Prehistoric Women*)

Cast

Duc de Richleau	Christopher Lee
Mocata	Charles Gray
Tanith	Nike Arrighi
Rex van Ryn	Leon Greene
Simon Aron	Patrick Mower
Countess	Gwen Ffrangcon Davies
Marie	Sarah Lawson
Richard	Paul Eddington
Peggy	Rosalyn Landor
Malin	Russell Waters
The Devil	Eddie Powell

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Screenplay by	Richard Matheson
From the classic novel by	Dennis Wheatley
Associate Producers	Michael Staiver-Hutchins, P. Daw
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Choreographer	David Toguri
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Moray Grant
Supervising Art Director	Bernard Robinson
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Spencer Reeve
Recording Supervisor	A. W. Lumkin
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	Arthur Cox
Production Manager	Ian Lewis
Assistant Director	Bert Batt
Makeup	Eddie Knight
Hairstylist	Pat McDermott
Wardrobe Supervisor	Rosemary Burrows
Wardrobe Mistress	Janet Lucas
Continuity	June Randall
Casting	Irene Lamb
Special Effects	Michael Staiver-Hutchins

The Lost Continent

Hammer/Seven Arts, 98 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced September 11, 1967 / Released July 14, 1968
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Fox (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Young and Eager*/*The Vengeance of She*

Cast

Lansen	Eric Porter
Eva	Hildegarde Knef
Unity	Suzanna Leigh
Tyler	Tony Beckley
Webster	Nigel Stock
Hemmings	Neil McCallum
Ricaldi	Benito Carruthers
Pat	Jimmy Hanley
Chief	James Cossins
Sarah	Dana Gillespie
Mate	Victor Maddern
Helmsman	Reg Lye
Jonathan	Norman Eshley
Sea Lawyer	Michael Ripper
Sparks	Donald Sumpter
Jason	Alf Joint
Braemer	Charles Houston
Hurri Curri	Shivendra Sinha

El Diablo	Darryl Read
Inquisitor	Eddie Powell
Sergeant	Frank Hayden
Customs men	Mark Heath, Horace James, Michael Heath

Credits

Directed/Produced by	Michael Carreras
Screenplay by	Michael Nash (Michael Carreras), based on the novel *Uncharted Seas* by Dennis Wheatley
Associate Producer	Peter Manley
Music composed by	Gerard Schurmann
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Songs by	Roy Philips
Songs sung by	The Pedlars
Director of Photography	Paul Beeson, BSC
Camera Operator	Russell Thomson
Art Director	Arthur Lawson
Assistant Art Director	Don Picton
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Chris Barnes
Recording Supervisor	A. W. Lumkin
Sound Editor	Roy Baker
Sound Mixer	Dennis Whitlock
Assistant Director	Dominic Fulford
Makeup	George Partleton
Hairdresser	Elsie Alder
Costume Designer	Carl Toms
Wardrobe	Mary Gibson
Continuity	Doreen Soan
Casting	Irene Lamb
Special Effects	Robert A. Mattey, Cliff Richardson
Consultant	Arthur Hayward
Modeler	Arthur Fehr

Dracula Has Risen from the Grave

Hammer/Seven Arts, 92 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced April 22, 1968 / Released November 7, 1968*
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Warner Bros.–Seven Arts (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K.): *A Covenant with Death*

Cast

Dracula	Christopher Lee
Monsignor Ernest Mueller	Rupert Davies
Maria	Veronica Carlson
Zena	Barbara Ewing
Paul	Barry Andrews
Priest	Ewan Hooper
Anna	Marion Mathie
Max	Michael Ripper
Student	John D. Collins
Landlord	George A. Cooper
Farmer	Chris Cunningham
Boy	Norman Bacon
Girl in Bell	Carrie Baker

Credits

Directed by	Freddie Francis
Produced by	Aida Young
Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Based on the character created by	Bram Stoker
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Moray Grant
Supervising Art Director	Bernard Robinson
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Spencer Reeve
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	Wilfred Thompson
Production Manager	Christopher Sutton
Assistant Director	Dennis Robertson
Makeup	Heather Nurse, Rosemarie McDonald Peattie
Hair Stylist	Wanda Kelley
Wardrobe Mistress	Jill Thompson
Continuity	Doris Martin
Special Effects	Frank George
Matte Artist	Peter Melrose
Construction Manager	Arthur Banks

Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed

Hammer, 97 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced January 13, 1969 / Released June 8, 1969
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Warner Bros.–Seven Arts (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K.): *Sons of Satan*

Cast

Baron Frankenstein	Peter Cushing
Anna Spengler	Veronica Carlson
Professor Richter	Freddie Jones
Karl Holst	Simon Ward
Inspector Frisch	Thorley Walters
Ella Brandt	Maxine Audley
Doctor Brandt	George Pravda

Police Doctor	Geoffrey Bayldon
Mad Woman	Colette O'Neil
Guests	Frank Middlemass, George Belbin, Norman Shelley, Michael Gover
Principal	Peter Copley
Dr. Heidecke	Jim Collier
Police Sergeants	Allan Surtees, Windsor Davies
Burglar	Harold Goodwin

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Screenplay by	Bert Batt
From an original story by	Anthony Nelson Keys
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant
Camera Operator	Neil Binney
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Art Director	Bernard Robinson
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Editor	Gordon Hales
Recording Supervisor	Tony Lumkin
Sound Recordist	Ken Rawkins
Sound Editor	Don Ranasinghe
Production Manager	Christopher Neame
Assistant Director	Bert Batt
Makeup	Eddie Knight
Hairstylist	Pat McDermott
Wardrobe Supervisor	Rosemary Burrows
Wardrobe Mistress	Lotte Slattery
Continuity	Doreen Dearnaley
Construction Manager	Arthur Banks
Special Effects	Studios Locations Ltd.

Crescendo

Hammer, 95 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced July 14, 1969 / Released May 7, 1970*
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Warner Bros. (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *Taste the Blood of Dracula*

Cast

Susan Roberts	Stefanie Powers
Georges/Jacques	James Olson
Danielle Ryman	Margaretta Scott
Lillianne	Jane Lapotaire
Carter	Joss Ackland
Catherine	Kirsten Betts

Credits

Directed by	Alan Gibson
Produced by	Michael Carreras
Screenplay	Alfred Shaughnessy, Jimmy Sangster
Music composed by	Malcolm Williamson
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Solo Piano	Clive Lythgoe
Solo Saxophone	Tubby Hayes
Director of Photography	Paul Beeson
Camera Operator	John Winbolt
Art Director	Scott MacGregor
Assistant Art Director	Don Picton
Set Dresser	Freda Pearson
Property Buyer	Ron Baker
Editor	Chris Barnes
Recording Supervisor	A. W. Lumkin
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Sound Mixer	Claude Hitchcock
Dubbing Mixer	Len Abbott
Production Manager	Hugh Harlow
Assistant Director	Jack Martin
Makeup	Stella Morris
Hairdresser	Ivy Emmerton
Wardrobe	Jackie Breed
Continuity	Lilian Lee
Construction Manager	Arthur Banks

Taste the Blood of Dracula

Hammer, 95 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced October 27, 1969 / Released May 7, 1970*
Distributor: Warner-Pathé/Warner Bros. (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Crescendo/Trog*

Cast

Dracula	Christopher Lee
William Hargood	Geoffrey Keen
Martha Hargood	Gwen Watford
Alice Hargood	Linda Hayden
Samuel Paxton	Peter Sallis
Paul Paxton	Anthony Corlan
Lucy Paxton	Isla Blair
Jonathon Secker	John Carson
Jeremy Secker	Martin Jarvis
Lord Courtley	Ralph Bates
Weller	Roy Kinnear
Sergeant Cobb	Michael Ripper
Felix	Russell Hunter
Hargood's Maid	Shirley Jaffe

Father	Keith Marsh
Son	Peter May
Vicar	Reginald Barratt
Dolly	Maddy Smith
Chinese Girl	Lai Ling
Snake Girl	Malaika Martin

Credits

Directed by	Peter Sasdy
Produced by	Aida Young
Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Based on the character created by	Bram Stoker
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant, BSC
Art Director	Scott MacGregor
Editor	Chris Barnes
Recording Supervisor	Tony Lumkin
Dubbing Mixer	Dennis Whitlock
Sound Recordist	Ron Barron
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Production Manager	Christopher Sutton
Assistant Director	Derek Whitehurst
Makeup Supervisor	Gerry Fletcher
Hairdressing Supervisor	Mary Bredin
Wardrobe Master	Brian Owen-Smith
Continuity	Geraldine Lawton
Special Effects	Brian Johncock
Construction Manager	Arthur Banks

The Vampire Lovers

Hammer/American-International, 91 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced January 19, 1970 / Released September 3, 1970*
Distributor: MGM-EMI/American-International (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Angels from Hell/ Cult of the Damned*

Cast

Carmilla/Mircalla/ Marcilla Karnstein	Ingrid Pitt
General Spielsdorf	Peter Cushing
Laura	Pippa Steel
Emma	Madeline Smith
Roger Morton	George Cole
The Countess	Dawn Addams
Governess	Kate O'Mara
Baron Hartog	Douglas Wilmer
Carl	Jon Finch
Renton	Harvey Hall
Doctor	Ferdy Mayne
First Vampire	Kirsten Betts
Man in Black	John Forbes-Robertson
Gretchen	Janet Key
Landlord	Charles Farrell

Credits

Directed by	Roy Ward Baker
Produced by	Harry Fine, Michael Style
Screenplay by	Tudor Gates
Adapted by	Harry Fine, Tudor Gates, and Michael Style, from J. Sheridan Le Fanu's story "Carmilla"
Music composed by	Harry Robinson
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Moray Grant
Camera Operator	Neil Binney
Art Director	Scott MacGregor
Editor	James Needs
Recording Director	Tony Lumkin
Sound Recordist	Claude Hitchcock
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Dubbing Mixer	Dennis Whitlock
Production Manager	Tom Sachs
Assistant Director	Derek Whitehurst
Makeup Supervisor	Tom Smith
Hairdressing Supervisor	Pearl Tipaldi
Costume Designer	Brian Cox
Wardrobe Mistress	Laura Nightingale
Continuity	Betty Harley
Construction Manager	Bill Greene

Scars of Dracula

Hammer, 96 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced May 7, 1970 / Released October 8, 1970*
Distributor: MGM-EMI/Continental (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *The Horror of Frankenstein*

Cast

Dracula	Christopher Lee
Simon	Dennis Waterman
Sarah	Jenny Hanley
Paul	Christopher Matthews
Klove	Patrick Troughton
Priest	Michael Gwynn
Landlord	Michael Ripper

Julie	Wendy Hamilton
Tania	Anouska Hempel
Alice	Delia Lindsay
Burgomaster	Bob Todd
Elderly Waggoner	Toke Townley
First Officer	David Leland
Second Officer	Richard Durden
Farmer	Morris Bush
Landlord's Wife	Margo Boht
Fat Young Man	Clive Barrie

Credits

Directed by	Roy Ward Baker
Produced by	Aida Young
Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Based on the character created by	Bram Stoker
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Moray Grant
Art Director	Scott MacGregor
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Recording Supervisor	Tony Lumkin
Sound Recordist	Ron Barron
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Dubbing Mixer	Dennis Whitlock
Production Manager	Tom Sachs
Assistant Director	Derek Whitehurst
Makeup Supervisor	Wally Schneiderman
Makeup Assistant	Heather Nurse
Hairdressing Supervisor	Pearl Tipaldi
Wardrobe Mistress	Laura Nightingale
Continuity	Betty Harley
Special Effects	Roger Dicken, Brian Johncock
Construction Manager	Arthur Banks

Lust for a Vampire

Hammer, 95 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced July 6, 1970 / Released January 17, 1971
Distributor: MGM-EMI/Continental (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K.): *The Losers*

Cast

Countess Herritzen	Barbara Jefford
Giles Barton	Ralph Bates
Janet Playfair	Suzanna Leigh
Mircalla	Yutte Stensgaard
Richard Lestrange	Michael Johnson
Miss Simpson	Helen Christie
Count Karnstein	Mike Raven
Coachman	Christopher Cunningham
Inspector Heinrich	Harvey Hall
Landlord	Michael Brennan
Susan Pelley	Pippa Steel
Amanda	Judy Matheson
Isabel	Caryl Little
Raymond Pelley	David Healy
Biggs	Jonathan Cecil
Professor Hertz	Eric Chitty
Bishop	Jack Melford
Hans	Christopher Neame
Peasant Girl	Kirsten Lindholm
Trudi	Luan Peters
First Villager	Nick Brimble
Second Villager	David Richardson
Schoolgirls	Melinda Churcher, Melita Clarke, Vivienne Chandler, Erica Beale, Jackie Leapman, Sue Longhurst, Christine Smith, Patricia Warner

Credits

Directed by	Jimmy Sangster
Produced by	Harry Fine, Michael Style
Screenplay by	Tudor Gates
Based on characters created by	J. Sheridan Le Fanu
Music composed by	Harry Robinson
"Strange Love" sung by	Tracy
"Strange Love" lyrics by	Frank Godwin
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Choreographer	Babbie McManus
Director of Photography	David Muir
Camera Operator	Chic Anstiss
Art Director	Don Mingaye
Editor	Spencer Reeve
Recording Director	Tony Lumkin
Sound Recordist	Ron Barron
Sound Editor	Terry Poulton
Dubbing Mixer	Len Abbott
Boom Operator	John Hall
Production Manager	Tom Sachs
Assistant Director	David Bracknell
Makeup Supervisor	George Blackler
Hairdressing Supervisor	Pearl Tipaldi
Wardrobe Mistress	Laura Nightingale
Continuity	Betty Harley
Construction Manager	Bill Greene

Countess Dracula

Hammer, 93 minutes; Eastmancolor; Cert X
Produced July 27, 1970 / Released February 14, 1971
Distributor: Rank/Fox (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Hell's Belles/Vampire Circus*

Cast

Countess Elisabeth	Ingrid Pitt
Captain Dobi	Nigel Green
Imre Toth	Sandor Elès
Master Fabio	Maurice Denham
Julie	Patience Collier
Captain Balogh	Peter Jeffrey
Ilona	Lesley-Anne Downe
Sergeant of Bailiffs	Leon Lissek
Rosa	Jessie Evans
Ziza	Andrea Lawrence
Teri	Susan Brodrick
Clown	Ian Trigger
Gypsy Girl	Nike Arrighi
Janco	Peter May
Priest	John Moore
Second Cook	Joan Haythorne
Kitchen Maid	Marianne Stone
The Seller	Charles Farrell
Bertha	Sally Adcock
Pregnant Woman	Anne Stallybrass
Man	Paddy Ryan
Young Man	Michael Cadman
Belly Dancer	Hülya Babus
Gypsy Dancers	Lesley Anderson, Biddy Hearne, Diana Sawday
First Boy	Andrew Burleigh
Second Boy	Gary Rich
Circus Midgets	Albert Wilkinson, Ismed Hassan

Credits

Directed by	Peter Sasdy
Produced by	Alexander Paal
Screenplay by	Jeremy Paul
Story by	Alexander Paal, Peter Sasdy
Based on an idea by	Gabriel Ronay
Music composed by	Harry Robinson
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Choreographer	Mia Nardi
Director of Photography	Ken Talbot, BSC
Camera Operator	Ken Withers
Art Director	Philip Harrison
Editor	Henry Richardson
Sound Recordist	Kevin Sutton
Sound Editor	Alban Streeter
Dubbing Mixer	Ken Barker
Production Manager	Christopher Sutton
Assistant Director	Ariel Levy
Makeup Supervisor	Tom Smith
Hairdressing Supervisor	Pat McDermott
Costume Designer	Raymond Hughes
Wardrobe Master	Brian Owen-Smith
Continuity	Gladys Goldsmith
Special Effects	Bert Luxford
Construction Manager	Arthur Banks

Blood from the Mummy's Tomb

Hammer, 93 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced January 11, 1971 / Released November 7, 1971
Distributor: MGM-EMI/American-International (U.S.)
Original cofeature (U.K./U.S.): *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde/Night of the Blood Monster*

Cast

Fuchs	Andrew Keir
Margaret/Tera	Valerie Leon
Corbeck	James Villiers
Dandridge	Hugh Burden
Berrigan	George Coulouris
Tod Browning	Mark Edwards
Helen Dickerson	Rosalie Crutchley
Doctor Putnum	Aubrey Morris
Doctor Burgess	David Markham
Mrs. Caporal	Joan Young
Older Male Nurse	James Cossins
Young Male Nurse	David Jackson
Saturnine Young Man	Jonathan Burn
Youth in Museum	Graham James
Veronica	Tamara Ustinov
Nurse	Penelope Holt
Nurse	Angela Ginders
Patient	Tex Fuller
Priests	Luis Madina, Omar Amoodi, Abdul Kader, Oscar Charles, Ahmed Osman, Soltan Lalani, Saad Ghazi
Tod's cat	Sunbronze Danny Boy

Credits

Directed by	Seth Holt (shooting completed by Michael Carreras)

Produced by	Howard Brandy
Screenplay by	Christopher Wicking, based on *The Jewel of the Seven Stars* by Bram Stoker
Music composed by	Tristram Cary
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant
Camera Operator	Neil Binney
Production Designer	Scott MacGregor
Assistant Art Director	Don Picton
Editor	Peter Weatherley, GBFE
Sound Recordist	Tony Dawe
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde, GBFE
Production Manager	Christopher Neame
Assistant Director	Derek Whitehurst
Makeup Supervisor	Eddie Knight
Hairdressing Supervisor	Ivy Emmerton
Wardrobe Supervisor	Rosemary Burrows
Wardrobe Mistress	Diane Jones
Continuity	Betty Harley
Special Effects	Michael Collins
Construction Manager	Bill Greene
Production Supervisor	Roy Skeggs

Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde

Hammer, 97 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced February 22, 1971 / Released November 7, 1971
Distributor: MGM-EMI/American-International (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K.): *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb*

Cast

Dr. Jekyll	Ralph Bates
Sister Hyde	Martine Beswick
Professor Robertson	Gerald Sim
Howard	Lewis Fiander
Mrs. Spencer	Dorothy Alison
Older Policeman	Neil Wilson
Burke	Ivor Dean
Sergeant Danvers	Paul Whitsun-Jones
Byker	Philip Madoc
Hare	Tony Calvin
Susan	Susan Brodrick
Town Crier	Dan Meaden
Betsy	Virginia Wetherell
First Policeman	Geoffrey Kenion
Yvonne	Irene Bradshaw
Julie	Anna Brett
Margie	Jackie Poole
Marie	Rosemary Lord
Petra	Petula Portell
Helen	Pat Brackenbury
Emma	Liz Romanoff
Mein Host	Will Stampe
Knife grinder	Roy Evans
First Sailor	Derek Steen
Second Sailor	John Lyons
Jill	Jeannette Wilde
Young Apprentice	Bobby Parr
Street Singer	Julia Wright

Credits

Directed by	Roy Ward Baker
Produced by	Albert Fennell, Brian Clemens
Screenplay by	Brian Clemens
Based upon the story by	Robert Louis Stevenson
Music composed by	David Whitaker
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Song "He'll Be There" by	Brian Clemens (words and music)
Director of Photography	Norman Warwick, BSC
Camera Operator	Godfrey Godar
Production Designer	Robert Jones
Assistant Art Director	Len Townsend
Editor	James Needs, GBFE
Recording Director	A. W. Lumkin
Sound	Bill Rowe
Sound Editor	Charles Crafford, GBFE
Production Manager	Don Weeks
Assistant Director	Bert Batt
Makeup	Trevor Crole-Rees
Hairdressing	Bernie Ibbetson
Wardrobe Supervisor	Rosemary Burrows
Wardrobe Mistress	Kathleen Moore
Continuity	Sally Ball
Casting Director	Jimmy Liggat
Construction Manager	Bill Greene
Production Supervisor	Roy Skeggs

Hands of the Ripper

Hammer, 85 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced January 25, 1971 / Released October 17, 1971
Distributor: Rank/Universal (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *Twins of Evil*

Cast

Dr. John Pritchard	Eric Porter
Anna	Angharad Rees
Laura	Jane Merrow

Michael Pritchard	Keith Bell
Dysart	Derek Godfrey
Mrs. Golding	Dora Bryan
Mrs. Bryant	Majorie Rhodes
Long Liz	Lynda Baron
Dolly	Marjie Lawrence
Police Inspector	Norman Bird
Madame Bullard	Margaret Rawlings
Mrs. Wilson	Elizabeth MacLennan
Mr. Wilson	Barry Lowe
Rev. Anderson	A. J. Brown
Catherine	April Wilding
First Cell Whore	Anne Clune
Second Cell Whore	Vicki Woolf
First Pub Whore	Katya Wyeth
Second Pub Whore	Beulah Hughes
Third Pub Whore	Tallulah Miller
Pleasants	Peter Munt
Seamstress	Ann Way
Police Constable	Philip Ryan
Maid	Molly Weir
Guard	Charles Lamb

Credits

Directed by	Peter Sasdy
Produced by	Aida Young
Screenplay by	L. W. Davidson
From an original story by	Edward Spencer Shew
Music composed by	Christopher Gunning
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Kenneth Talbot, BSC
Camera Operator	Robert Kindred
Art Director	Roy Stannard
Editor	Chris Barnes
Sound Recordist	Kevin Sutton
Dubbing Mixer	Ken Barker
Production Manager	Christopher Sutton
Assistant Director	Ariel Levy
Makeup Supervisor	Bunty Phillips
Hairdressing Supervisor	Pat McDermott
Wardrobe Supervisor	Rosemary Burrows
Wardrobe Mistress	Eileen Sullivan
Continuity	Gladys Goldsmith
Special Effects	Cliff Culley
Construction Manager	Arthur Banks

Twins of Evil

Hammer, 87 minutes; Eastmancolor; Cert X
Produced March 22, 1971 / Released October 17, 1971
Distributor: Rank/Universal (U.S.)
Original cofeature: *Hands of the Ripper*

Cast

Gustav Weil	Peter Cushing
Frieda Gellhorn	Madeleine Collinson
Maria Gellhorn	Mary Collinson
Anton Hoffer	David Warbeck
Count Karnstein	Damien Thomas
Countess Mircalla	Katya Wyeth
Ingrid Hoffer	Isobel Black
Katy Weil	Kathleen Byron
Franz	Harvey Hall
Hermann	Alex Scott
Joachim	Roy Stewart
Gerta	Luan Peters
Dietrich	Dennis Price
Alexa	Maggie Wright
Lady in Coach	Sheelah Wilcox
Woodman	Inigo Jackson
Woodman's Daughter	Judy Matheson
Girl at Stake	Kirsten Lindholm
Jailer	Peter Thompson

Credits

Directed by	John Hough
Produced by	Harry Fine, Michael Style
Screenplay by	Tudor Gates
Based on characters created by	J. Sheridan Le Fanu
Music composed by	Harry Robinson
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Dick Bush, BSC
Camera Operator	Dudley Lovell
Second Unit/Special Effects Photography	Jack Mills, BSC
Art Director	Roy Stannard
Editor	Spencer Reeve
Sound Recordist	Ron Barron
Sound Camera Operator	Stan Samworth
Sound Editor	Bill Trent
Dubbing Mixer	Ken Barker
Production Manager	Tom Sachs
Assistant Director	Patrick Clayton
Chief Makeup	George Blackler
Makeup Assistant	John Webber
Hairdressing	Pearl Tipaldi
Wardrobe	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Gladys Goldsmith
Dialogue Coach	Ruth Lodge
Casting Director	Jimmy Liggat

Special Effects	Bert Luxford
Construction Manager	Arthur Banks

Vampire Circus

Hammer, 87 minutes; Eastmancolor; Cert X
Produced August 9, 1971 / Released April 30, 1972
Distributor: Rank/Fox (U.S.)
Original cofeature (U.K./U.S.): *Explosion/Countess Dracula*

Cast

Gypsy Woman	Adrienne Corri
Burgermeister	Thorley Walters
Emil	Anthony Corlan
Anton	John Moulder-Brown
Mueller	Laurence Payne
Kersh	Richard Owens
Dora	Lynne Frederick
Gerta	Elizabeth Seal
Hauser	Robin Hunter
Anna	Domini Blythe
Count Mitterhaus	Robert Tayman
Schilt	John Brown
Elvira	Mary Wimbush
Rosa	Christina Paul
Heinrich	Robin Sachs
Helga	Lalla Ward
Michael	Skip Martin
Strongman	Dave Prowse
Jon	Roderick Shaw
Gustav	Barnaby Shaw
The Webers	Milovan and Serena
Jenny Schilt	Jane Darby
Mrs. Schilt	Sibylla Kay
Grandma Schilt	Dorothy Frere
First Soldier	Sean Hewitt
Sexton	Giles Phibbs
Foreman	Jason James
Old Villager	Arnold Locke
Bradforts-Amaros by courtesy of	Billy Smarts Circus

Credits

Directed by	Robert Young
Produced by	Wilbur Stark
Screenplay by	Judson Kinberg
Music composed by	David Whitaker
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Moray Grant, BSC
Camera Operator	Walter Byatt
Art Director	Scott MacGregor
Assistant Art Director	Don Picton
Editor	Peter Musgrave
Sound Recordist	Claude Hitchcock
Sound Camera Operator	Laurie Reed
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Dubbing Mixer	Ken Barker
Production Manager	Tom Sachs
Assistant Director	Derek Whitehurst
Makeup	Jill Carpenter
Hairdressing	Anne McFadyen
Wardrobe Supervisor	Brian Owen-Smith
Continuity	June Randall
Casting Director	James Liggat
Special Effects	Les Bowie
Construction Manager	Arthur Banks
Animal Adviser	Mary Chipperfield
Production Supervisor	Roy Skeggs

Demons of the Mind

Hammer/Frank Godwin, 89 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced August 16, 1971 / Released November 5, 1972
Distributor: MGM-EMI/International Co-Productions (U.S.)
Original cofeature (U.K./U.S.): *Tower of Evil/Fear in the Night*

Cast

Count Zorn	Robert Hardy
Emil	Shane Briant
Elizabeth	Gillian Hills
Hilda	Yvonne Mitchell
Carl Richter	Paul Jones
Dr. Falkenburg	Patrick Magee
Klaus	Kenneth J. Warren
Priest	Michael Hordern
Inge	Virginia Wetherell
Fischinger	Robert Brown
Ernst	Barry Stanton
Magda	Deirdre Costello
Zorn's Wife	Sidonie Bond
Coachman	Thomas Heathcote
First Villager	John Atkinson
Second Villager	George Cormack
Matronly Woman	Mary Hignett
Old Crone	Sheila Raynor
First Girl	Jan Adair
Second Girl	Jane Cardew

Credits

Directed by	Peter Sykes
Produced by	Frank Godwin
Screenplay by	Christopher Wicking
Original Story by	Frank Godwin, Christopher Wicking
Music composed by	Harry Robinson
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant
Camera Operator	Neil Binney
Production Designer	Michael Stringer
Assistant Art Director	Bill Brodis
Editor	Chris Barnes
Recording Director	A. W. Lumkin
Sound Recordist	John Purghess
Sound Editor	Terry Poulton
Dubbing Mixer	Len Abbott
Production Manager	Christopher Neame
Assistant Director	Ted Morley
Makeup	Trevor Crole-Rees
Hairdressing	Maude Onslow
Wardrobe Supervisor	Rosemary Burrows
Wardrobe Mistress	Eileen Sullivan
Continuity	Gladys Goldsmith
Casting	James Liggat
Construction Manager	Bill Greene
Production Supervisor	Roy Skeggs

Dracula A.D. 1972

Hammer, 97 minutes; Eastmancolor; Cert X
Produced September 27, 1971 / Released September 28, 1972
Distributor: Columbia-Warner/Warner Bros. (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Trog/Crescendo*

Cast

Count Dracula	Christopher Lee
Professor Van Helsing	Peter Cushing
Jessica Van Helsing	Stephanie Beacham
Johnny Alucard	Christopher Neame
Inspector Murray	Michael Coles
Gaynor	Marsha Hunt
Laura	Caroline Munro
Anna	Janet Key
Joe Mitcham	William Ellis
Bob	Philip Miller
Greg	Michael Kitchen
Detective Sergeant	David Andrews
Matron	Lally Bowers
Mrs. Donnelly	Constance Luttrell
Charles	Michael Daly
Police Sergeant	Arturo Morris
Crying Matron	Jo Richardson
Hippie Girl	Penny Brahms
Hippie Boy	Brian John Smith
Rock Group	Stoneground

Credits

Directed by	Alan Gibson
Produced by	Josephine Douglas
Screenplay by	Don Houghton
Music composed by	Michael Vickers
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Song "Alligator Man" by	Sal Valentino
Song "You Better Come Through" by	Tim Barnes
Director of Photography	Dick Bush, BSC
Camera Operator	Bernie Ford
Production Designer	Don Mingaye
Assistant Art Director	Ron Benton
Editor	James Needs
Recording Director	A. W. Lumkin
Sound Recordist	Claude Hitchcock
Sound Editor	Roy Baker
Dubbing Mixer	Bill Rowe
Production Manager	Ron Jackson
Assistant Director	Robert Lynn
Makeup	George Blackler, Jill Carpenter
Hairdressing	Barbara Ritchie
Wardrobe Supervisor	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Doreen Dearnaley
Casting Director	James Liggat
Special Effects	Les Bowie
Construction Manager	Bill Greene
Production Supervisor	Roy Skeggs

Fear in the Night

Hammer, 86 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced November 15, 1971 / Released October 1972
Distributor: MGM-EMI/International Co-Productions (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Straight On till Morning/Demons of the Mind*

Cast

Peggy Heller	Judy Geeson
Molly Carmichael	Joan Collins
Robert Heller	Ralph Bates
Michael Carmichael	Peter Cushing
Mrs. Beamish	Gillian Lind

Doctor	James Cossins
First Policeman	John Brown
Second Policeman	Brian Grellis

Credits

Produced by	Jimmy Sangster
Directed by	Jimmy Sangster
Screenplay by	Jimmy Sangster, Michael Syson
Music composed by	John McCabe
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant
Camera Operator	Neil Binney
Art Director	Don Picton
Set Dresser	Penny Struthers
Editor	Peter Weatherley
Recording Director	Tony Lumpkin
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Production Manager	Christopher Neame
Assistant Director	Ted Morley
Makeup	Bill Partleton
Hairdresser	Helen Lennox
Wardrobe	Rosemary Burrows
Continuity	Gladys Goldsmith
Casting	James Liggat
Production Supervisor	Roy Skeggs
Executive Producer	Michael Carreras

Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter

Hammer, 91 minutes; Eastmancolor; Cert AA
Produced April 10, 1972 / Released April 7, 1974
Distributor: Bruton-EMI/Paramount (U.S.)
Original cofeature (U.K./U.S.): *The Girl with the Thunderbolt Kick/Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell*

Cast

Kronos	Horst Janson
Dr. Marcus	John Carson
Paul Durward	Shane Briant
Carla	Caroline Munro
Grost	John Cater
Sarah Durward	Lois Daine
Kerro	Ian Hendry
Lady Durward	Wanda Ventham
Hagen	William Hobbs
George Sorell	Brian Tully
Pointer	Robert James
Barlow	Perry Soblosky
Giles	Paul Greenwood
Vanda Sorell	Lisa Collings
Barman	John Hollis
Isabella Sorell	Susanna East
Barton Sorell	Stafford Gordon
Ann Sorell	Elizabeth Dear
Myra	Joanna Ross
Priest	Neil Seiler
Lilian	Olga Anthony
Blind Girl	Gigi Gurpinar
Big Man	Peter Davidson
Tom	Terence Sewards
Deke	Trevor Lawrence
Barmaid	Jacqui Cook
Whore	Penny Price

Credits

Directed by	Brian Clemens
Produced by	Albert Fennell, Brian Clemens
Written by	Brian Clemens
Music composed by	Laurie Johnson
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Ian Wilson
Camera Operator	Godfrey Godar
Production Designer	Robert Jones
Assistant Art Director	Kenneth McCallum Tait
Editor	James Needs
Recording Director	A. W. Lumkin
Sound Recordist	Jim Willis
Sound Editor	Peter Lennard
Dubbing Mixer	Bill Rowe
Production Manager	Richard Dalton
Assistant Director	David Tringham
Makeup	Jimmy Evans
Hairdressing	Barbara Ritchie
Wardrobe Supervisor	Dulcie Midwinter
Continuity	June Randall
Casting Director	James Liggat
Fight Arranger	William Hobbs
Production Supervisor	Roy Skeggs

Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell

Hammer, 99 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced September 18, 1972 / Released May 2, 1974
Distributor: Avco Embassy/Paramount (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K./U.S.): *Fists of Vengeance/ Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter*

Cast

Baron Frankenstein	Peter Cushing
Simon	Shane Briant
Sarah	Madeline Smith
Monster	Dave Prowse

Asylum Director	John Stratton
Transvest	Michael Ward
Wild One	Elsie Wagstaff
Police Sergeant	Norman Mitchell
Judge	Clifford Mollison
Body Snatcher	Patrick Troughton
Ernst	Philip Voss
Hans	Chris Cunningham
Professor Durendel	Charles Lloyd Pack
Old Hag	Lucy Griffiths
Tarmut	Bernard Lee
Muller	Sydney Bromley
Brassy Girl	Andrea Lawrence
Landlord	Jerold Wells
Gerda	Sheila Dunion
Twitch	Mischa de la Motte
Smiler	Norman Atkyns
Letch	Victor Woolf
Mouse	Winifred Sabine
Chatter	Janet Hargreaves
Coach Driver	Peter Madden
Inmate	Toni Harris

Credits

Directed by	Terence Fisher
Produced by	Roy Skeggs
Screenplay by	John Elder (Anthony Hinds)
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Brian Probyn, BSC
Camera Operator	Chic Anstiss
Art Director	Scott MacGregor
Assistant Art Director	Don Picton
Editor	James Needs
Sound Recordist	Les Hammond
Sound Editor	Roy Hyde
Dubbing Mixer	Maurice Askew
Production Manager	Christopher Neame
Assistant Director	Derek Whitehurst
Makeup	Eddie Knight
Hairdresser	Maude Onslow
Wardrobe Supervisor	Dulcie Midwinter
Continuity	Kay Rawlings
Casting Director	James Liggat
Construction Manager	Arthur Banks

The Satanic Rites of Dracula

(U.S. title: *Count Dracula and His Vampire Bride*)
Hammer, 87 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced November 13, 1972 / Released January 13, 1974
Distributor: Columbia-Warner/Dynamite! Entertainment (U.S.)
Original second feature (U.K.): *Blacula*

Cast

Count Dracula	Christopher Lee
Van Helsing	Peter Cushing
Inspector Murray	Michael Coles
Torrence	William Franklyn
Professor Keeley	Freddie Jones
Jessica	Joanna Lumley
Mathews	Richard Vernon
Chin Yang	Barbara Yu Ling
Lord Carradine	Patrick Barr
Porter	Richard Mathews
Freeborne	Lockwood West
Jane	Valerie Van Ost
Hanson	Maurice O'Connell
Doctor	Peter Adair
Vampire girls	Maggie Fitzgerald, Pauline Peart, Finnuala O'Shannon, Mia Martin
Commissionaire	John Harvey
Guards	Marc Zuber, Paul Weston, Ian Dewar, Graham Rees

Credits

Directed by	Alan Gibson
Produced by	Roy Skeggs
Screenplay by	Don Houghton
Associate Producer	Don Houghton
Music composed by	John Cacavas
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Brian Probyn
Camera Operator	Chic Anstiss
Art Director	Lionel Couch
Assistant Art Director	Don Picton
Editor	Chris Barnes
Sound Recordist	Claude Hitchcock
Sound Editor	Terry Poulton
Dubbing Mixer	Dennis Whitlock
Production Manager	Ron Jackson
Assistant Director	Derek Whitehurst
Makeup	George Blackler
Hairdresser	Maude Onslow
Wardrobe Supervisor	Rebecca Breed
Continuity	Elizabeth Wilcox
Casting Director	James Liggat
Special Effects	Les Bowie
Construction Manager	Ken Softley
Stills Cameraman	Ronnie Pilgrim
Production Secretary	Sally Pardo

The Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires

(U.S. title: *The Seven Brothers Meet Dracula*)
Hammer/Shaw, 89 minutes; Technicolor/Panavision; Cert X
Produced October 22, 1973 / Released October 6, 1974
Distributor: Columbia-Warner/Dynamite! Entertainment (U.S.)

Cast

Professor Van Helsing	Peter Cushing
Hsi Ching	David Chiang
Vanessa Buren	Julie Ege
Leyland Van Helsing	Robin Stewart
Mai Kwei	Shih Szu
Dracula	John Forbes-Robertson
British Consul	Robert Hanna
Kah	Chan Shen
Hsi Ta	James Ma
Hsi Kwei	Liu Chia Yung
Hsiu Sung	Feng Ko An
Hsi San	Chen Tieng Loong
Leung Hon	Wong Han Chan

Credits

Directed by	Roy Ward Baker
Produced by	Don Houghton, Vee King Shaw
Screenplay by	Don Houghton
Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	John Wilcox, BSC; Roy Ford
Camera Operator	Roy Ford
Focus Puller	Keith Jones
Art Director	Johnson Tsau
Editor	Chris Barnes
Assistant Editor	Larry Richardson
Sound Recordist	Les Hammond
Sound Editor	Frank Golding
Boom Operator	Tommy Staples
Sound Maintenance	Dan Grimmel
Production Manager	Lam Chua
Assistant Director	Erh Feng
Makeup	Wu Hsu Ching
Hairdresser	Peng Yen-Lien
Costumes	Chi-Yu Liu
Continuity	Renée Glynne
Props Master	Li Wu
Special Effects	Les Bowie
Martial-arts sequences staged by	Tang Chia, Liu Chia-Liang
Assistant to Producer	Christopher Carreras
Production Secretary	Jean Walter
Unit Manager	Shen Chung
Floor Manager	Peng Cheng

To the Devil a Daughter

Hammer-Terra, 92 minutes; Technicolor; Cert X
Produced September 1, 1975 / Released March 4, 1976
Distributor: EMI/Cine Artists (U.S.)

Cast

John Verney	Richard Widmark
Father Michael Rayner	Christopher Lee
Anna	Honor Blackman
Henry Beddows	Denholm Elliott
George de Grass	Michael Goodliffe
Catherine Beddows	Nastassja Kinski
Eveline de Grass	Eva Maria Meineke
David	Anthony Valentine
Bishop	Derek Francis
Margaret	Izabella Telezynska
Kollde	Konstantin de Goguel
Isabel	Anna Bentinck
German Matron	Irene Prador
Black Room Attendant	Brian Wilde
Sister Helle	Petra Peters
Airport Porter	William Ridoutt
Critic	Howard Goorney
Salvation Army Major	Frances de la Tour
First Girl	Zoe Hendry
Second Girl	Lindy Benson
Third Girl	Jo Peters
Fourth Girl	Bobby Sparrow

Credits

Directed by	Peter Sykes
Produced by	Roy Skeggs
Screenplay by	Christopher Wicking
Adaptation by	John Peacock
From the novel by	Dennis Wheatley
Music composed by	Paul Glass
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	David Watkin
Camera Operator	Ron Robson
Art Director	Don Picton
Editor	John Trumper

Recording Director	Tony Lumkin
Sound Recordist	Dennis Whitlock
Sound Editor	Mike le Mare, GBFE
Dubbing Mixer	Bill Rowe
Production Manager	Ron Jackson
Assistant Director	Barry Langley
Second Asst. Director	Mike Higgins
Third Asst. Director	Roy Stevens
Production Assistant	Jean Clarkson
Makeup	Eric Allwright, George Blackler
Hairdressing Supervisor	Jeanette Freeman
Wardrobe Supervisor	Laura Nightingale
Wardrobe Master	Eddie Boyce
Continuity	Sally Jones
Casting Director	Irene Lamb
Special Effects	Les Bowie
Construction Manager	Wag Hammerton
Gaffer	Ted Hallows
Stills Cameraman	Ray Hearne
Publicist	Mike Russell
Production Accountant	Ken Gordon

Appendix B: Hammer Filmography, 1946–1979

The following is a complete list of Hammer films. For those considered Hammer Horror, complete details are listed in appendix A, and only the names of those pictures are given below, in bold. Basic information about the nonhorror entries in the Hammer filmography is provided in this appendix. Abbreviations used are:

P: Producer
D: Director
S: Screenplay
RT: Running Time

U.S. titles are shown in parentheses.

As in appendix A, *produced* dates below are those of the *actual* commencement of production, that is, when principal photography began, and have been given as the Monday of the first week. *Released* dates are those of the films' British general release (except where * denotes a premier engagement); ** denotes the date of review in the British Film Institute's *Monthly Film Bulletin*, and although this has been given as a date of release in some cases, it is not necessarily correct in that context; *** denotes trade show.

1946

Crime Reporter
P: Hal Wilson / D: Ben R. Hart / S: Jimmy Corbett
Stars: John Blythe, Jackie Brent
RT: 36 minutes
Released March 6, 1947***

Candy's Calendar
D: Horace Shepherd
RT: 34 minutes

Cornish Holiday
D: Harry Long
RT: 35 minutes

Old Father Thames
D: Hal Wilson, Ben R. Hart
RT: 36 minutes

1947

River Patrol
P: Hal Wilson / D: Ben R. Hart / S: Jimmy Corbett
Stars: John Blythe, Wally Patch
RT: 46 minutes
Released January 28, 1948**

Who Killed Van Loon?
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Gordon Kyle, Lionel Tomlinson / S: Peter Cresswell
Stars: Raymond Lovell, Kay Bannerman
RT: 48 minutes
Released June 30, 1948

Death in High Heels
P: Henry Halsted / D: Lionel Tomlinson / S: Christianna Brand
Stars: Don Stannard, Patricia Laffan
RT: 70 minutes
Released June

The Dark Road
P: Henry Halsted / D: Alfred Goulding

Stars: Charles Stuart, Michael Ripper
RT: 74 minutes
Released October 1, 1948

Dick Barton: Special Agent (*Dick Barton, Detective*)
P: Henry Halsted / D: Alfred Goulding / S: Alan Stranks, Alfred Goulding
Stars: Don Stannard, George Ford
RT: 70 minutes
Released May 9, 1948

Bred to Stay
P-D-S: A. A. Houset
RT: 35 minutes

Skiffy Goes to Sea
P: Norman N. Alexander / D: Harry May / S: Bill Currie
RT: 40 minutes

We Do Believe in Ghosts
P-D: Walter West
Stars: Valerie Carlish, Arthur Dibbs
RT: 36 minutes

1948

Dick Barton at Bay
P: Henry Halsted / D: Godfrey Grayson / S: J. C. Budd, E. Trechmann, Ambrose Grayson
Stars: Don Stannard, Meinhart Maur
RT: 68 minutes
Released October 2, 1950

The Jack of Diamonds
P-D: Vernon Sewell / S: Nigel Patrick, Cyril Raymond
Stars: Nigel Patrick, Joan Caroll
RT: 74 minutes
Released May 23, 1949

Dick Barton Strikes Back
Shooting or preproduction title: *Dick Barton and the Silent Plague*
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Godfrey Grayson / S: Ambrose Grayson
Stars: Don Stannard, Sebastian Cabot
RT: 73 minutes
Released July 18, 1949

Dr. Morelle: The Case of the Missing Heiress
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Godfrey Grayson / S: Roy Plomley, Ambrose Grayson
Stars: Valentine Dyall, Julia Lang
RT: 73 minutes
Produced November / Released June 27, 1949

1949

The Adventures of P.C. 49
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Godfrey Grayson / S: Alan Stranks, Vernon Harris
Stars: Hugh Latimer, Patricia Cutts
RT: 67 minutes
Produced February / Released January 2, 1950

Celia
Shooting or preproduction title: *The Sinister Affair of Poor Aunt Nora*
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Francis Searle / S: A. R. Rawlinson, Edward J. Mason, Francis Searle
Stars: Hy Hazell, Bruce Lester
RT: 67 minutes
Produced April 4 / Released August 29

Meet Simon Cherry
Shooting or preproduction title: *Meet the Rev.*
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Godfrey Grayson / S: A. R. Rawlinson, Godfrey Grayson
Stars: Hugh Moxey, Zena Marshall
RT: 67 minutes
Produced June / Released April 10, 1950

Man in Black
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Francis Searle / S: John Gilling
Stars: Betty Ann Davies, Sidney James
RT: 78 minutes
Produced August 8 / Released March 6, 1950

Room to Let

Someone at the Door
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Francis Searle / S: A. R. Rawlinson
Stars: Yvonne Owen, Michael Medwin
RT: 61 minutes
Produced November 21 / Released August 21, 1950

It's A Dog's Life
P-D: Leslie Lawrence
RT: 36 minutes

1950

What the Butler Saw
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Godfrey Grayson / S: A. R. Rawlinson, Edward J. Mason

Stars: Edward Rigby, Henry Mollison
RT: 61 minutes
Produced January / Released September 11

The Black Widow
Shooting or preproduction title: *Return from Darkness*
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Vernon Sewell / S: Allan MacKinnon
Stars: Christine Norden, Robert Ayres
RT: 62 minutes
Produced January 16 / Released October 22, 1951

The Lady Craved Excitement
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Godfrey Grayson / S: John Gilling, Edward J. Mason, Francis Searle
Stars: Hy Hazell, Michael Medwin
RT: 69 minutes
Produced March 13 / Released October 16

The Rossiter Case
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Francis Searle / S: Kenneth Hyde, John Gilling, John Hunter, Francis Searle
Stars: Helen Shingler, Sheila Burrell
RT: 75 minutes
Produced May / Released January 29, 1951

To Have and to Hold
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Godfrey Grayson / S: Reginald Long
Stars: Patrick Barr, Avis Scott
RT: 63 minutes
Produced June 26 / Released April 2, 1951

The Dark Light
P: Michael Carreras / D-S: Vernon Sewell
Stars: Albert Lieven, David Greene
RT: 66 minutes
Produced July 10 / Released April 23, 1951

A Case for P.C. 49
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Francis Searle / S: Alan Stranks, Vernon Harris
Stars: Brian Reece, Joy Shelton
RT: 66/80 minutes
Released July 23, 1951

Monkey Manners
RT: 27 minutes

Yoga and You
RT: 27 minutes

1951

Cloudburst
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Francis Searle / S: Francis Searle, Leo Marks
Stars: Robert Preston, Elizabeth Sellars
RT: 92 (U.S. 83) minutes
Produced January 8 / Released December 10

Death of an Angel
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Charles Saunders / S: Reginald Long
Stars: Patrick Barr, Jane Baxter
RT: 64 minutes
Produced March / Released March 24, 1952

Whispering Smith Hits London
(*Whispering Smith vs. Scotland Yard*)
Shooting or preproduction title: *Whispering Smith Investigates*
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Francis Searle / S: John Gilling
Stars: Richard Carlson, Greta Gynt
RT: 82 (U.S. 77) minutes
Produced May / Released February 3, 1952

The Last Page (*Man Bait*)
Shooting or preproduction title: *Murder in Safety*
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Terence Fisher / S: Frederick Knott
Stars: George Brent, Marguerite Chapman
RT: 84 (U.S. 78) minutes
Produced July 9 / Released May 19, 1952

Wings of Danger
Shooting or preproduction title: *Dead on Course*
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Terence Fisher / S: John Gilling
Stars: Zachary Scott, Robert Beatty
RT: 73 minutes
Produced September 3 / Released May 26, 1952

Never Look Back
P: Michael Carreras / D: Francis Searle / S: John Hunter, Guy Morgan, Francis Searle
Stars: Rosamund John, Hugh Sinclair
RT: 73 minutes
Produced September 17 / Released May 26, 1952

Stolen Face
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Terence Fisher / S: Richard H. Landau, Martin Berkeley
Stars: Paul Henreid, Lizabeth Scott
RT: 72 minutes
Produced October 22 / Released June 23, 1952

Chase Me Charlie
RT: 46 minutes

Keep Fit with Yoga
RT: 30 minutes

Yoga and the Average Man
RT: 26 minutes

Village of Bray
RT: 11 minutes

1952

Lady in the Fog (*Scotland Yard Inspector*)
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Sam Newfield / S: Orville H. Hampton
Stars: Cesar Romero, Lois Maxwell
RT: 82 (U.S. 73) minutes
Released October 13

The Gambler and the Lady
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Sam Newfield, Patrick Jenkins
Stars: Dane Clark, Kathleen Byron
RT: 74 (U.S. 71) minutes
Released January 26, 1953

Mantrap (*Man in Hiding*)
P: Michael Carreras, Alexander Paal / D: Terence Fisher / S: Paul Tabori, Terence Fisher
Stars: Paul Henreid, Lois Maxwell
RT: 79 minutes
Released March 16, 1953

Four Sided Triangle

The Flanagan Boy (*Bad Blonde*)
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Reginald Le Borg / S: Guy Elmes, Richard H. Landau
Stars: Barbara Payton, Tony Wright
RT: 81 minutes
Produced September 9 / Released October 12, 1953

Spaceways
P: Michael Carreras / D: Terence Fisher / S: Paul Tabori, Richard H. Landau
Stars: Howard Duff, Eva Bartok
RT: 76 minutes
Released December 21, 1953

Queer Fish
RT: 28 minutes

1953

The Saint's Return (*The Saint's Girl Friday*)
Shooting or preproduction title: *The Saint Returns*
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Seymour Friedman / S: Allan MacKinnon
Stars: Louis Hayward, Sydney Tafler
RT: 73 (U.S. 68) minutes
Released October 12

Blood Orange (*Three Stops to Murder*)
P: Michael Carreras / D: Terence Fisher / S: Jan Read
Stars: Tom Conway, Mila Parély
RT: 80 minutes
Released November 3

36 Hours (*Terror Street*)
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Montgomery Tully / S: Steve Fisher
Stars: Dan Duryea, Elsie Albiin
RT: 80 (U.S. 84) minutes
Produced May / Released October 25

Face the Music (*The Black Glove*)
Shooting or preproduction title: *The Trumpet Story*
P: Michael Carreras / D: Terence Fisher / S: Ernest Bornemann
Stars: Alex Nicol, Eleanor Summerfield
RT: 84 minutes
Produced June 29 / Released February 22, 1954

The House across the Lake (*Heat Wave*)
P: Anthony Hinds / D-S: Ken Hughes
Stars: Alex Nicol, Hillary Brooke
RT: 71 minutes
Released June 21, 1954

Life with the Lyons
P-S: Robert Dunbar / D-S: Val Guest
Stars: Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels
RT: 81 minutes
Released May 25, 1954

Murder by Proxy (*Blackout*)
P: Michael Carreras / D: Terence Fisher / S: Richard H. Landau
Stars: Dane Clark, Belinda Lee

RT: 87 minutes
Released March 28, 1955

Five Days (*Paid to Kill*)
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Montgomery Tully / S: Paul Tabori
Stars: Dane Clark, Paul Carpenter
RT: 72 minutes
Released May 12, 1954

Modern Ireland
D: Eric Lindeman
RT: 15 minutes

River Ships
P-D: Peter Bryan
RT: 24 minutes

Sky Traders
P-D: Peter Bryan
RT: 27 minutes

1954

A Stranger Came Home (*The Unholy Four*)
P-S: Michael Carreras / D: Terence Fisher
Stars: Paulette Goddard, William Sylvester
RT: 80 minutes
Released August 9

Third Party Risk (*Deadly Game*)
P-S: Robert Dunbar / D-S: Daniel Birt
Stars: Lloyd Bridges, Finlay Currie
RT: 70 (U.S. 63) minutes
Released April 4, 1955

Mask of Dust (*A Race for Life*)
P: Mickey Delamar / D: Terence Fisher / S: Richard H. Landau
Stars: Richard Conte, Mari Aldon
RT: 79 (U.S. 69) minutes
Released December 27

The Men of Sherwood Forest
P: Michael Carreras / D: Val Guest / S: Allan MacKinnon
Stars: Don Taylor, Reginald Beckwith
RT: 77 minutes
Released December 6

The Lyons in Paris
P: Robert Dunbar / D-S: Val Guest
Stars: Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels
RT: 84 minutes
Released January 5, 1955

The Glass Cage (*The Glass Tomb*)
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Montgomery Tully / S: Richard H. Landau
Stars: John Ireland, Honor Blackman
RT: 59 minutes
Released August 29, 1955

Break in the Circle
P: Michael Carreras / D-S: Val Guest
Stars: Forrest Tucker, Eva Bartok
RT: 91 (U.S. 69) minutes
Released February 28, 1955

The Quatermass Xperiment

1955

Women without Men (*Blonde Bait*)
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Elmo Williams / S: Val Guest, Richard H. Landau
Stars: Beverly Michaels, Joan Rice
RT: 73 minutes
Released June 14, 1956***

Cyril Stapleton and the Show Band
P-D: Michael Carreras
RT: 29 minutes
Released June**

Just for You
P-D: Michael Carreras
RT: 30 minutes
Released January 16, 1956

The Eric Winstone Band Show
P-D: Michael Carreras
RT: 29 minutes
Released August 26

Parade of the Bands
P-D: Michael Carreras
RT: 30 minutes
Released April 17, 1956***

Eric Winstone's Stagecoach
P-D: Michael Carreras
RT: 30 minutes
Released February 25, 1956

The Edmundo Ros Half Hour
P-D: Michael Carreras
RT: 30 minutes
Released May 18, 1956

Dick Turpin: Highwayman
P: Michael Carreras / D: David Paltenghi / S: Joel Murcott
Stars: Philip Friend, Diane Hart
RT: 26 minutes
Released December 12, 1956***

A Man on the Beach
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Joseph Losey / S: Jimmy Sangster
Stars: Donald Wolfit, Michael Medwin
RT: 29 minutes
Released March 26, 1956

Copenhagen
P-D: Michael Carreras
RT: 16 minutes
Released February 4, 1956

The Right Person
P: Michael Carreras / D: Peter Cotes / S: Philip Mackie
Stars: Margo Lorenz, Douglas Wilmer
RT: 30 minutes
Released December 26

National Sporting Club
RT: 14 minutes

1956

X the Unknown

A Day of Grace
P-D: Francis Searle / S: Jon Manchip White, Francis Searle
Stars: Vincent Winter, John Lawrie
RT: 27 minutes
Released July 20

The Steel Bayonet
P-D: Michael Carreras / S: Howard Clewes
Stars: Leo Genn, Kieron Moore
RT: 82 minutes
Released June 3, 1957

Quatermass 2

The Curse of Frankenstein

1957

The Abominable Snowman

A Clean Sweep
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Maclean Rogers / S: Patrick Brawn
Stars: Eric Barker, Thora Hird
RT: 29 minutes
Produced March 11

Danger List
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Leslie Arliss / S: J. D. Scott
Stars: Philip Friend, Honor Blackman
RT: 22 minutes
Produced March 15 / Released December 26

Man with a Dog
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Leslie Arliss / S: Jon Manchip White
Stars: Maurice Denham, Sarah Lawson
RT: 25 minutes
Produced March 25 / Released November 3

The Camp on Blood Island
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Val Guest / S: Jon Manchip White, Val Guest
Stars: André Morell, Carl Möhner
RT: 82 minutes
Produced July 29 / Released April 18, 1958*

The Snorkel
P: Michael Carreras / D: Guy Green / S: Peter Myers, Jimmy Sangster
Stars: Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John
RT: 90 (U.S. 74) minutes
Produced September 9 / Released July 7, 1958

Dracula

1958

The Revenge of Frankenstein

Further up the Creek
P: Henry Halsted / D: Val Guest / S: John Warren, Len Heath, Val Guest

Stars: David Tomlinson, Frankie Howerd
RT: 91 minutes
Produced May 19 / Released October 20

I Only Arsked
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Montgomery Tully / S: Sid Colin, Jack Davies
Stars: Bernard Bresslaw, Michael Medwin
RT: 82 minutes
Produced July 21 / Released November 7*

Seven Wonders of Ireland
P-D: Peter Bryan
RT: 23 minutes

Italian Holiday
P-D: Peter Bryan

Operation Universe
P-D-S: Peter Bryan
RT: 28 minutes

The Hound of the Baskervilles

Ten Seconds to Hell
Shooting or preproduction title: *The Phoenix*
P: Michael Carreras / D: Robert Aldrich / S: Robert Aldrich, Teddi Sherman
Stars: Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance
RT: 94 minutes
Produced October / Released September 1959

The Man Who Could Cheat Death

Enchanted Island
RT: 12 minutes

Sunshine Holiday
RT: 15 minutes

1959

Yesterday's Enemy
P: Michael Carreras / D: Val Guest / S: Peter R. Newman
Stars: Stanley Baker, Guy Rolfe
RT: 95 minutes
Produced January 12 / Released October 12

Ticket to Happiness
P-D: Peter Bryan
Stars: Michael Goodliffe, Elwyn Brook-Jones
RT: 30 minutes
Produced January 12 / Released November

The Mummy

The Ugly Duckling
P: Michael Carreras / D: Lance Comfort / S: Sid Colin, Jack Davies
Stars: Bernard Bresslaw, Reginald Beckwith
RT: 84 minutes
Produced March 4 / Released August 10

Don't Panic Chaps!
P: Teddy Baird / D: George Pollock / S: Jack Davies
Stars: Dennis Price, George Cole
RT: 85 minutes
Released January 1960**

The Stranglers of Bombay

Hell Is a City
P: Michael Carreras / D-S: Val Guest
Stars: Stanley Baker, Donald Pleasance
RT: 98 minutes
Produced September 21 / Released May 9, 1960

Never Take Sweets from a Stranger (*Never Take Candy from a Stranger*)
P: Anthony Hinds / D: Cyril Frankel / S: John Hunter
Stars: Gwen Watford, Patrick Allen
RT: 81 minutes
Produced September 14 / Released October 2, 1960

The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll

1960

The Brides of Dracula

The Full Treatment (*Stop Me before I Kill*)
P-D: Val Guest / S: Val Guest, Ronald Scott Thorn
Stars: Ronald Lewis, Diane Cilento
RT: 109 minutes
Produced March 21 / Released March 1961**

The Terror of the Tongs

Sword of Sherwood Forest
P: Richard Greene, Sidney Cole / D: Terence Fisher / S: Alan Hackney
Stars: Richard Greene, Peter Cushing

RT: 80 minutes
Produced May 23 / Released February 1961**

Visa to Canton (*Passport to China*)
P-D: Michael Carreras / S: Gordon Wellesley
Stars: Richard Basehart, Lisa Gastoni
RT: 75 minutes
Produced June 9 / Released February 1961**

The Curse of the Werewolf

A Weekend with Lulu
P-S: Ted Lloyd / D: John Paddy Carstairs
Stars: Bob Monkhouse, Leslie Phillips
RT: 89 minutes
Produced October 3 / Released May 1961**

Taste of Fear

O'Hara's Holiday
P-D-S: Peter Bryan
Stars: Herbert Moulton, Antoinette Lawler
RT: 21 minutes

1961

Watch It, Sailor!
P: Maurice Cowan / D: Wolf Rilla / S: Falkland Cary, Philip King
Stars: Dennis Price, Liz Fraser
RT: 81 minutes
Produced January 30 / Released August**

Cash on Demand (*The Gold Inside*)
P: Michael Carreras / D: Quentin Lawrence / S: David T. Chantler, Lewis Greifer
Stars: Peter Cuishing, André Morell
RT: 66 minutes
Produced April 4 / Released November 15, 1963

Highway Holiday
P-D: Ian Lewis
RT: 28 minutes

The Damned

Pirates of Blood River
P: Anthony Nelson Keys / D: John Gilling / S: John Hunter, John Gilling
Stars: Christopher Lee, Kerwin Mathews
RT: 84 minutes
Produced July 3 / Released August 19, 1962*

Captain Clegg

The Phantom of the Opera

1962

The Old Dark House
P: Anthony Hinds, William Castle / D: William Castle / S: Robert Dillon
Stars: Tom Poston, Robert Morley
RT: 86 (U.S. 77) minutes
Produced May 14, 1962 / Released September 16, 1966

Maniac

Paranoiac

The Kiss of the Vampire

Nightmare

Land of the Leprechauns
RT: 15 minutes

1963

The Scarlet Blade (*The Crimson Blade*)
P: Anthony Nelson Keys / D-S: John Gilling
Stars: Lionel Jeffries, Oliver Reed
RT: 82 minutes
Produced March 1 / Released August 11

The Devil-Ship Pirates
P: Anthony Nelson Keys / D: Don Sharp / S: Jimmy Sangster
Stars: Christopher Lee, John Cairney
RT: 86 minutes
Produced August 19 / Released August 9, 1964

The Evil of Frankenstein

The Gorgon

Sportsman's Paradise
P-D-S: Peter Bryan
RT: 15 minutes

1964

Hysteria
P-S: Jimmy Sangster / D: Freddie Francis
Stars: Robert Webber, Lelia Goldoni
RT: 85 minutes
Produced February 10 / Released July 27, 1965

The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb

The Secret of Blood Island
P: Anthony Nelson Keys / D: Quentin Lawrence / S: John Gilling
Stars: Barbara Shelley, Jack Hedley
RT: 84 minutes
Produced July 23 / Released July 14, 1965

She
P: Michael Carreras / D: Robert Day / S: David T. Chantler
Stars: Ursula Andress, Peter Cushing
RT: 105 minutes
Produced August 24 / Released April 18, 1965

The Brigand of Kandahar
P: Anthony Nelson Keys / D-S: John Gilling
Stars: Oliver Reed, Ronald Lewis
RT: 81 minutes
Produced October 6 / Released August 8, 1965

Fanatic

1965

The Nanny
P-S: Jimmy Sangster / D: Seth Holt
Stars: Bette Davis, Jill Bennett
RT: 93 minutes
Produced April 5 / Released November 7

Dracula: Prince of Darkness

Rasputin: The Mad Monk

The Plague of the Zombies

The Reptile

One Million Years B.C.
P-S: Michael Carreras / D: Don Chaffey
Stars: Raquel Welch, John Richardson
RT: 100 (U.S. 91) minutes
Produced October 18 / Released December 30, 1966

1966

Slave Girls (*Prehistoric Women*)
P-D-S: Michael Carreras
Stars: Martine Beswick, Edina Ronay
RT: 74 (U.S. 95) minutes
Produced January 10, 1966 / Released July 7, 1968

The Witches

The Viking Queen
P: John Temple-Smith / D: Don Chaffey / S: Clarke Reynolds
Stars: Don Murray, Carita
RT: 91 minutes
Produced June 15 / Released March 26, 1967

Frankenstein Created Woman

The Mummy's Shroud

1967

Quatermass and the Pit

The Anniversary
P-S: Jimmy Sangster / D: Roy Ward Baker
Stars: Bette Davis, Sheila Hancock
RT: 95 minutes
Produced May 1 / Released February 18, 1968

The Vengeance of She
P: Aida Young / D: Cliff Owen / S: Peter O'Donnell
Stars: John Richardson, Olinka Berova
RT: 101 minutes
Produced June 26 / Released May 1968**

The Lost Continent

The Devil Rides Out

1968

Dracula Has Risen from the Grave

A Challenge for Robin Hood
Shooting or preproduction title: *Robin Hood's Challenge*
P: Clifford Parkes / D: C. M. Pennington Richards / S: Peter Bryan

Stars: Barrie Ingham, James Hayter
RT: 96 (U.S. 85) minutes
Produced May 1 / Released December 22

When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth
P: Aida Young / D-S: Val Guest
Stars: Victoria Vetri, Robin Hawdon
RT: 100 (U.S. 96) minutes
Produced October 14 / Released October 25, 1970

1969

Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed

Moon Zero Two
P-S: Michael Carreras / D: Roy Ward Baker
Stars: James Olson, Catherina von Schell
RT: 100 minutes
Produced March 31 / Released October 26

Crescendo

Taste the Blood of Dracula

1970

The Vampire Lovers

The Horror of Frankenstein
P-D: Jimmy Sangster / S: Jeremy Burnham, Jimmy Sangster
Stars: Ralph Bates, Veronica Carlson
RT: 95 minutes
Produced March 16 / Released October 8*

Scars of Dracula

Creatures the World Forgot
P-S: Michael Carreras / D: Don Chaffey
Stars: Julie Ege, Brian O'Shaughnessy
RT: 95 minutes
Produced June 1 / Released April 25, 1971

Lust for a Vampire

Countess Dracula

1971

Blood from the Mummy's Tomb

Hands of the Ripper

Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde

On the Buses
P-S: Ronald Wolfe, Ronald Chesney / D: Harry Booth
Stars: Reg Varney, Doris Hare
RT: 88 minutes
Produced March 8 / Released August

Twins of Evil

Vampire Circus

Demons of the Mind

Dracula A.D. 1972

Straight On till Morning
P: Michael Carreras / D: Peter Collinson / S: John Peacock
Stars: Rita Tushingham, Shane Briant
RT: 96 minutes
Produced November 1 / Released October 1972

Fear in the Night

1972

Mutiny on the Buses
P-S: Ronald Wolfe, Ronald Chesney / D: Harry Booth
Stars: Reg Varney, Doris Hare
RT: 89 minutes
Produced February 21 / Released September**

Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter

That's Your Funeral
P: Michael Carreras / D: John Robins / S: Peter Lewis
Stars: Bill Fraser, Raymond Huntley
RT: 82 minutes
Produced June 5 / Released July 1973**

Nearest and Dearest
P: Michael Carreras / D: John Robins / S: Tom Brennand, Roy Bottomley
Stars: Hylda Baker, Jimmy Jewel
RT: 84 minutes
Produced July 10 / Released April 1973**

Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell

The Satanic Rites of Dracula

1973

Love Thy Neighbour
P: Roy Skeggs / D: John Robins / S: Vince Powell, Harry Driver
Stars: Jack Smethurst, Rudolph Walker
RT: 85 minutes
Produced January 20 / Released July**

Man at the Top
P: Peter Charlesworth, Jock Jacobsen / D: Mike Vardy / S: Hugh Whitemore, John Junkin
Stars: Kenneth Haigh, Nanette Newman
RT: 92 minutes
Produced March 13 / Released October**

Holiday on the Buses
Shooting or preproduction title: *Still at It on the Buses*
P: Ronald Wolfe, Ronald Chesney / D: Bryan Izzard / S: Ronald Wolfe, Ronald Chesney
Stars: Reg Varney, Doris Hare
RT: 86 minutes
Produced May 19 / Released December**

The Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires

1974

Shatter (*Call Him Mr. Shatter*)
P: Michael Carreras, Vee King Shaw / D: Michael Carreras, Monte Hellman / S: Don Houghton
Stars: Stuart Whitman, Peter Cushing
RT: 90 minutes
Produced January 17

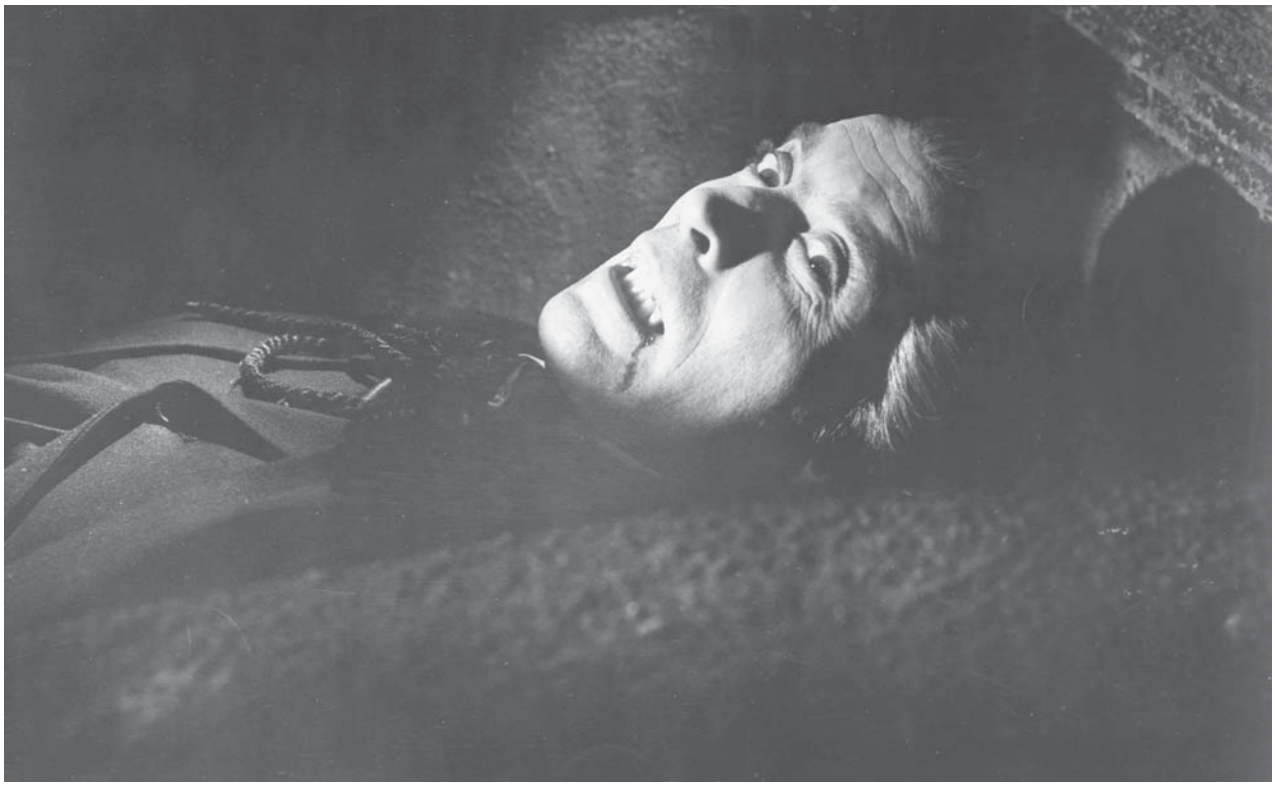
Man about the House
P: Roy Skeggs / D: John Robins / S: Johnnie Mortimer, Brian Cooke
Stars: Richard O'Sullivan, Paula Wilcox
RT: 90 minutes
Produced March 16 / Released December 22

1975

To the Devil a Daughter

1978

The Lady Vanishes
P: Tom Sachs / D: Anthony Page / S: George Axelrod
Stars: Cybill Shepherd, Elliott Gould
RT: 97 minutes
Produced September 16 / Released May 8, 1979



Hammer lives on: *Dracula* (Christopher Lee).

Notes

Chapter 1: From Exclusive to Xperiment, 1947–1955

1. The British "X" (for Adults Only) certificate restricted viewing to persons age sixteen and over. An "A" certificate restricted viewing to those of fourteen years of age and older, although children could see "A" films if they were accompanied by a parent or guardian. "U" was the certificate of general exhibition.

2. As with "Will Hammer," "George Mozart" was actually the adopted stage name of music hall comedian Dave Gillings, brother of fellow Hammer partner George A. Gillings.

3. "Logging and barring" was the means of keeping tabs on films currently in release, in order to help underpin the monopoly status of the circuit chains. By logging play dates on a national basis, the smaller independent theaters could be barred from playing a film while it was running at one of the major circuit houses in the same area.

4. "Quota quickies" were short program fillers, often made in three weeks or less, produced to comply with the 1927 Cinematograph Film Act, whereby theaters were obliged to screen a given percentage of entirely homegrown films (the quota) to maintain continuity of production in the indigenous industry.

5. James Carreras issued a memo to projectionists in regard to *Dick Barton: Special Agent*, in which he advised them to crank up the volume of the sound track during its famous opening overture. On attending a performance of the film at the Tivoli in the Strand, he was alarmed to find himself subject to the outcome of his own missive: "I thought the place would explode!" he remarked afterward.

6. National Film Finance Company, later Corporation.

7. One of several medals of honor awarded for outstanding service to the nation. M.B.E. stands for Member of the Order of the British Empire; O.B.E. is Officer of the Order of the British Empire.

8. This situation was particularly to apply to the arrangement with Universal. When Seven Arts came on the scene, Hammer invariably took a percentage of the domestic and Commonwealth gross, but sold its interest in the rest of the world to Warner Bros.–Seven Arts. The rights to the Seven Arts films (including the later Draculas) reside with Warner Bros. to this day.

9. Several other radio-inspired subjects were canceled in anticipation of the move into the American market: *Inspector Hornleigh*, *Miss Dangerfield*, *Taxi*, *The Robinson Family*, *Armchair Detective*, and a second *Dr. Morelle: The Case of the Crooked Steeple*.

10. In October 1950, Sol Lesser was negotiating for the rights to *Murders in the Rue Morgue*. Had the deal with Lesser and RKO been more fruitful, Hammer might have found itself in the horror market a good deal sooner.

11. Association of Cinematograph Technicians, which was to become the Association of Cinematograph Television and Allied Technicians (ACTT) in March 1956, and BECTU (the Broadcasting, Entertainment, Cinematograph and Theatre Union) in 1991.

12. Union restrictions made it necessary to employ a British director to "sit in" on the set if an American (or other foreign national) director was used—as was sometimes the case with the contractual packaging on Lippert coproductions; consequently, it made better economic sense to have the films directed by a Briton in the first place, whenever possible.

13. AB Pathé was the distribution arm of the Associated British Pictures Corporation (ABPC).

14. A word of explanation for American readers in particular. *Picture Post* was a photo-based news journal, successor to the *Illustrated London News*; *Reveille* (and *Tit-Bits*) was a weekly tabloid newspaper along the lines of the *National Enquirer*—news, gossip, articles of the "strange but true" variety, and outlandish features "exposing" the truth about everything from space aliens to Yetis, peppered throughout with pinups of scantily clad girls (such as Marie Devereux). The *Eagle* was a popular boys' comic whose star character was "Dan Dare—Pilot of the Future," with his Heinkel-inspired spaceship and skull-headed archenemy, the Mekon. Archie Andrews was a

ventriloquist's dummy (the ventriloquist being Peter Brough). The Goons were collectively Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan, Harry Secombe, and Michael Bentine. *Have a Go* was a radio quiz show hosted by Pickles (who would go on to act in films like *The Family Way* in 1966, with John and Hayley Mills), with "Mabel"—Violet Carson—on an accompanying piano. *Fabian of the Yard* was a TV series (and several spin-off second features) purportedly based on the exploits of Chief Inspector Robert Fabian of Scotland Yard. Lustgarten was a writer and criminologist who narrated a long-running series of "true crime" second features that were also culled from the files of Scotland Yard, and who served as the basis for Charles Gray's send-up as "The Narrator" in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (1976).

15. The serial's Quatermass—Reginald Tate—was not even considered for the film version, due to the need for an American lead to guarantee U.S. distribution. It was just as well; Tate died suddenly, only weeks before he was due to reprise the role in the television sequel, and he was replaced in that by John Robinson.

16. A supporting role in the 1950 police drama *The Blue Lamp*, that of P.C. George Dixon—a character shot and killed by a young Dirk Bogarde in the film—produced such an affectionate archetype of the British bobby that the BBC revived him for a long-running TV series, *Dixon of Dock Green*, the first six episodes of which were to have gone on air by the time *The Quatermass Xperiment* was released. Warner would eventually recreate the part some five hundred times as *Dixon* continued on television for more than twenty years and effectively ended Warner's film career, though Guest used him again in his 1962 thriller *Jigsaw*.

17. The episode by the canal with the little girl (shot at the East India Docks with a young Jane Asher) exactly parallels the famous sequence in the original Universal *Frankenstein* (1931) and consequently prefigures Hammer's revival of the story. In a similar vein, Wordsworth's makeup for the monster was also to reflect Mary Shelley's original concept—more so than that devised for Lee: "His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black . . . but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes . . . his shriveled complexion and straight black lips" (*Frankenstein*, 1818).

18. Until now, Hammer's films had played as second features on the major circuits, but as *first* features in independent houses—some two thousand bookings in total for each film—and they had been further guaranteed anything up to 1,800 bookings each in America.

19. This was FIDO—the Film Industry Defence Organization—whose purpose was to "regulate" the release of films to television, and thus protect the interests of the industry. The sanction-busting sale of fifty-five features direct to the BBC by Romulus Films and producer Daniel Angel at the end of 1959 was effectively to herald the demise of this self-imposed restrictive practice.

20. The first two episodes of "The Quatermass Experiment" were Kinescoped during transmission (*filmed* off a high-resolution monitor screen using a conventional camera) and now reside in the National Film Archive. Sadly for posterity, a technician's strike intervened to prevent the recording of the remaining four.

21. This idea came from *Rocketship X-M*, which had started life as *Rocketship Expedition Moon*.

22. This was corrected in *Quatermass 2*, where Quatermass *is* government-funded—in fact, it is the cutback of those very funds that sets the entire plot in motion.

Chapter 2: The Rebirth of Frankenstein, 1956–1957

1. Independent producers Edward J. and Harry Lee Danziger, who specialized in low-budget thrillers, had made 1954's *Devil Girl from Mars* and would return to the form in 1955 with the science-fiction shenanigans of *Satellite in the Sky*. In 1960, they would also produce a version of Poe's *The Tell-Tale Heart* from a script cowritten by Brian Clemens.

2. On November 6, 1956, *Variety* reported: "Parents Sue on Horror Pix After Boy, 9, Dies." The story ran: "Family of a nine-year-old boy who died of a ruptured artery in a theater lobby here recently is suing the theater and a film distributor for admitting children to horror pix. Suit blamed the death on fright. Attorney David Reiff is asking $25,000 for the parents of the boy, Stewart Cohan, from . . . the Lake Theatre and from United Artists Corp., distributors of *The Black Sleep* and *Creeping Unknown*, the chillers involved." This unique incident gained an entry in *The Guinness Book of Records* as the only recorded instance of someone having died of fright after watching a horror film!

3. For completists, these were variously *Captain Morgan, Buccaneer* (to star Forrest Tucker), *Friar Tuck*, *Breakout*, *Stand and Deliver*, *Charter to Danger*, *The Cavalier* (aka *King Charles and the Roundheads*), the featurette *Dance Band Story*, James Fennimore Cooper's *The Deerslayer*, *Chorus of Echoes*, *Black Chiffon*, *A Holiday for Simon*, further outings for both the Lyons and the Saint, and *Brat Farrar*—which would eventually resurface in 1962 as *Paranoiac*.

4. Published by Arrow-Hutchinson in 1979.

5. Kneale's forebodings, as predicated in "Quatermass II," were to prove alarmingly accurate. In 1955, an explosion at the Soviet nuclear facility in Chelyabinsk was ultimately to affect nearly half a million Russians—and in October 1957, a release of radiation caused by a fire in one of the Windscale reactors would result in some two hundred cases of thyroid cancer being diagnosed among workers and inhabitants of the local community; it would be many years before the full extent of this disaster became public knowledge.

6. It was left to Eliot Hyman to break the news that Hammer was to write its own script for *Frankenstein*. According

to Max Rosenberg, he and Subotsky received $5,000 and 20 percent of the proceeds in respect of their extant contribution and to obviate any "nuisance" suit—but this came from Hyman, not Hammer.

7. By the time *The Curse of Frankenstein* finished shooting, *The 6.5 Special* was already on air and Bill Haley and the Comets were jetting into the United Kingdom for their first nationwide tour.

8. The exception is *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed* (1969), where screenwriter Bert Batt took his cue from *The Curse of Frankenstein*, rather than its successors in the series, to make the baron's ruthless streak his dominant attribute.

9. It would ultimately fall to Corman to tease out of Court the wanton allure and moral decadence that her portrayals for Hammer had done their best to stifle, when he cast her in several of his later Poe adaptations—*The Premature Burial* (1961), *The Raven* (1962), and *The Masque of the Red Death* (1964).

10. The producer of *Night of the Demon*, Columbia executive Hal E. Chester, was the recipient of an invitation from Carreras to an introductory expense-account lunch at one of the exclusive West End eateries now being regularly pressed into service for this very purpose. Unimpressed by the Colonel's waving-away of the à la carte menu in favor of the specialty of the house, the former East Side Kid called for a steak sandwich and a beer instead!

11. When *The Camp on Blood Island* and *The Snorkel* opened on a double bill in America on September 17, 1958, hot on the heels of *The Curse of Frankenstein*, even the film critic of the *New York Times* was moved to concede, if somewhat sniffily, "A British company named Hammer Films apparently has become proficient in the manufacture of motion pictures that are not greatly distinguished but that nonetheless manage to be more absorbing than the usual low-budget program films."

Chapter 3: New Blood for Old, 1957–1958

1. The term *Gothic* as applied to these films has its origins in the Gothic horror novels of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, whose authors borrowed piecemeal from German (and other European) folklore in a determinedly populist attempt to break down the barriers of literary convention and produce a new and more vibrant form of storytelling. This meant the wholesale employment of all the mechanics of melodrama, and the German influence ensured that the results were dark in tone and invariably obsessed with the grim appurtenances of death and what lay beyond it. The prime movers in this new school of "raw-head and bloody bones" were Horace Walpole, Anne Radcliffe, Matthew Gregory Lewis, and Charles Maturin, with novels such as *The Castle of Otranto* (1765), *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), *The Monk* (1796), and *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820), respectively. The Gothic tradition found many forms, from the high art of Wilkie Collins to the low common denominator of the Victorian "Penny Dreadfuls" (such as James Malcolm Rymer's *Varney the Vampire* [1847]), before expiring at its height during the Gothic Revival of the late 1800s, when it was overtaken by the exotics of H. Rider Haggard—*King Solomon's Mines* (1885), *She* (1887)—and the detective fiction of, among others, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. This latter departure had effectively been begun by Edgar Allan Poe in his "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" (1841), whose fictional sleuth, Auguste Dupin, served as a model in part for Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. Scholars generally agree that the true Gothic horror novel began with *The Castle of Otranto* in 1765, but they are less in concert about its effective demise in "pure" form. Consensus tends to lie somewhere between 1825 and 1865, when the upsurge of the Penny Dreadful sullied the genre by exploitative repetition. *Frankenstein* is a pure example of Gothic art, whereas *Dracula* (which was written in 1897, during the Gothic Revival that also produced Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* [1886] and Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* [1891]) is Gothic artifice.

2. When modernist Wolf Mankowitz came to elaborate on this very theme for Fisher's *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*, he turned Jekyll's spouse into just as much of a sexual predator as the rakish Hyde. Fisher thought *that* script an imbroglio, referring to the same trait that he had considered so attractive in Dracula as producing a wife "who was no good anyway" when manifested in a woman.

3. Lee had played minor roles in some three dozen films before appearing in *The Curse of Frankenstein*—but then Boris Karloff before him had appeared in more than eighty before his *Frankenstein* in 1931.

4. The Comics Code Authority was a self-regulating U.S. body set up in 1954 to stem the floodtide of horror comics in response to the backlash that had been created after the publication of Dr. Frederic Wertham's condemnatory *Seduction of the Innocent*, a tract that had primarily been aimed at the graphic excess typified by the output of publisher William S. Gaines, notably *Tales from the Crypt* and *The Vault of Horror*.

5. Quoted in Steve Swires, "Monster Moguls—Hammer's Michael Carreras: Horror as a Family Business," *Fangoria*, February 1987.

6. Tony Hinds commissioned story ideas for *Tales of Frankenstein* through to May 1958. Years later, two of these abandoned drafts (by Peter Bryan and A. R. Rawlinson) would find their way into the plots of *The Evil of Frankenstein* and *Frankenstein Created Woman*, as would the character name of Zoltan and the baron's "entrance" in the latter film, cryogenically suspended inside a frozen coffin.

7. James Carreras would blow the lid off this "subterfuge" for good in the January 6, 1960, issue of *Variety*, in an article carrying his own byline. "We decided there was only one way to really scare the crowds—by giving them plausible horror and human monsters with a taste for sex," Carreras revealed. "Like handsome Christopher Lee who played Dracula as a sex-fiend as well as a blood-lapper!"

8. Among the other subsidiaries were Travel, Atalanta, and Saturn Films; Key Distributors; Concanen Recordings; and

Kingfisher, Hawfinch, Hammer Television, and even "Cloister" Productions—the last, no doubt a joke at Brian Lawrence's expense!

9. Peter Cushing was often less than happy with the quality of Hammer's scripts, and he would invariably fine-tune his dialogue, politely but persuasively ensuring that the roles he played were up to his exacting requirements. To *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, he added this line and other bits of business from Conan Doyle to give the production some Holmesian rectitude.

10. Woodfall was the teaming of Tony Richardson and John Osborne, and Bryanston was one of several independents operating under the umbrella of Sir Michael Balcon and British Lion.

11. Peter Bryan had been Hammer's camera operator before the advent of Len Harris in 1952. Bryan had left to make documentaries for Cinevision Productions, which he had formed with recordist Edgar Vetter, and some of these would eventually find their way into the Hammer catalog. Tony Hinds would reemploy Bryan from time to time on scriptwriting chores, to help him with his medical bills; Bryan was to die of throat cancer.

12. Cushing would reprise the role of Holmes on BBC Television between September and December 1968, in a series of fifteen story adaptations, including *The Hound of the Baskervilles* in two parts. Douglas Wilmer had been the BBC's Holmes in 1965, but Cushing was drafted on the strength of his Hammer persona for a series that would concern itself more with the "lurking horror and callous savagery" of the Victorian half-world, according to BBC publicity.

13. Arthur Conan Doyle, "The Final Problem," *Strand Magazine* 5 (December 1893).

14. After *Ten Seconds to Hell*, two more projects requiring exotic locations were shelved: *Build Us a Dam* and *The Mercenaries*, from novels by Jon Manchip White, who had coscripted *The Camp on Blood Island*. But both were kept on the stocks for a time, and White produced a draft of *The Mercenaries* as late as September 1962.

15. This mysterious nobleman had been reported alive and well at dates as disparate as 1660 and 1820. He was known to *The Castle of Otranto*'s Horace Walpole, was an inventor of chemical techniques (his immense wealth purportedly being due to his discovery of the philosopher's stone), and taught magic to Mesmer and Cagliostro.

16. After acting in two more high-profile features for the company, *The Mummy* and *The Brides of Dracula*, Cushing's appearances on Hammer stages were to become markedly less frequent and his roles reduced in value. Throughout the sixties, he found himself free to make many more films for Hammer's rivals in the field—Embassy Pictures, Planet Films, Amicus, and Tigon—than he did for Hammer itself.

17. Coauthored with H. P. Lovecraft and first published in *Weird Tales* in 1935.

18. Hammer's film, with its powerful but above all *agile* example of the breed, is the only one to capture the dynamic of this particular weird tale, whose mummy bounds "like a tiger . . . with blazing eyes and one stringy arm out-thrown."

19. Jimmy Sangster's confessed antipathy toward doing research was never a virtue: Karnak was a *locale*—site of the Temple of Amun—and not a god, as in the film.

20. *The Mummy*'s title cards make no such allusions as to its source, and in a letter to *Time* magazine of April 27, 1959, Nina Wilcox Putnam wrote: "Thank you for your April 6 exposé of the horror motion pictures that are currently being made in England at the Hammer studios. Without this review I might not have known that my story, *The Mummy*, was being remade in a debased form. This story, as originally written by me, was a perfectly clean and decent archaeological "chiller" which I wrote expressly for Boris Karloff. This disgusting English remake was done without my knowledge or consent, and it has been a terrible shock, at the age of 75, to find such a work attributed to me, however wrongly and by indirection."

21. In some territories, this entire sequence was eliminated to improve the pace; paradoxically, it would bring the film back in line with Sangster's original concept.

22. The design of many of the sequences featuring the mummy itself (in particular, the asylum attack on Stephen Banning) is uncannily reminiscent of situations in *The Ghoul*, which Boris Karloff had made for Gaumont-British in 1933. Fisher had no connection with that film, but he was working in the industry at the time of its release, and its highly charged mise-en-scène seems to have infected his subconscious somewhere along the line.

23. Raymond Huntley had the distinction of beating Christopher Lee to an English interpretation of Dracula when, in 1927, as a young actor of twenty-two, he had essayed the role of the Count on the West End stage in the British production of Hamilton Deane's adaptation of the novel. Felix Aylmer's film career stretched back to the early thirties, but his quiet and beneficent manner had removed him from subjects of *gravitas*—*Henry V* (1944); *Hamlet* (1948)—and led him to play a succession of Jewish patriarchs in a series of historical epics for MGM, inaugurated by *Quo Vadis* (1951). He was to be knighted in 1965, but he was already in possession of an O.B.E. by the time his presence graced *The Mummy* (and soon *Never Take Sweets from a Stranger*).

Chapter 4: The Bounds of Acceptability, 1959–1960

1. Industry pundits were now predicting the imminent demise of the resurgent cycle, and it was a view not lost on Hammer. During lunch with the British Board of Film Censors' newly appointed secretary, John Trevelyan, James Carreras asked the censor if he thought the horror boom would last another twelve months. "No," Trevelyan replied. It was to prove a self-fulfilling prophecy.

2. Now the British Academy of Film *and Television* Arts (BAFTA).

3. Joseph Losey was contracted to direct *Brat Farrar*, with Dirk Bogarde starring, but Columbia hated the very idea of it: "It was too *mummy darling*," Hinds said. "Jim Carreras was very devious. He would never actually come out and say, 'I don't think we should do this'; he'd say, 'I had a word with the circuits and *they* don't fancy it.' So I couldn't argue with that." With the loss of such high-caliber talent, Hinds asked Jimmy Sangster to rewrite the script, and the resulting film was to be relegated to B-feature status as *Paranoiac* (1962).

4. *Never Take Sweets* (*Candy*) *from a Stranger* was to be denied a Production Code "Seal of Approval" in the United States. Columbia appealed the decision and lost, and the film subsequently was dropped. As a result, it received only limited distribution through the Omat Corporation.

5. Originally, "Tin Pan Alley" was 28th Street in New York City, where most of the popular songs were published as sheet music, but the term is generally taken to mean any commercial center of popular music, including London's Denmark Street.

6. Monty Norman and David Heneker, who had written the music for *Expresso Bongo*, would join Mankowitz on *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* and provide an excellent and evocative score, as well as a lively overture composed of Victorian music-hall melodies.

7. The transformation was meant to have been accomplished through a "prism" glass, but this was thought too technically complex for the budget. Various sequences of Jekyll debating with his alter ego by means of this glass consequently were jettisoned along with it—notably one that took place immediately after he had queried the nature of his own consciousness with his wife: "Who *are* you, Kitty—Who am *I*?" In this prism were to have been seen the *three* faces of Jekyll—as he *is*, as he *could* be, and as he *would* be: the conscienceless Hyde.

8. As it happens, Mankowitz was off on his dating by a year: Cremorne Gardens closed its gates in 1877, having previously lost its license in 1871.

9. Raymond Durgnat and John Cutts, "Horror Is My Business," *Films and Filming*, July 1964.

10. In a speech that has as much to say about censorship now as then, Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., closing for the defense, said of the charges against the book: "Nobody suggests that the Director of Public Prosecutions becomes depraved or corrupted. Counsel read the book; they do not become depraved or corrupted. Witnesses read the book; they do not become depraved or corrupted. Nobody suggests the judge or the jury becomes depraved or corrupted. It is always *somebody else*; it is never ourselves" (Fenton Bressler, *Sex and the Law* [London: Muller-Century Hutchinson, 1988]).

11. Even *The Nutty Professor* had to lose a major portion of its transformation scene in order to gain a "U" certificate in the U.K.

12. A one-time Tory member of Parliament for Ashford in Kent, Edward Percy had been a playwright since 1922; his most notable works were *Ladies in Retirement* (1939) and *The Shop at Sly Corner* (1941), which was made into a film in 1946 by George King on which Bernard Robinson acted as art director.

13. Greta's line, "He's got to come back here . . . before cock-crow," was to signal to the audience the means by which Marianne would subsequently escape the vampire's fangs; its retention in the final cut was made incidental by the changes.

14. In his formative years, Michael Carreras supped on a diet of Harry James and *Jesse* James, and his debut as a feature-director—*The Steel Bayonet* (1956)—owed much of its story line to the 1955 Republic western *The Last Command*: the Alamo, in the Carreras film, being transported to the plains of Tunisia circa 1943.

15. The American release of *Peeping Tom* was to be held up for two years, and then the film would be shorn of twenty-three minutes' running time.

16. Even William Castle, the producer-director of essentially harmless exploitation quickies such as *The Tingler* (1959) and *13 Ghosts* (1960) would fall victim to the backlash. His *Mr. Sardonicus* (1961), an otherwise minor excursion into the Gothic cycle that had plucked Ronald Lewis and Guy Rolfe from recent Hammer fare, was to be so comprehensively emasculated as to be made unintelligible, both in story line and central conceit.

17. Despite its cancellation, the idea behind this film persisted, and Michael would later incorporate much of the imagery of *The Inquisitor* into his own script for *The Lost Continent*.

18. To bolster yet another period of flagging British production, the Association of Cinematograph Television and Allied Technicians (ACTT) had agreed to sponsor some of its own films. BHP (formed in February 1960 by screenwriter George Baxt, theatrical agent Richard Finlay Hatton, and director Jon Penington) had been one of several companies set up to take advantage of the situation, and as an act of goodwill toward the union, Hammer extended studio facilities and personnel to *The Shadow of the Cat* on a nominal fee-paying basis. "The union came to us and asked if we would help them, and that's what we did. It was in our interest to keep in with the union, anyhow," Michael Carreras explained. "It wasn't a Hammer film; it was to create jobs for technicians. What we said was: 'If you put these people in it, we'll give you a deal on the studio.' And the picture was made on that basis. It was a friendly gesture to the ACTT."

19. The name of the novel's antihero was changed to suit the Spanish setting, becoming Bernardo in the first draft of the script before Hinds finally settled on Leon.

20. Tey's novel *A Shilling in Time* had been the basis of Hitchcock's *Young and Innocent* (1937), and *The Franchise Affair* had also reached the screen in 1950 with Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, and Hy Hazell starring.

21. Trevelyan placed much store by the advice of the various psychiatrists that the Board consulted, and blood *on breasts* was considered to be a psychopathic "trigger."

22. Corman's Poe films aped the Hammer product in more ways than one: they were also the product of a bevy of brilliantly original talents—Daniel Haller (art direction), Les Baxter (music), Richard Matheson (scriptwriting), and Floyd

Crosby (camerawork), among others. The sixth Poe variant, *The Haunted Palace* (1963)—in reality, H. P. Lovecraft's *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*—even prefigured Hammer's Gothics of the seventies by having a motley of disaffected villagers storm the ancestral castle!

Chapter 5: Diminishing Returns, 1961–1962

1. Michel Ciment, *Conversations with Losey* (London: Methuen, 1985).

2. London: Michael Joseph, 1973.

3. The "look" that Cushing adopted for Blyss is closer to the Syn of the prequels. "I read a couple of Thorndike's novels to get some idea," he said. "He gives a lovely description of Doctor Syn, with the beautiful white hair and the widow's peak, so I copied that." In fact, Syn is described in the story only through his general demeanor and contrasting eccentricities, *not* his physical appearance, as Thorndike—initially, at least—did not wish his readers to make the connection between he and Clegg too early in the narrative. Clegg *is* described, however, by the novel's Collyer: his hair is *gray*, and had been "since quite a young man." The "shock of white hair" that Cushing insisted upon is actually plundered from *Doctor Syn on the High Seas* (1936), when the doctor is mortified to learn of his wife Imogene's elopement with the blackguard Nicholas Tappett: "What horrified his friends most was to perceive a vivid white lock that had miraculously appeared in his long raven hair," and later, "There, above his lofty, noble brow, in startling contrast to the luxuriant raven hair, they all could see that livid dead-white lock."

4. In addition to providing *The Kiss of the Vampire* with its prologue and climax, *The Disciple of Dracula* also graced the film's Professor Zimmer with Sangster's original characterization of Latour: brandy-swigging, shabbily-dressed, laconic—and bent on revenge for the loss of a daughter. Here is a sample exchange.

> Latour (to Pauline): "You're a very sensible young lady . . . you remind me of my daughter."
>
> Pauline: "I wouldn't have thought you . . ."
>
> Latour: "I haven't always been a wanderer. She's dead now."

Chapter 6: The House of Horror, 1963–1969

1. Others in attendance included James and Michael Carreras, publicist Dennison Thornton, Columbia's Bill Graf, and Rank's George Pinches and Fred Thomas.

2. *The Brigand of Kandahar* would fall back on stock footage from *Zarak*, the 1956 Victor Mature vehicle on which it was based, to supplement a leaner production at Elstree. The expedient persuaded its star to leave Hammer for good. "I had heard that things were falling to pieces, and I saw what was happening to Peter and Christopher . . . in terms of being cast in those sort of roles all the time. So I called it a day," said Oliver Reed.

3. An attempt to disguise the fact that two actresses played the role of *The Gorgon* was carried over into the cast roller, where Prudence Hyman was referred to as "Chatelaine"—literally, "mistress of the chateau."

4. The sequel to *The Camp on Blood Island* would be delivered to Universal with no mention of the fact that its predecessor had suffered in distribution due to a series of territorial embargoes imposed at the instigation of the Japanese government. When *The Secret of Blood Island* met with similar resistance, Universal was less than pleased—it was the end of a beautiful friendship.

5. Keir, Suzan Farmer, and Philip Latham (Klove) were drafted en masse into *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* from 1963's *The Devil-Ship Pirates*, a film that featured a Spanish galleon stranded in an English cove after the defeat of the Armada and in which all shots of the supposed man-of-war were low-angle, to disguise the fact that it was quarter-scale and moored in a waterlogged chalk quarry in Egham, Surrey, into which it had overturned and almost sunk during the filming.

6. The pre-credits sequence was a last-minute inclusion to bring the new film up to the required running time.

7. Peter Bryan's screenplays were attuned specifically to Hammer. He could turn in the occasional cutting line or exchange ("Well?" the squire inquires of the purpose behind a visit by Forbes in *The Plague of the Zombies*; "Thank you, yes," reproves the imperturbable physician), but even a cursory glance at *The Blood Beast Terror* (aka *The Deathshead Vampire* and *The Vampire-Beast Craves Blood*, 1967), directed by Vernon Sewell and a Hammer-by-another-name—Tigon—reveals the flat and functional nature of their construction, when deprived of the part played by Hammer's production ensemble. Hinds could afford only one Bryan script for the Cornish duo; the *Deathshead Vampire* idea, remarkably similar to *The Reptile* in every way, was subsequently sold to Tony Tenser.

8. Coincidentally, Harry Spalding was the name of the screenwriter on two Lippert quickies made in England while Bray had been closed for renovation: *Witchcraft* (1964) and *Curse of the Fly* (1965).

9. Kimberley was actually Maggie Simons, the fashion-model daughter of a Borehamwood café owner. She had married John Wodehouse, fourth Earl of Kimberley, in 1961, but had divorced him the year before her appearance in *The Mummy's Shroud*.

10. When Bray was eventually sold in 1971, it was to Redspring, Ltd., for £250,000, in a three-way split among Hammer, Columbia, and EMI (the asking price had been £275,000 in *1967*). Bray International Film Centre, as it would become, was then sold on to Samuelsons in 1984 for a cool £700,000.

11. From the Damned-if-You-Do, Damned-if-You-Don't Department: *Curse of the Crimson Altar* (aka *The Crimson Cult*), Tigon's black-magic opus that was made the following year and modeled on H. P. Lovecraft's "The Dreams in the

Witch-House," was less restrained in its approach—but all the film's satanic sex-and-sadism sequences were deleted on its British release.

12. Additional scenes with Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as the Countess (and therefore her relationship with Tanith) were cut for pace in *The Devil Rides Out*. Despite this indignity, this venerable actress, who had also appeared in *The Witches*, went on to live to the ripe old age of 101!

13. Carlos Clarens, *Horror Movies: An Illustrated Survey* (London: Secker and Warburg, 1967).

14. Foremost among the victims of the Manson cult's murder spree was actress Sharon Tate, wife of film director Roman Polanski. Tate had starred in the witchcraft thriller *Eye of the Devil* (1966) and Polanski's own *Dance of the Vampires* (aka *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, 1967), and in a macabre twist, Polanski's film of Ira Levin's *Rosemary's Baby*—about a cult of Satanists operating from the Bramford apartment building in New York—had opened in London on March 2, 1969, six months before the murders.

Chapter 7: Boom and Bust, 1970–1972

1. Bernard Robinson had maintained a prodigious output, despite recurrent health problems. On March 2, 1970, he died, disillusioned and dispirited. Hammer had come to admire his economy, though not his artistry: he had given the films their soul. "Bernie was the real star of Hammer films," Christopher Lee freely concedes.

2. James Carreras, quoted in Colin Heard, "Hammering the Box Office," *Films and Filming*, June 1969.

3. A different sort of panic afflicted the Hammer board when it was accused of plagiarism by Kevin (son of Freddie) Francis—parts of whose (rejected) script submission titled *Dracula's Feast of Blood* allegedly had found their way into the Hinds screenplay for *Taste the Blood of Dracula*. Faced with the prospect of legal action against a board member, Carreras had plied his erstwhile partner with "strong drink" and persuaded him to relinquish his directorship before settling with the combative Francis, who was later to employ "John Elder" in his own Tyburn Productions.

4. Hammer was regularly dunking its feet in the murky waters of sexploitation by now: a skinny-dip for Victoria Vetri in *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* (cut in the American and British prints), the titillating brothel sequence in *Taste the Blood of Dracula* (also cut in the United States), and topless scenes for both Jane Lapotaire *and* Stefanie Powers in *Crescendo*.

5. In later years, Roy Ward Baker would attribute this dictate to "cold feet" on the part of AIP, rather than the BBFC—but Brian Lawrence had sought commentary on Gates's script from all quarters, *including* AIP; Deke Heyward was less concerned by the lesbianism in *The Vampire Lovers* than he was by the fact that with the departure of Hinds, Hammer seemed to him to be behaving like a "headless chicken."

6. ABPC was soon to be subsumed into music giant EMI and renamed ABC-EMI. ABC-EMI distribution was subsequently split in two: MGM-EMI (domestic in the United Kingdom) and Anglo-EMI (overseas), the latter being headed up by Nat Cohen.

7. After appearing in *The Vampire Lovers* and *The Horror of Frankenstein*, Finch would play the lead in Roman Polanski's *Macbeth* (1971), Alfred Hitchcock's British-made *Frenzy* (1972), and—as Michael Moorcock's oddball antihero, Jerry Cornelius—Robert Fuest's *The Final Programme* (aka *The Last Days of Man on Earth*, 1973), but his career was to stall with the collapse of the domestic industry in the mid-seventies.

8. Mike Raven would feature in only two more horrors: *Crucible of Terror* (1971), which borrowed its plot from Vernon Sewell's *Latin Quarter* (1946) and in which he played a demented sculptor in a Cornish village, and *Disciple of Death* (1972), in which he was "The Stranger"—an emissary sent from Hell to plague another bunch of West Country yokels. He would coproduce both films himself (under his real name of [Austin] Churton Fairman), but neither of them made it into general release. He subsequently retired from public life to a hill farm on Bodmin Moor, North Cornwall, where he took up a career as a sculptor of religious artifacts for real, before succumbing to illness and dying in 1997.

9. During a party at Court-in-Holmes, the East Sussex home of Sir James Carreras at the time, *Countess Dracula* producer Alex Paal tried to interest Carreras in the idea of a film about the "real" Dracula, Vlad Tepes, using original locations in Romania and with Mike Raven playing the lead. Carreras expressed a reluctance to upset his most bankable star at this delicate stage in their dealings (Lee's own desire was to do exactly the same—and he would, for television, in "In Search of Dracula"). Carreras declined, but the idea was to remain on the stocks. It would later surface (though never be filmed) as *Lord Dracula* (from a radio play by Brian Hayles) and, alternatively, *Vlad the Impaler*.

10. The statuesque Valerie Leon—who was actually second choice to Amy Grant for Margaret/Tera in *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb*—would find wider-reaching fame in a series of television commercials for Hai Karate aftershave. She (or, according to the actress, a body double) had contributed a brief rear nude to the film, but American audiences were to be denied that moment of light relief.

11. According to prolific British film extra (or "background artist") Harry Fielder, who himself had featured in *The Devil Rides Out*, *Twins of Evil*, and *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* for Hammer, the actor in question was his "old friend" and fellow extra, Danny Lyons.

12. Some years before his death from a heart attack on June 9, 1990, Sir James Carreras—whom the obituary writer of the *Times* nevertheless would refer to as a "mild-mannered *family* man"—was finally revealed by *Daily Mail* gossip columnist Nigel Dempster not only to have kept a mistress of long-standing but to have fathered a daughter by her, as well. (Carreras was

with his mistress when he died.) His son Michael, it therefore transpired, had a half-sister whom by his own admission he had never actually met.

13. Alleyn's was the sister school of Dulwich College, both in Southeast London; it was ex-College master Michael Croft who founded the National Youth Theatre.

14. The Laurie Marsh Group's plans in the film business were dealt a terminal blow by its failure to acquire Hammer. Tony Tenser was to resign his seat on the LMG board at the end of 1972 (and form Team Productions), and the Tigon name would be reduced to a utility for distribution purposes only. By the end of 1973, Laurie Peter Marsh would sell off both his LMG film distributors *and* his Classic cinema chain.

Chapter 8: Last Rites, 1973–1979

1. When Robert Quarry and Vincent Price were reunited for *Madhouse* (aka *The Revenge of Doctor Death*) after *Dr. Phibes Rises Again*, their combative egos had to be compressed into the tiny stages of Twickenham.

2. Terence Fisher, alone, attended the sparsely supported press screening for *Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell*. The few critics present ignored him, preferring to chat among themselves about the new Woody Allen film that they had seen earlier in the day. The seventy-year-old director sat impassively on the sidelines, only too aware that the concluding installment in the saga had now been enacted.

3. With one eye to the possibility that Lee would refuse the film, the script had called originally for Denham to be played as a separate character—and by another actor—in mimicry of the situation that had pertained in the run-up to *Taste the Blood of Dracula*. This disingenuousness on Hammer's part was to be explained away by the Count's newfound ability to metamorphose his form. When Lee finally agreed to come on board, the idea was abandoned.

4. *Kali, Devil-Bride of Dracula* (formerly *Dracula, High Priest of Vampires*) had been intended as a companion piece to *The Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires*. The film got as far as the casting, but it was wholly dependent on the use of frozen rupees—which were suddenly unfrozen by the Indian government and hurriedly withdrawn to Warner Bros.' bank account instead.

5. The "missing" scenes fell between two consecutive reaction close-ups of Verney as he turned back to face the altar after having rescued Catherine; there is a clear mismatch in these shots as they appear in the extant print.

6. Nat Cohen subsequently asked Roy Skeggs to reinstate any censored material for a foreign version, but time had moved on, and under new secretary Stephen Murray, the BBFC had found nothing to warrant cutting in the first place. Skeggs could only suggest lengthening "the orgy sequence" with outtakes, but this was felt to be more trouble than it was worth, and export prints ultimately remained the same.

7. As late as May 1979, Carreras was still attempting to float *Nessie*. By that time, the budget had been increased to $10 million. Lindsay Anderson was said to have agreed to direct, Richard Harris and Katherine Ross had been approached to star, and filming was planned on the stages of Pinewood to meet a release date of summer 1980. Unlike the beast in the story, the film would never surface.

8. The phrase "a last supper in a sense" was deleted from the script at the request of the BBFC.

9. When *The Lady Vanishes* was being planned for American television (with director John L. Moxey), Michael Carreras had set his sights on James Garner, but according to Chris Wicking, a more camp cast had come nearer to fruition: "The whole thing came down to casting and nobody could ever agree who they should be. And one day a cable came from ABC in America saying, '*C*an *get* Lyndsay Wagner and Henry Winkler' [of *Happy Days*]. You'd have had 'The Fonz' and 'The Bionic Woman' in *The Lady Vanishes*, and the least it would have done was make money. Michael had to try and tell Frank Poole that Henry *Winkler* (who, at that time, nobody here had ever heard of) was a good idea! That was the problem Michael was up against working out of England: people not knowing things of that nature."

Bibliography

Over the last fifty years, every book or magazine that has dealt with the subject of horror films has had occasion to mention Hammer. To list them all would serve no purpose, as these same titles appear time and again in the bibliographies of each new work about the genre. I have decided instead to confine myself to those titles that were of particular material help in the writing of this book. My thanks go to their authors.

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